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THE

PERSONAL ADVENTURES

OF

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" IN ITALY.

SHOWING

HOW AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGNER CAN FIND GOOD QUARTERS WHEN OTHER MEN LIE IN THE FIELDS; GOOD DINNERS WHILST MANY ARE HALF STARVED; AND GOOD WINE, THOUGH THE KING'S STAFF BE REDUCED TO HALF RATIONS.

38343

By MICHAEL BURKE HONAN.

These volumes are original, and not a reprint or *rechauffé* of my correspondence from Italy to the 'Times.'

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

[Notice is hereby given that the Author of "Personal Adventures of 'Our Own Correspondent' in Italy" reserves to himself the right of publishing an edition, and also a translation, in France.]

1852.

38343



PREFACE.

THESE volumes are not a reprint, nor a *réchauffé* of my correspondence from Italy to the "Times;" neither are they made up from Blue Books, from any of the numerous works that have been written on the same subject, nor from the columns of English, French, or Italian journals. I have carefully avoided looking into these publications, and I have trusted to memory only in drawing up a personal narrative of the political, military, humorous and social scenes in which I have been engaged during the last four years. I have not aimed at making a clever, wise, philosophical or solemn book, but I have sought, now that I am at liberty to do so, to give a graphic picture of my own adventures in the free, hearty, and unthinking spirit in which they were met and enjoyed.

The experiment I now make is limited to my personal adventures in the camp of Charles Albert, though if it should succeed in gaining public favour, I mean to follow it up by more of the same material, grave and gay, collected during the campaigns of Naples and Sicily, and the siege of Rome under General Oudinot, at both of which I paid in purse and person.

It will be remarked that I have not violated the confidence reposed in me, at those periods, by the managers of the "Times," and if I allude to their instructions for the purpose of explaining any particular circumstance, I take care not to give the text nor even the official spirit of the communication.

I have likewise avoided dealing with such parts of the history of the last four years, in the south of the Peninsula, on which public opinion in England has decidedly pronounced, but I have not declined to speak the truth and the whole truth respecting Charles Albert's political duplicity and military errors during the Lombard war. I shall have no difficulty however, at the proper period, should the work thus commenced be continued till the close of the year

1851, to speak out boldly on many matters now imperfectly known at home, and on which the public have been strangely mystified.

I close this short preface by repeating that not a line found in these volumes has been extracted from the "Times," or any other journal, and whatever may be the merit or demerit of this work, it is original.

ROME, HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE,
February, 1852.

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THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES

OF

"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

CHAPTER I.

LISBON.

EARLY in what you Londoners call the cold and wintry month of January, I was basking one bright afternoon on the sunny balcony of the Hotel Braganza, at Lisbon, chatting with, and much admiring, a beautiful American lady, one of our latest arrivals, who sat on my right hand, and at the same time enjoying the magnificent prospect that lay before us, of the Tagus, the vine-clad hills, and well known *Quintas*, or villas that embellish its southern shore. You will say, that I must squint abominably, to see the beautiful American on one side, and look, at the same instant, on the glorious river and landscape full in front. Such may be the fact *now*, gentle reader, though, when I was young, and a gay deceiver,

no lady ever told me so. All I know is, that I did not turn to the left, for there nothing but stacks of neighbouring chimneys were to be found, and I confess, animated nature, illustrated by one of her most lovely works, in close proximity, and the vast panorama unfolded before me, as if to prevent too constant an admiration of my beautiful neighbour, will excuse, in my humble opinion, the total indifference with which I treated the said chimneys, the dull windows of a neighbouring monastery, or the flights of pigeons that inhabited its upper story.

Well, I was as happy and contented as a correspondent of an English journal can be, for I had given the latest brush that morning to the Portuguese policy of Lord Palmerston, and did violence to my own feelings in reproving the public acts of that excellent diplomatist, and still more excellent gentleman, Sir Hamilton Seymour, when the postman's awful voice was heard, and a letter, with the well-known seal of Printing House Square, was delivered. I never received a missive from the management without feeling a palpitation at the heart—not, I am bound to say, for the honour of my cloth, and with all the susceptibility becoming a man of letters, that I expected to meet censure or condemnation—but communications from the *Times* are "like angel's visits," and when they do come, they generally contain orders for change of place, with appropriate credits, and a few hints to guide your explorations, as the case may be, to the North Pole, the Plateau

of Mexico, the Lybian Desert, or any place possessing political interest nearer home. So it was on this occasion, and something in the following guise did the Delphic oracle speak:—

"You have exhausted the affairs of Portugal; make the best of your way to Italy, where great events are in preparation, without loss of time. We leave you to select any part of the Peninsula where your services may, in your opinion, be most useful; but, in the first instance, go to Genoa, as there we mean to direct several letters of introduction, of which you may stand in need. We fetter you with no instructions, for your experience teaches what the British public want. We only say; be liberal; —wisely and moderately liberal, in the line you take, and do not forget that we are as much the friends of good order, and good government, as we are of constitutional liberty."

This epistle gave me the heart-burn; for, in truth, I was very well where I was, basking half the day in the sunshine of the ever-pleasing balcony, playing a rubber at the club on the off-nights of the opera, being very musical when the handsome Prima Donna sung, and very light fantastic *toeish* when the lively Prima Ballerina danced.

These were evenings really most amusing, for the English squadron being in the Tagus, and the *coulisse* of the theatre being open to the British uniform, we had scenes of the most eccentric character displayed behind and before the curtain. I

had the good fortune to be on the best terms with the officers of every ship, save that of the admiral—all British authorities being in every instance, undisguised opponents,—so that when any of those merry-hearted lieutenants was at a loss for an interpreter, he invariably had recourse to me, and when the manager had to complain of the exuberance of their mirth, it was only by my interference the affair was amicably arranged. It was I who induced the director to open a certain mysterious side door leading from the stalls to the stage, for their special accommodation; and it was I who, acting on behalf of the said *impresario*, kept those wild colts within the limits of reason and propriety. Sometimes, however, one of the most ardent would escape out of bounds, and make what he called "his own running," and then the stage-manager had no means of reclaiming him, but by my aid, and if I was not to be found, or was sulky, as the best of elderly gentlemen will be, when good digestion did not wait on the dinner of the table d'hôte of the Braganza, some funny and unlooked-for *contretemps* was certain to take place.

On one occasion the gayest and most true-hearted of those thoughtless souls, who had been long ogling from his stall the pretty Milanese who then led the ballet, was determined to essay a grand effort at making her acquaintance, and imagining that an Italian knew as little of French, as he, an Englishman, did, whilst the sylphide was taking the usual

canter before the race commenced, he advanced, cocked hat in hand, with all the lustre of new epaulettes and of full uniform, and addressed her:—"Mademoiselle! parlez-vous Français?" "Oui, monsieur! à votre service," said the lady, reining up at the same time, and throwing out the left leg at an angle of forty-five from its fellow, as she undertook a new *pose*, and laid the whole weight of her person on the right foot, the left being still suspended. "Hang it! I'm done," was the gallant tar's exclamation, for not a word more of the French language had he in store; but seeing the pretty Milanese, as she turned her head, smile at his embarrassment, he took heart again, and with a drollery that was irresistible, laid hold of the suspended foot, and kissed the point of it, with all the ardour of three-and-twenty. At this moment the word "clear the stage" being given, in Portuguese, of which tongue he knew not a syllable, followed by the ring of "curtain up," not heard by the *danseuse*, the drop-scene rose, and the whole house rang with repeated bursts of laughter, on discovering the Prima Ballerina bent down as I have described, and the lieutenant of the Thunder Bomb kissing and fondling her little foot, or, as an Irishman near me said, "By all that's gracious, he is shaking hands with her big toe!"

Yes, madam! Lisbon in those days was a pleasant place, and, so far as I could learn, there was only one discontented personage in it, namely,

the British minister, who, having captured the Oporto Junta's fleet, to please the Queen, was *cut* by her Majesty, for protecting the self-same liberals to whom she had given the *coup de grâce*, and who had the additional mortification to find, that the man excommunicated by a Downing-street protocol, was first in the royal confidence, and, I may say, the main spring of the government, and master of all Portugal. Then Lisbon streets were for the first time regularly swept and cleaned; the wild dogs shot or drowned; no upper story casement was heard to open in the dead of night, and, above all, the principal thoroughfares were lighted with gas. Two clubs or *casinos*, well supplied with English and French papers, were open, in which, alternately every fortnight, balls on a brilliant scale were given, and scarcely an evening passed without a grand *festa* being held at one or other of the nobility's houses—at the Duke of Terceira's, the Count Ferrobos, the Marquis de Vianas, or other names inscribed on the list of fame.

A civil war had been closed, but a still more civil intercourse now commenced. My old Oporto crony, José Papos, the head of the Junta, and his friends, were no longer thought of, and many a youth, whom I saw the week before in arms against his sovereign, was prominent in these salons, apparently the happiest of lucky fellows at such a change of quarters.

The only persons, besides our minister, who

were ill at ease, were the few resident English merchants, whose firms had survived the introduction of constitutional liberty into Portugal. A few years previously these gentlemen were masters of the trade of Lisbon, and, as the natives said of them,—"Then the gods walked the earth;" but no sooner did our foreign policy succeed, than away went the system by which our imports had a preference of 15 per cent. tariff, and up rose new ideas of prohibitory duties, or a 50 per cent. tariff, so that wise men found it right to set their homes in order, and the heads of houses removed their capital to England, leaving clerks to wind up the concern, or maintain it on a reduced scale, if a remnant of the old connexion stood its ground.

CHAPTER II.

LISBON (*continued*).

You have remarked no doubt, kind friend, that the pronoun personal prevails too much in my simple story, and I admit that you have just reason to complain. All that I can say in my defence is, that this is a personal narrative, and that the words *I* and *myself*, and *me* and *mine*, are not to be avoided in that description of writing. What the deuce would our own correspondent be, if he knocked out his *I's*, and what would induce you to read his book, but for the satisfaction of knowing how he extricated himself from such and such a difficulty, or in what manner the diplomacy of the leading journal was conducted by him?

Were I, as the Irish song says, "Cæsar or Nebuchadnezzar," my commentaries might be composed in the third person; but being simply an unit of the *Times we*, I am compelled to go on as I have begun, and, avoiding personalities in general, confine myself to that which regards this narrative alone. Recollect

that when Cæsar wished to be particularly impressive, he too abandoned the inefficient third incognito, and became himself again. In humble imitation of that great model, I say, "veni, vidi, scripsi;" would that I might add "vici," so far as the public be concerned, whether it be composed of good-natured souls like yourself, or of severe and hard-hearted critics.

If you, good sir, have heard of me before thus intruding on your notice, or if you are a "constant reader," you will know that I have been a lucky dog in procuring diplomatic papers, and delivering them, to the surprise of the statesmen by whom they were composed, more than once, for publication, before they had reached the hands of the Foreign Minister, to whom they were addressed. Some day or other, I will let the world into the secret of some of these proceedings, not saying more for the present, than that money, which everybody imagines I lavished with a prodigal hand, has rarely been employed, and that tact and management alone have, in almost every instance, secured the prize.

I indulge in what I hope is a pardonable vanity in repeating, that it was I who, in 1833—what an old fellow I must be!—gave light to the treaty of Unkiar Skelassi, with the secret article for closing the Dardanelles, and, if you will not compare me to the frog in the fable, I believe that there was not, for a long period, a contemporaneous state paper published which our *own* had not procured. I need

not except the portfolio edited, as report goes, by Mr. Urquhart, because the important documents therein produced were by several years of anterior date, and, in most cases, interest in them had ceased; their action on the political map of Europe, so far as the diplomatic public were concerned, being "caviare to the multitude."

This proem will serve as an introduction to a *coup* which I had the satisfaction, at this period, to perform, in order that my departure after the Oporto and Lisbon campaigns might be attended with some circumstance that would make people open their eyes a little, and show how much is in the power of an active correspondent to accomplish.

It will be remembered by those who then took an interest in Portuguese affairs, that during the political fever caused by the rivalry of the conservative and liberal parties, the Chambers had not been called together for, I believe, three years, and that, in 1848, the greatest curiosity was excited in Lisbon and London, to ascertain in what manner the speech from the throne would speak of the home policy of the government, and of its relations with the British cabinet, by whose agency the Queen had been saved from the claims of the Oporto Junta, and by the presence of whose fleet in the Tagus, I have reason to know, the authority of Donna Maria was still sustained.

The Chamber was to open on a given Monday, and, on that day, the royal speech was to be first

heard; but as the mail steamer, which left Lisbon for Southampton only at intervals of ten days, started on the Saturday, it was evident that eight days in the transmission of the document would be lost, and the "Times," and the other London morning journals be placed on an equality in point of date, or perhaps be anticipated by the evening papers, in which case, I would wring my hands in despair, and Printing House Square would, on that occasion only, be hung in black.

But how, in the name of common sense, was the speech to be had forty-eight hours before it was to be spoken, or how could it be called "a speech" before it actually had been delivered, as we all know that even on the very morning of the opening of a session, it is necessary sometimes to revise and retouch the discourse? I knew, moreover, that it was useless for me to address any member of the government, for what minister of state would compromise himself by such an indiscretion, or how could he appear before the Queen and his colleagues, when the return steamer arrived, and the "Times," containing the evidence of his folly, be in every hand?

These were the difficulties that beset me; let us see how they were overcome, for I *did* send home, by the Saturday steamer, the speech from the throne, and the "Times" published, on Wednesday, the manifesto of Donna Maria, which she delivered on the previous Monday—a rapidity of receiving

intelligence only to be accomplished by despatching a balloon with a fair wind, an eagle trained to do carrier-pigeon's duty, or the submarine telegraph, when Lisbon and London are brought into contact by some five hundred miles of sympathetic wire.

It being useless, as I have shown, to apply to any member of the cabinet, or to persons known from their high station to be in relation with it, I spent a weary night in thinking how the *coup* was to be accomplished without compromising any public authority, or even drawing suspicion in any particular direction. At last I sketched a plan, which I put into action only on the day of the steamer's departure, and by which, as above stated, the important document was secured.'

There were three persons near the Queen in irresponsible situations, to whom it was probable the spirit, if not the letter, of the speech was known, and with all three I was on terms of intimacy and friendship. Beginning, therefore, with the weakest, or least influential, I explained to *him* or *her*, how much it behoved me to know in what language Donna Maria would speak of her relations with the British cabinet, and that person being in a rabid state of Anglomania, assured me that the whole cabinet was convinced of the prudence of cultivating the best relations with Portugal's ancient and faithful ally, and, in the warmth of argument, repeated to me nearly the words of the paragraph which had been agreed to at a council held the day before.

Armed thus with the spirit of the discourse, so far as England was concerned, I waited on number *two* in my ascending scale, and, without letting that person know where I had found my information, prevailed on *him* or *her* to give me the very words to be used by her most glorious Majesty.

This was a great point gained, and, if there my information stopped, the paragraph would have been a valuable *cadeau* to the "Times;" but when was man content, and was not our *own* emboldened by such success, still more ardently to pursue his plan for getting possession of the whole speech. I accordingly waited on number *one*, in whose hands I knew a copy of the document was, and having first led *him* or *her* to imagine that I had been furnished with all the material paragraphs, by showing the precise words of that relating to Great Britain, contrived to make the individual believe that the interest of Portugal would be materially served by anticipating such satisfactory intelligence, and, above all, that *he* or *she* would find such a proof of confidence in me must one day or other be well repaid.

This reasoning prevailed, not without a discussion that lasted more than an hour, but at the end of which, I was promised a copy at half-past three in the afternoon. The starting of the steamer was fixed for three; but though it might be supposed that my friend was acquainted with the fact, and that the hour *he* or *she* named was influenced

by it, I did not express a word of doubt, but took another mode of making everything right.

Fortunately, the captain of the mail-steamer had, on one of his previous voyages, received some slight service at my hands, and when I asked him if he could not, if I were *en rétard* with my correspondence, drop down the river slowly, and not put to sea until I came aboard, he replied, with a hearty squeeze of the hand, "All I want is to get clear of the bar before night-fall, and I can spare you an hour, or even an hour and a half, if necessary." "In that case," rejoined "*our own*," "have paper, pen and ink, ready in your private cabin, and I will take care you shall be at sea by six o'clock."

At half-past three I received a genuine copy of the speech; at four I overhauled the packet at the Castle of Belem; by five the document was translated, and fit for the compositors; and, long before daylight closed, the good ship had cleared the bar, and Captain N. B. C. D. exchanged cheers with me, as I dropt into a shore-boat, whilst he, putting on full steam, convinced me that my despatches were in good hands.

The publication of the speech, apparently within forty-eight hours of its being delivered, made a great sensation in London, as all the other papers, though pretending to consider it as apocryphal, were glad to copy it on the next morning. But when it came out to Lisbon, on the following Sunday, the steamer having left Southampton on Wednesday afternoon,

there was a ferment on the *Caes Sodrè*, and in the political saloons, that the author of the row had not anticipated. I kept my own counsel, however; so did my partners in the sin; and every one was suspected of having betrayed a secret of state, save those who had, undesignedly on their parts, been manœuvred into doing so.

The whole expense of this expedition did not amount to ten shillings, for *segè* (coach) and boat hire, so that you see that it is not by money, but by management, that diplomatic papers are sometimes secured. The Prime Minister was very much annoyed, and "the man who drove the Sovereign" was still more indignant, as neither could ascertain who the guilty person or persons were. The British Legation was paralysed, whilst I talked of a balloon with a fair wind, overland expresses, and the like, and threatened to employ the sea serpent, or a grampus, to take home my next despatch.

Father Quin, an Irish friar, was in ecstacies when he heard of his countryman's success. I don't say he took an extra glass on the occasion; oh, no!—and my old crony, Mr. Meagher, the vice-consul, whom friends love better to call "Jerry Meagher," rubbed his hands with great glee when he found a willing audience, exclaiming in his rich Milesian tones—"By dad, boys, our own has done you all."

"But pray, sir, what has become of the fair American whom we saw an hour since sitting on

your right hand in the landing balcony of the Hotel Braganza?"

Why, madam, you must know that is a subject I do not wish to be reminded of, as the lovely Georgian made a stronger impression on my heart than it would be discreet to own.

She was the wife of a celebrated diplomatist, who was then employed on a special mission at our court, and it was said that his success was as much owing to the charms of her manner, as to his acknowledged talent. I know not how it is that your American women are so fascinating, and at the same time so gentle and retiring; but I fancy the freedom of manners that exists in early youth in the United States tends to form the character as nature intended it to be. Women thus learn that virtue and modesty, combined with mental courage, are their strongest arms; and that in respecting themselves, they teach us men to respect as well as to love and admire them.

CHAPTER III.

LISBON.—LAST WORDS.

I MUST not forget, whilst thinking of the fair American, that my destination is Italy, and that the sooner I reach Genoa the better.

Lisbon had sunk down into perfect tranquillity, and there nothing more in the way of active correspondence was required. I therefore arranged all private affairs, paid my bill at the Braganza, and wiped away the tears of regret, which imaginatively I shed, at leaving such pleasant quarters. A foreign correspondent's life is the most agitated in the world. Literally, for him, there is no repose to the wicked; for the moment a revolution is terminated, his mission is at an end, and he must turn to the darkest point of the horizon, and, if broken heads are current, to that place where not showers, but hurricanes of hard knocks obscure the air.

For more than twenty years I have done nothing but run from one battle-field to another,—from civil war to civil war,—from shot and shell to shell and

shot,—having all the danger and fatigue of the campaign without a soldier's honour, and being expected to see everything, to know everything, and have the map of the world at my fingers' ends.

I, the least worthy of foreign correspondents, have witnessed nearly all the great events that disturbed the world since 1827. I began my career, on behalf of the "Morning Herald," by joining General Clinton's expedition to Portugal; then I had a slight taste of the revolution of 1830 in Paris; and next was seen at Brussels, when the Dutch were driven out. From thence I went to observe how Don Pedro maintained his little army within the walls of Oporto, in 1832, and passed from that exciting scene to Madrid, in good time to hail the opening of the Christina and Carlist feud, or, to speak more properly, the petticoat war between the Neapolitan and Portuguese princesses, by the result of which the fate of the Peninsula has been determined.

From Madrid I was ordered to Constantinople, to see the Russian standard flying at Scutari; back again to Spain, after the king's death; and from Madrid, in 1835, to the Congress of Toplitz. In 1847, I preceded, on a mission from the "Times," the American army, in its march to the city of Mexico,—returned to Europe in time to witness the election of the present Pope,—was hurried from Rome to Grand Cairo, to see Mehemet Ali about the transmission of our Indian expresses, and, once

more, found myself, in February, 1847, in my old quarters at Oporto, when the Junta ruled the roast, and, by an easy transition, from the Douro to the Tagus, when José Papos had his nose put out of joint, and Donna Maria was at liberty to say her life was her own.

I was now about to undertake a fresh campaign, with very vague notions on the state of the Italian Peninsula, and as ignorant of sound data on the subject as a correspondent of my calibre generally is on breaking new ground, or visiting a country with which he has not been previously acquainted.

You see, dear madam, that these campaigns have neither been few nor uninteresting, and many is the volume of useful knowledge on contemporaneous history that might have been selected from my pen; but, I know not how it is, the London publishers have a great objection to reprint from a newspaper, and I never met one who would engage in the speculation, except on such terms as no writer of any reputation would submit to.

These gentlemen imagine that the purchasers of books have read and remember every word of your correspondence, whereas, on the contrary, a newspaper is merely the excitement of an hour, and I have seen reprints made with perfect impunity. I have read numerous books that have been written on the civil war in Italy, at almost every incident of which I have personally been present, and I do not

find in any of them so graphic and so true an account as my letters, written day by day, contained.

Still the prejudice exists, and who can reason against prejudice? or, whilst his publisher says "No," what is the use of the author exclaiming "Yes?" I, for instance, am now writing from recollection only, not having a single line of my composition to refer to, lest it should be said that I have made extracts from a correspondence written on the banks of the Mincio and the Adige, at Naples, or in Sicily, and at the siege of Rome. I well know that my published letters are much more valuable than anything I can now produce, but the usage of the Row is against me, and, so far as I am concerned, "Wisdom crieth out at *Amen Corner*, and is not attended to."

In answer to your very reasonable inquiry, madam, how it is I have begun with my last campaign, instead of returning to 1827, and writing straight a-head, up to the present day, I ask you have you room for at least 100 volumes in your library, and can any publisher be induced to try so far back? I write my last campaign because all its events are fresh in my recollection, and I have a hope that the public, of which you are so distinguished an ornament, will extend to these pages some of the favourable consideration it bestowed on my correspondence.

The late events in the Peninsula are still warm, and as Italy must be, ere long, again the theatre of

war, I thought you would like to peruse a work which may serve as a connecting link between events so similar in character, though separated by a short interval in point of date. If this experiment succeeds, I have plenty of matter in my brain, and I shall be very much delighted to receive your orders on the subject.

It is now three years and more since I left Lisbon and Oporto, and I would gladly know which of my old friends holds his ground, and, in particular, what has become of my fair American. Is the Braganza Hotel still in being? and do elderly gentlemen, like myself, bask in the sunshine of its balcony? Has Donna Maria added to her family and her fat? and does the king consort bear his honours with patient fortitude?

I have also enquiries to make about divers matters at Oporto. I am anxious to ascertain whose wine is this year in most repute, and if roast beef and roast pig are still the standing dishes at every table. Have the streets been paved and lighted as at Lisbon, and do gentlemen wearing varnished boots get splashed in the same puddle which they denounced some twenty years before? Do the ladies, dressed in the last Paris fashion, still go to balls on donkey-back, or do they club for a coach made in the sixteenth century, drawn by oxen? for no modern carriage or modern springs would endure one hour the ruts and pit-falls of these miscalled streets.

Of the cities in Europe with which I am acquainted,

Oporto is the place where all improvements that have been made have taken place within doors, to the total neglect of exterior comfort. The best houses are inhabited by English merchants, each of whom was, in my day, overflowing with wealth, as I hope he still is, so that you may imagine that nothing was wanted that money could procure; but the streets belonged to the municipality—Portuguese of course—and, any hour for the last half century, when these gentlemen are pressed to repair a special nuisance, they answer, "Certainly—yes, *à Manhae;*" "the gay to-morrow of the mind that never comes," as Mr. Barry Cornwall says in one of his plays.

In those days there was no hotel at Oporto, where even a moderate share of cleanliness was to be found, save one kept by an Irishwoman, who had married a Portuguese, and whose anxiety to please, and eccentric manner atoned for every deficiency.

I never can forget the reception Mary—she was known by no other name—gave me on my arrival. I had been recommended to her by a resident of Oporto, whom I met on board the steamer, and on my saying, "I hope you will be so kind as to give a comfortable apartment to your countryman;" "*Murther,* sir!" said Mary, "are you an Irish gentleman? Here's luck, and more of it; you are the first of my countrymen who has darkened these doors—Biddy, you divil"—her sister the fat cook—"come and look at his honour, and give us a drop to drink his health. Oh, *mille a lui!*"—slapping her

hands—"if this isn't a great day entirely! Where's José?"—her husband—"His soul to perdition; he is never in the way. God bless you, sir! here's your health, and bad luck to the house you're not welcome to. No. 3, Biddy, you lazy divil; light the fire and air the sheets. You are now, sir, in your own home, and never say die!"

Had I not been made acquainted with the character Mary bore in Oporto, by my friend of the steamer, I should certainly have sought an asylum elsewhere; but I felt I was on safe ground, and during a residence of many months, I had no reason to complain. The husband was a sad fellow, who spent her earnings in gambling and fine clothes; but she was a model of patience and industry, and, never uttering one word of anger against him, endeavoured, by economy and untiring industry, to atone for his misdeeds. She was very fond of Don José, who was, no doubt, good-looking and well-mannered; but I attribute that affection to the constant drubbings he gave her, as well as sister Biddy, as we all know that in Portugal, as elsewhere,—

> "A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
> The more they are beaten, the better they be."

Biddy was much to be pitied, for she suffered generally for taking Mary's part. "Ah! *a gorya!* Now, José, why are you a-licking of my sister?" which was usually the signal for both man and wife

to fall foul of her, each inquiring what right she had to interfere. There never was, I believe, such an hotel as this since innkeepers were invented. Profusion of clean linen, and excellent dinners every day; but there was only one carving-knife and fork in the house, only one cruet-stand, and the great difficulty was how to get hold of these when other tables were to be served.

"Upon my soul, Misther 'Our Own,' you are the most particular gentleman I ever knew: as if you could not cut the joint without the carving-knife, when you know there is only one in the house; or take the oil and vinegar out of the black bottle. My heart is sick in *thrying* to plase you all; for there is Mrs. Malone, in the great drawing-room, swearing she won't give up the knife and fork, and the captain of the steamer, who keeps the cruet-stand to his own cheek."

"But, Mary, why don't you buy another? If you want money, I will advance it."

"Oh! there you are, coming over me, sir, with your Captain Grand. Let me alone, in the divil's name; for if I had money, José would take it all, and you'd be as badly off as before."

CHAPTER IV.

LISBON.—MORE LAST WORDS.

With a forethought, on which I afterwards had reason to congratulate myself, I procured from the Prime Minister, the Duke of Saldanha, letters of recommendation to all the Portuguese ministers and consuls-general in Italy; from the Conde de Thomar to private friends employed in the diplomatic service, and from the highly respectable house of Messrs. Morrogh, Walsh & Co., to their correspondents at Genoa, Leghorn and Naples.

Thus provided, I wiped my eyes once more from what I have called the imaginative tears that dimmed them, and I stepped into the mail-steamer, for Gibraltar, with the intention there of securing a passage in the Peninsula Company's boat, for Genoa; and, if not in time for it, either in the French or Spanish steamers that ply between Gibraltar and Marseilles, calling at all the intermediate Spanish ports in the Mediterranean.

One word more by way of postscript to a farewell

Chapter. I should be ungrateful indeed, if I left Oporto without doing justice to the unbounded hospitality of its merchant princes, the Sandimans, the Harises, the Nobles, the Thomsons, the Dowes, the Grahams, the Warrs, the Flodgates and the Forresters, with many others too numerous to mention. Captain Robb, of H. M. S. Gladiator, shared in all the warmth of that hospitality with "Our Own," and I remember meeting him for forty-two days successively, at dinner, in one house or the other, including his own good ship, and the well-appointed table of Doctor Jebb, the resident English physician, who has the most perfect idea of what good fare should be, and who, once a week, illustrated his theory in a most judicious manner.

One word more indeed; not one, but ten, and not ten words, but ten chapters, to explain all the strange events that have occurred at Lisbon, in the interval between which the preceding lines were composed, and the hour when I take them out of a neglected desk, for the purpose of running over what I had written.

The Conde de Thomar, the only capable man I met in Portugal, has been routed by the Marshal Saldanha, and the poor Queen has been forced to accept a cabinet in which she is supposed to have no confidence, and which is, in my opinion, incapable of governing the country for any lengthened period. I will not attempt to explain those changes, as I have not been on the spot since 1848, and the

public received from the newspapers as much information as has come within my reach.

I will only relate one of those absurd *contretemps* that the disjointed state of Portugal has occasioned, in an Italian port, to a friend of mine, a victim to his uncalculating zeal, not generally speaking, one of those men who play a losing game.

The Consul-general I allude to, having received from the Spanish minister a copy of a telegraphic despatch, averring that General Saldanha had fled from Oporto, and was going to Vigo, to embark for England, and concluding, as a matter of course, that Costa Cabral was more firmly established in power than ever, as well as desirous of exhibiting his overflowing loyalty, took the wise step of writing a long letter to her Majesty, Donna Maria, congratulating her on her escape from the seditious plans of her ungrateful and disloyal subject, the Duke of Saldanha, and eulogising, in the strongest terms, the talents and patriotism of the Conde de Thomar.

This letter arrived some days after the expulsion of the Count, and the restoration of the Duke, and, as all correspondence addressed to the Foreign Office passed through the hands of the new minister, you may imagine how pleased the Marshal was, and what chance the Consul-general has of being promoted, or even being continued, in his present post.

The old saying declares, "that when the Devil would ruin a man he puts a pen in his hand," so my friend probably thinks to day, and if the Duke of

Saldanha holds his ground, so assuredly will he be made to feel ere long. Fortunately for him he is not a Portuguese subject, and he has a large private fortune to retire on; but, in the capital where he resides, it is important, on private and public considerations, to hold an official post, and my excellent *chevalier* would suffer in a social, though not in a pecuniary, sense, by a forced resignation.

On the other hand, as he receives no pay, and does all the duty for the honour of placing the Queen's arms above his door, the Portuguese minister may forgive the slight, on account of the advantage arising to his treasury. But I am sure my friend has learned wisdom from the fact; and, never again, will he express a written opinion on the political changes that take place at Lisbon.

I may be excused if I relate at the same time, the diplomatic mishap that occurred to another friend of mine, who had been for many years *chargé d'affaires* in an Italian capital for Donna Maria, and who, though naturally desirous of promotion, as every man must be in his profession, was content to let well alone, and enjoy the luxuries of a very comfortable place.

The gentleman alluded to was young, good-looking, and well-bred; and managed with so much tact to place those advantages to account, that in every house he was a welcome guest, and neither dinner nor ball could be given without him! One morning, not in the least expecting such a godsend, he was

informed by despatch, that her most glorious Majesty had been pleased to appoint him minister to the Court of St. James's, in the place of Mr. Sarmento, who had been lately gathered to his fathers. He was instructed in the same missive to lose no time in taking possession of the archives in London, leaving those of the mission he then held, in the hands of the first secretary. This news was received with delight, not only by the *chargé*, but his friends; congratulations poured in at every side, and when the day of departure came, all the nobility and diplomatic world thronged to the carriage door, to take leave, and more than one fair dame is said to have shed tears on the occasion.

A journey so well commenced, had, however, a most abrupt and unpleasant termination, even before it was half closed; for scarcely had our friend arrived at Paris, than he found that his patron had been dismissed, and another minister, in the interest of the President of the Council, appointed to his place. I leave you to imagine what the feelings of the disappointed diplomatist were; for had he remained in Italy, in the secondary part which gave him about 800*l.* a-year, he would not have been displaced, and it was only the magnitude of the 3000*l.* a-year prize for which he had been so unexpectedly chosen, that caused him to be set aside.

The place he vacated was at once filled up, as well as that to which he had aspired, and I presume he will not be again employed, unless an event,

which I think most probable, occurs, namely, that the Duke of Saldanha gives way before his formidable rival, and that the Conde de Thomar resumes his former position. I know both the Marshal and the Conde full well, and I am only astonished, that, instead of separating, they do not unite their interests; for, certainly, there is place for both in Portugal, as well as good things sufficient to satisfy their respective appetites.

Among the many difficulties that beset me at Lisbon, and to which a correspondent who is resolved to tell the truth is ever exposed, there was one that gave me more than ordinary annoyance. I allude to the negotiation which took place between the Portuguese Government and Sir Charles Napier, then commanding the British fleet in the Tagus, for the payment of the arrears of pension over due to the gallant admiral. The annoyance alluded to is this:—

I, knowing the whole truth, and having procured notarial copies of all the documents, was obliged to listen, without permission to reply, to the statements made by Her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons, by Sir Hamilton Seymour in his letter to the Foreign Office, and the explanation given by the Commander-in-chief himself, though I knew that one and all were running off the rail. Alas! how on every occasion is John Bull deceived, and to what lengths does ministerial courage in the *suppressio veri* go, under pretence of sustaining the honour of the service.'

All I can say, however, is, even after the late voluminous correspondence displayed in "The Times" by Sir Charles Napier, that the whole truth has never been told, and that not only the public, but that he himself, has been mystified. Some day or other, I hope the facts, as they really existed, will be made known; and then it will be seen, that the "saddle," to use a common phrase, "has not been laid on the right horse," and that I was compelled to hold my tongue, though I possessed evidence in my hands which must have produced conviction.

More than this, I cannot, without what might be called a breach of duty, disclose at present; but I see no reason why I should not say one word or two for the purpose of placing the matter on its proper ground.

The question is not, in my opinion, whether Sir Charles Napier did or did not take advantage of the important command he held under her Britannic Majesty, to influence the Portuguese cabinet to the payment of arrears actually due, for I do not impute to him that offence; but whether an officer holding a high station, requiring the strictest impartiality between two contending political parties, should not have spurned the petty sum tendered to him by the treasury of Donna Maria, lest it might be supposed that his conduct could be influenced by it.

The legal right to receive cannot be doubted,

but was it decorous in a British admiral to accept? —and above all, was it right that his agent should, on the appearance of our fleet in the Tagus, have addressed a petition to the Minister of Finances, no doubt in the usual form, recalling the claims, and urging the propriety of their being discharged?

Does any man in his senses, who knows the condition of Donna Maria's money-chest at the close of the civil war, believe that a farthing of the said arrears would have been given to the admiral if resident in London or Devonport?—and do we not all know, that it was because he held the destinies of Portugal to a certain extent in his hands, and was supposed to have political tendencies in accordance with those of the opposition, that the screw was put on in order that he might be paid?

Sir Charles was at the same moment a British and a Portuguese admiral; he had the uniform of both nations in his wardrobe, and, surely, he was bound in honour and duty to *his* Queen, to accept only "the reward of merit" from her hands, and share the fate of the widows and orphans, victimised by the Lisbon cabinet, and the rapacious sharks that devoured the country's substance, for the nation's good.

I have much more to say on this subject, but I am at sea, and so farewell to Lusitania and all that concerns her.

CHAPTER V.

AT SEA.—GIBRALTAR.

We had a brilliant run of four days to Gibraltar, the sea being as calm as an inland lake, the weather mild, the company varied and social, the captain the prince of good fellows, the table well supplied, and "Our Own" who makes it a rule to be pleased, save when he has the gout, or is sea-sick, was as merry as a lark, and induced others to follow his good example.

Indeed it was not difficult to do so, as I had a stout ally in a jolly priest, who was accompanying an Irish family, in the combined capacity of chaplain and tutor to Malaga, where the rest of the winter was to be passed, and being the first to sit down to dinner, and the last to leave the table, we kept the wine moving, and all the world alive.

Father Morrogh was a perfect specimen of what the good Hibernian Roman Catholic pastors were in my young days, before they mixed in political agitation, and, in the opinion of many, sacrificed

their true influence in the country. He was profoundly versed not only in divinity, but in classical and elegant literature, and such a logician, that I soon discovered I could not last five minutes before him, on any question where the interests of the Church and of Ould Ireland were concerned. He was "in wit a man—simplicity a child;" and, though most uncompromising in all his clerical duties, was full of fun and frolic at the proper season.

He never refused anything at table that was proposed, and he had a way of accepting the proffered service, that kept us in a roar. He could not say "yes" but "*Ish,*" to which he always tacked "*my deer,*" changing his voice to the pitch of the person by whom he was addressed, and running from base to treble, and from treble to base, with a facility quite surprising. If the head of the family said, "Father Morrogh, a glass of port?" "*Ish, my deer,*" was the answer, as if a trombone spoke; and when a squeaking bantling added, "Take sherry, Father Pat?" "*Ish, my deer,*" came forth as if a penny whistle was in play. "Father Morrogh, another cut of beef?" roared the captain. "*Ish, my deer,*" blew the saintly Boreas; while the fair dame, who called the Waterford merchant husband, suggesting a wing of a fowl and a slice of ham in a dove-like tone, "*Ish, my deer,*" was heard as if a zephyr was breathing on a summer eve.

Mister and Mistress MacLoughlin and their

numerous family entertained the warmest affection for this excellent priest, and were delighted in drawing out his peculiar eccentricities; but I remarked that Father Pat knew where the limits of freedom and respect met, and not one of the lot ventured a misplaced word.

"By all the strings of a fiddle, and that's a musical joke, I'll trim your jacket for you, Master Billy, if I catch you tripping; and maybe, Miss Maria, I won't call for a rough wind, and make you all *say*-sick to night, if you don't give over your fun."

The good pastor and I were great friends, as, though he had more knowledge of books than I have, I had a better acquaintance with the realities of life. He was a great patriot, and, in his heart, a bit of a rebel to Queen Victoria; but he took care to conceal his real sentiments, and came out in generalities, which meant everything and nothing, when hard pushed.

The approaching struggle in Italy was an affair of special interest to him; and, above all, he wished to know what part the present pope would take. If I hinted that "peace on earth and good will among men" should be the rule of the pontiff, and of every other pastor's life, he used to exclaim: "*Bother*, as if we were not all students before we became priests, and if a bit of a row is not natural in every state of life—*Ish, my deer*."

Father Pat was in theory only acquainted with

the state of the Italian Peninsula, as he said he had quite enough to do at home, without going so far for news, and if I expressed my surprise that, during the period of his studies at Rome, he had not examined more closely these political questions, his invariable answer was,—"*Sur*, I stuck to my convent." And that formula, I found, was considered by him as a sufficient reply to all impertinent questions.

On the third night we passed the Pillars of Hercules, and, in the morning, our good ship was overshadowed by the rock of Gibraltar. I found to my sorrow that I must pass eight days in the garrison, as the Genoa steamer had sailed, and the Spanish and French boat had not yet appeared.

This sorrow, however, was soon put to flight by a hearty shake hands from Captain B—— of the 105th, an old friend, who at once took me under his protection, and did all he could, by good dinners and iced champagne, to induce me to prolong my stay. He not only was kind himself, but he was the cause of kindness in others; and the only question every morning was, at what mess I should dine that day. There was the Artillery's, and the Engineers', the English, the Scotch, the Irish, with aldermanic feast at each; and such oceans of wine, that every table seemed to have vineyards of its own to provide so abundant a supply.

Then there were offers of horses in the morning,

with a hunt twice a week, in the direction of San Roque, or of Algesiras, with cigars without number; and such cozy evenings passed at one or other of the officers' quarters, where cold brandy-and-water, or hot punch if you liked it better, were to be had by a nod at the captain's well-drilled servant.

I talk "mighty big," as Father Morrogh used to say, about *ating* and drinking, and the like, though, in truth, I have long since bidden good-bye to excess of every kind, and, unless the wine be good, or rather super-excellent, I generally pass the decanter, and I hate smoking as I do the devil; but we are all hypocrites, my dear fellow, and why should I wish to seem better than my neighbours?

I am now prepared to tell a bit of honest truth about the Rock, which shall rouse the anger of every man who has a good appointment on it, or who enjoys, even in the most distant prospect, any chance of procuring one. In former days, before the perfection of steam navigation, and the improvement made in the naval tactics of other nations, Gibraltar commanded the entrance of the Mediterranean, and ensured the safety of Malta; but since France created a steam fleet, and Russia has progressed so wonderfully in the same arm, the Rock has lost its value, and the garrison which it maintains may be considered as so many men isolated from useful service.

Imagine the case which must have occurred, if

the revolution of 1830 had *not* taken place, and the foreign policy of M. de Polignac had been successful. Now mind, that though I think the Prince de Polignac was a simpleton, so far as his knowledge of the interior and the state of home parties was concerned, his foreign policy was, in my opinion, magnificent for his native country; and if he had remained in power until all the conditions of the Russian alliance were secured, I know not what would have become of our naval supremacy. Russia would have taken possession of Constantinople, and the exclusive navigation and commerce of the Black Sea; whilst France, having made a good lodgment at Algiers, would have greedily eaten her way to Tunis on one side, and Morocco on the other, with her old Egyptian mania in reserve. Malta must, of course, have become once more the bone of contention.

Now I ask you, presuming that an united French and Russian squadron was in the Mediterranean, what stand could a weaker English fleet make against them, or how could a blockade of Malta be raised? An inferior British fleet must of necessity take shelter in the Bay of Gibraltar, under the protection of the celebrated batteries of the Rock; but is not the Bay of Algesiras wide enough for hostile ships to anchor out of reach of the shore-guns, while the British are in the false position of being exposed to an enemy's fire, and, at the same time, masking our land batteries?

There is but one way of correcting these defects,

and for this I fear our more than prudent ministers are not prepared, on account of the expense it must occasion, and the confession of weakness it would produce. I hear that the plan to which I am about to allude, drawn up by one of the most practised seamen of the day, has long since been deposited at the Admiralty; and that, as materials for building are on the spot, and convict labour is cheap as well as abundant, favourable considerations were given to it.

But "the cost, the cost," has been the cry, and, whilst money is lavished in other ways, this grand and necessary undertaking is burked. A friend has seen the plans, and therefore I know what I am speaking about, and I only wish I had permission from the officer I allude to, to publish his name, and, by its weight, compel the Government to entertain them.

There is in the Mediterranean itself a high bank, with very shoal water lying parallel to the Rock at a short distance, and between it and the shore, water wide and deep enough to contain her Majesty's whole navy. If you raise the bank to a sufficient height, you form a deep basin, or wet dock, that would command the entrance of the Gut so effectually, that no enemy's ship could pass it without leave.

Our fleet in the Bay of Algesiras is positively of no use; but in the deep water of the Mediterranean itself, protected by heavy batteries on the Bank, and by flanking guns on the Rock, you convert Gibraltar

into what it once was, before the invention of steam, and what you at home erroneously believe it still is.

You see, good sir, that wherever I go, I have an eye to business, and I hope that on this occasion, you will give me credit for finding out a capital mare's nest. I am convinced that the late ministers, who were sharp men of business, had been made acquainted with these plans, as their questionable policy, in 1848, in the south of Italy, and their evident desire to get possession of Sicily, can only be explained by the conviction, that Malta must be starved if our fleet was shut up in the Bay of Algesiras, and that Syracuse, Catania and Messina should be made the British granaries of the Mediterranean.

What, another Oporto friend, and constant diner out, Captain —— of H.M. steamship ——!

"How do you do, 'Our Own?'"

"How are you, captain?"

"You dine on board to-day, to-morrow, and the next day—Jolly times, old fellow! where the deuce are you bound for?"

"If you mean to-night, I sup with Captain Molloy of the ——"

"So do I, *ahur:* midnight will do very well, for the grilled bones will be in perfection, and all the lads of the village ready for a lark."

At twelve we met, and such a scene of fun and frolic never before was witnessed.

"Bravo, Captain; 'Our Own,' your hand; a grilled bone or, anything else you choose to call for—Walsh, you beast," to his servant behind the curtain.

"Well, Captain?"

"Hot water, Walsh."

"Ain't I coming, Captain?"

"Be quick, you brute."

"Here I am, *Sur*."

When Walsh's voice was heard, and his fingers touched the door-lock, then every man rose from table with a tumbler, full or empty, as it chanced to be, in hand, for the purpose of launching it at him the moment he appeared. But Walsh was up to the joke, and like old Grimaldi in the Pantomime, he no sooner showed his nose than he drew it back again and all the glasses made immortal smash against the wall. Then "the broth of a boy" came in with an ample supply of all that was necessary, and the night proceeded in its accustomed course.

Recollect, Mr. Censor, that you were once young yourself (though I very much doubt it), that the Queen's uniform was doffed on these occasions, and that the sooner wild colts are tamed the better. Men wear best who have heard the chimes at midnight, and none but cold-blooded fellows are wise before their time. All the steady chaps, with whom I am now acquainted, were wild at the proper season, and I do not find that the world is in the least improved since Father Mathew invented the pledge,

or water took the place of wine. One must pull up at the proper age; but whether that be at thirty or forty-five, I leave the faculty to determine.

"Where's the meet to-morrow, boys?"

"Good-night, all's well."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FRENCH STEAMER.

At this period French and Spanish steamers plied, every ten days, between Gibraltar and Marseilles, dropping anchor at night, in one or other of the great harbours of the Mediterranean, and doing all they could by reduced fares to ruin each other. I selected the French boat, and had no reason to repent the choice, as the captain was a first-rate seaman, the engine in good repair, and the company in the best cabin social and good-natured. All the passengers were French, with the exception of another English gentleman, who accompanied me from Lisbon, and as I had lived some years in Paris, and knew the strong as well as the weak points of the national character, I was quite at home with all before twenty-four hours had passed.

Let me give you a hint, my dear sir, drawn from actual experience, which may be of use in regulating your intercourse with Frenchmen. Avoid politics,

until you have ascertained of what party the majority are; be the first to talk of "Perfide Albion" in a good-natured manner, by which you may prevent the others from doing the same in an insulting tone, and never let the word Waterloo pass your lips under any circumstances, in the presence of legitimist, constitutionalist, republican, or socialist, for no son of Gaul that breathes, will forgive you if you do so. Avoid wounding the self-love of even your best friend, and appeal sometimes to his honour and his heart.

Parisian society, or I may say French society in general, is the most agreeable in the world, if you know how to manage it, or the most overbearing and capricious if you take the wrong road. I never met the least annoyance during several years residence in the capital, and daily contact with all classes, whilst half the Englishmen of my acquaintance lived in constant hot water.

With regard to my fellow-passengers, there could be no mistake, as I soon found that, without a single exception, they were liberals of the first-water, and determined enemies of Louis Philippe and of M. Guizot. They asserted that the late monarch had violated all his promises to the nation, and averred their determination to get rid of him and his Prime Minister whenever a suitable occasion presented itself. I confess it, I never was an admirer of the King of the Barricades, and I was one of the few Englishmen who refused to go to the palace

in the days of his greatest popularity, so that I was not displeased at the tone of our every-day conversation.

The captain took no part in those manifestations, but I soon found out that he too had strong political feelings, similar in some degree to those I had always, though with much more moderation, entertained, namely, that he was a legitimist, and detested revolution in whatever shape it appeared.

On leaving the Bay of Gibraltar we had a specimen of the private sources of profit enjoyed by the captains of the rival companies, which I discovered by remarking that, instead of clearing the port by daylight, we waited until the sun went down, and our proceedings could not be observed from the Rock. As soon as night set in, both steamers started together, and a couple of large galleys, filled with contraband cigars, were taken in tow, and carried out to a point where they could hoist their sails, or if not, work their way by a dozen pair of stout oars.

Nearly the whole wealth of Gibraltar has been created by smuggling to Spanish ports, and these powerful steamboats facilitated the operation amazingly; but it will sometimes happen that the penalty has to be paid at Malaga, and we, for instance, only escaped being put under seizure by the interference of the French Consul. The smuggling craft make night signals of distress, and the captains of the *vapores* pretend that their interference is exercised on the ground of humanity only; but since Narvaez

became master of Madrid, a preventive service had been established along the coast, and so many spies planted at Gibraltar, that the trade is very much cut up, and our commander said his proprietors were determined to abandon the line, and send their boats to the Italian coast.

What enraged him most on this occasion was, that he suspected the information on which the temporary seizure was made was given by the captain of the Spanish steamer.

"This," he exclaimed, "is not fair; how can trade be carried on if we denounce each other, and have I under the most tempting and trying circumstances ever betrayed him? *Diable!* let us ruin or affect to ruin our proprietors by reduced fares, but let the only profitable source of our revenue alone, and is it not provoking that my private venture of some thousand cigars must be given up this time, the seizing officers being compelled, against their will, to make a rigorous search. *Parole d'honneur, c'est trop fort; tout cela vient de la Charte. Monsieur, sous l'ancien régime on ne faisait pas des choses semblables.*"

After leaving Malaga we visited successively Almeira, Carthagena, Alicant, Valencia and Barcelona, at which last place we spent two days. Barcelona is the finest city in Spain in every respect. Its merchants are proverbially rich, and the people industrious, so that when party spirit is at rest, all the Catalan world is occupied and content, and

indications of the general prosperity are seen on every side.

Two Italian Opera houses vie with each other in gorgeous decorations, and the splendid promenade of the Rambla exhibits, on feast days, equipages worthy of Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne. What a contrast did the Rambla now present as we landed on Sunday, to that which it exhibited on the sad and ever-memorable occasion of my last visit, I believe in 1835 or 1836.

At that sad period, the populace, at least the Christina portion, infuriated by some reverses of their party in Aragon, broke in the doors of the citadel, in the town, and murdered, under the eyes of the General Commanding and all the authorities, two hundred Carlist prisoners who were confined there. One of the O'Donnells was the first to fall, and I saw his head kicked about the Rambla, as if a game of foot-ball was going on. The great family of O'Donnells, of which the Count D'Abirbel was the head, in imitation of the old Scotch policy in civil war, for the protection of the estate whichever side succeeded, decided that one half of the brothers should embrace the Christina cause, and the others the Carlist.

We all remember that Zumalacaregui, the commander-in-chief of the Basque provinces, having been refused by the general at Vittoria an exchange for one of the Christina O'Donnells, caused him to be shot, in virtue of that horrid doctrine acted on by

both parties, before Lord Elliot and Colonel Gurwood's mission to Onate. Zumalacaregui wanted to save the youth, and he ought to have done so in defiance of the savage policy which then prevailed, and the circumstances were still more revolting, as the young man was dining with the Carlist chief, when the answer from Vittoria arrived.

Zumalacaregui read the despatch, and without saying one single word, handed it over to the ill-fated gentleman whom it concerned. The latter equally silent rose from the table, sent for a confessor, and ere half an hour elapsed, he was a corpse. All prisoners were shot on both sides, until the Duke of Wellington sent out the officers above named, to negotiate a convention, and the exalted of his party blamed the Carlist general for having, by an offer of an exchange, violated the sanguinary rule.

The case at Barcelona was still worse; for the Elliot Convention was in force, but the mob of Barcelona is composed of the most desperate ruffians in all Spain, and unless the general in command has the spirit to send in a few shells from Montjuich, the celebrated fort overlooking the city, they cannot be controlled.

We had a British consul in the town, and three ships of war in the harbour, but I never heard, though I had good sources of information, that we interfered on the ground of humanity, that accommodating word, to which I added "humbug," not

being invented at this period, or rather it being reserved for Admiral Baudin and Sir William Parker, to be employed on the Sicilian coast against the victorious arms of Prince Satriano.

This is heavy work, "Our Own;" and have you nothing amusing to tell us? for in truth we did not care, when the war was going on, one pin for either Carlist or Christina, and we are now perfectly indifferent on the subject of an O'Donnell, more or less, being shot, or having his head kicked. Indeed if you have some good news to give us about Spanish bonds, we then should say "bravo! bravissimo!" but on all political topics our patience has long since been exhausted, and we should rather hear something about the dark-eyed maids of Spain, Catalonian customs, or what the essential difference between the old *Olla Podrida* and the modern *Puchero* is.

The handsomest and the ugliest women I saw in Madrid were two ladies from Barcelona. The one was perfection in face and person, but stupid to a degree, and very heavy on hand, except among a *coterie*, where she was esteemed a paragon. The other was violently plain, but so *spirituel*, and amiable, that in one short quarter of an hour you forgot her want of good looks, or rather you discovered that her eyes were most expressive, and that her smile was enchanting. Such may be said to be the general characteristics of the Barcelona womankind. They are either very lovely or very ugly; and if you count rose-buds at one side of the

street, I will match you with a lot of cabbage-stalks on the other.

In the mass, there is no comparison to be made between the women of Catalonia and those of Andalusia, as well as that part of Biscay touching the province of Guipuscoa: the former have the most expressive eyes, the most symmetrical forms, and most delicately shaped hands and feet in the world; whilst the Barcelonese are dull in expression, and their shapes are moulded in too vigorous a style. Then the Andalusian mantilla and the tight-fitting black silk dress, render even a plain woman handsome; whereas, the Catalonese have borrowed French fashions, and, not knowing how to turn them to account as a Parisian would, they become clumsy imitations of an elegant original.

It is difficult to imagine any daughter of Eve more charming than the maiden of Cadiz or Seville, is in her gala dress—the white mantilla, pendant from a high comb falling over her rounded shoulders; a single rose on the side of the head, and a pair of languishing eyes that are not to be described. I am speaking of some fifteen years ago, when national taste was yet undefiled in the south of Spain, and when the Gaditana and Sevilliana received no other instruction from her mother than how to please. All that may now be changed, as I could not get on shore at Cadiz during the voyage I am now describing; but I hope French fashions are not in vogue, as of all women the Spanish are the worst

adapted to them, and know least how to use them to advantage.

With her mantilla—the white I prefer, as contrasting better with her glowing and sunlit complexion—her *raso*, tight dress, and her everlastingly agitated fan, with the bright eye, even in repose, eloquently silent, the Andalusian is the most attractive female in the world; and if you are under thirty years of age, and have a heart to lose, I advise you to go to Seville to dispose of it. I promise you, however, that it will not be long out of your possession, for the lovely girl is as fickle as the wind, and none but a Spaniard can secure her constant affection. Even though you spoke the language nearly as correctly as a native, you want the flow of small talk and pleasing nothings, with which the *Majo* alone knows how to fill her ear; and though your nature be the most impassioned, she will think you cold as ice.

The women of Aspetia and Ascotia, in the Basque provinces, to which I, early in this chapter, alluded, are of a different class, though equally beautiful, or rather more truly so than their southern rivals. They are as the Venus of Milo compared with the Venus de Medici, and in majestic form and classic charms may be said to defy all Europe.

Every woman in those towns, from the Countess to the humblest rank, is splendid in face and form; and yet of so grand and serious a deportment, that she ensures respect whilst she excites admiration.

She is proud even to haughtiness, yet still so fascinating that every stranger is glad to be a willing slave; but I never knew an instance of a foreigner making a strong impression on her obdurate heart. All her feelings are Biscayan, and not Spanish, and the humblest will prefer a townsman without fortune, to an English or Frenchman, who has not only the name, but also the reality of great wealth.

The men born in these cities are not indifferent to the charms of the *belles Basques*, and I have known several in other parts of the world, all of whom have declared, that they would not marry any but a girl of Aspetia, or Ascotia; and the moment they had realised sufficient wealth, they would return home to select a partner for life.

It seems that these ladies are models of virtue and propriety; can we say the same of their Andalusian rivals?

CHAPTER VII.

THE GULF OF LYONS.

We left the harbour of Barcelona with a fair wind, a calm sea, and our society enlarged by the presence of several ladies, some French, some Spanish, bound for Marseilles or for the Italian coast; but ere the sun went down we had symptoms of what sailors call "dirty weather," and before morning it blew a hurricane. The ladies all vanished, and we only knew of their existence by the cries of agony which were heard in their cabin, and the exclamation from French lips of "*ah mon Dieu!*" of "*Dio mio Jesu Maria!*" from Spanish; and even of ———, that horrid word which men of the worst class are so fond of using, and to which men and women of all ranks, as it were in despite of themselves, revert in cases of extremity.

It was with this foul term that the late Doña Carlotta, the Queen Dowager's sister, slapping his face at the same time, saluted the Prime Minister Calomarde, when he induced Ferdinand to revoke

the will altering the *salique* law, and I would not undertake to say that even Queen Christina herself did not more than once use it during the progress of the Revolution.

To avoid this filthy word, and at the same time give vent to the stormy passion which excites it, gentlemen and ladies have invented another, the first syllable of which is the same, that may be safely used in the best society. Therefore when you hear *Caramba*, make up your mind something worse is meant; and if the lady has any claims on your patience or your heart, get out of her way as quickly as possible, for depend upon it a storm is at hand.

I would the storm we encountered off the Catalan coast, had been of that transient character; but our hurricane was composed of all the winds of heaven meeting in a council of war, over which Boreas presided, and in a tumultuous assemblage of waves that came from every point of the compass, as if determined to share in the destruction of our stout craft.

My English friend and I were the only persons who were calm and patient. We shared the same cabin, he being in the upper berth and I in the lower; and though our situation was critical in the extreme, we greatly scandalised the skipper by laughing at the extraordinary figure the other passengers presented, and the exclamations of terror that broke forth from our fair neighbours.

The "*maladie de mer*" which assailed me on the

first rising of the sea, vanished as the storm strengthened, and I was more at ease, and had more command of myself, if any physical exertions were required, than I was at the commencement of the row. My comrade was proof against everything, and were it not that I persuaded him to remain quiet, he would have shared the discomforts and perils of the deck.

The captain proved himself to be a true *loup de mer*. We saw him at intervals only, as he spent nearly the whole night near the helm, giving orders with the utmost *sang froid*, and being obeyed by a crew who gained courage from his example. The engineer was an Englishman, and I have no doubt he contributed much to our ultimate safety, as his machinery was in perfect order, and his second in command, an excellent *aide-de-camp*, who kept all right when his principal went on deck to consult the captain.

Our great danger arose from the vicinity of a lee shore, and all the exertions of the captain were directed to getting a wide offing; but the waves and wind were opposed to his will, and the steamer jumped up and down like a mad creature in the contest. Had we a less resolute skipper, or a less solid boat, I should not be here to day, writing my last campaign; but a stout heart prevailed, and at a certain distance from land we found a calmer sea, and the wind not so ill-disposed.

This amelioration lasted, until in the afternoon,

of the following day, when we were again moving on an unruffled surface, and one by one each passenger came out of his or her berth, to breathe the fresh air, and ask the last news of the late storm. By dinner hour peace was completely restored, and fresh toilettes on the part of the French and Spanish dames were produced, so that our table was resplendent.

We had a *prima donna* returning from a tour to Madrid and the other great cities, where she said she had met the most unbounded success, and a *seconda donna* who had failed, and according to whom, if you believe her, the *prima* had made *fiasco*. We had likewise a numerous *corps* of *figuranti* from the ballet, who were unanimous in reprobating the Spanish taste, for preferring the national dances, the *fandango*, the *cachucha*, and the Jota Aragonese, accompanied, as the bills of the play say, "with the music of each province," to the imitations of Taglioni and Cerito, introduced by them.

All the ladies were full of romantic adventure, of which each had been the heroine, but I fancy there was not one word of truth in all they said, as from three years' experience, I can declare, that however much it is the fashion to talk of Castilian romance, Spain is one of the most matter-of-fact places in the world, unless you love such adventures as having your carriage robbed, whilst you are compelled to lie flat on the ground, with "your

mouth to the earth, thief" from the captain of the gang, or getting nothing but oil and garlic to eat, and a hard bed to sleep on, in the way-side inns.

I saw nothing that deserves the name of romance to be expected in the Peninsula, save in Andalusia, where something out of the common way may be discovered.

The story of one French girl was the only one I believed, and her manner was so simple, so plain, and so truth-telling, that I could not help taking a strong interest in it.

It was, of course, the old tale—a run-away from home, desertion of the lover, and flying to the stage, as a first or third rate dancer, to gain daily bread. She heard that her father had died of a broken heart in consequence of her dishonour, and she was now returning to Paris, for the purpose of throwing herself at the feet of her mother, who still survived, and of repairing by a new life for her former fault. Not that Mademoiselle had forgotten the lessons of her youth when abandoned by her seducer. No, she was happy to say that her conscience was without reproach, and that she had earned by nightly toil, as a *figurante*, the pittance on which she lived. She had given her heart to one unworthy of the sacrifice, and as Moore says:

> "Whenever the heart of a maiden is stolen,
> The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

She had accompanied her lover to Spain, but

though he was rich and of distinction in the world, she was too proud to ask his aid, or let him know how much she suffered on his account.

I confess that Annette's story made a deep impression on me, the more so perhaps as she was very pretty, and had the sweetest-toned speaking voice I ever heard, and I paid her that attention which ensured respect from the other passengers during the rest of our voyage. I went so far as to offer, on our arrival at Marseilles, in a very delicate manner, pecuniary aid if she required it, but she was deaf to every hint on the subject, though she was prodigal of thanks for the kindness I had shown, and above all for having raised her in her own esteem.

Do you know, dear madam, that your little *Parisienne* is the most amiable and fascinating personage in the world, that is to say, when her mind has escaped, what I may call the contagion of bad example. For instance, *la belle Annette* was one of the most delightful companions I had ever met with, and when her sad story was forgotten, her conversation was sparkling like champagne, and she warbled the tender romances of her country with the most refined taste.

Not one word of this episode, madam, should you have had, were I a young man, or even of an age when folly and prudence meet; but you know me to be an old gentleman, staid in his deportment, steady in his morals, and who can have an excellent character for benevolence from his last place.

We were now approaching Marseilles, and determined to have, at our last dinner, a regular jollification. The French call it an *orgie*, and who can talk most, sing most, and drink most, is the king of the company.

It is wonderful the quantity of wine, when I was at Paris, that I have seen stown away on similar occasions, and no Englishman could have stood the racket with any of these fast youths; but go and see the Frenchman on the following day, and you find what a pickle his vanity has betrayed him into. It generally requires a week to bring him round, and the most boastful, if he has a grain of common sense, flies into the country for a month, to avoid a repetition of the same dose.

On the day I now refer to, political excitement—all on one side however—ran riot at our festive board, and nothing would do for me, when "the wine was in and the wit was out," but to make a speech, in imitation of the many orations I had heard around me.

The subject of course was France, and, if memory serves me right, I made a kind of historical review in her honour, borrowed from the novels of Alexander Dumas, with a code of philosophy from the wisdom of Eugène Sue, morality drawn from George Sand, living manners from Paul de Kock, and modern politics from that little humbug, Louis Blanc.

I was applauded to the echo, for the authorities I quoted were all known to the company, and my

language was suited to their comprehension, so that my courage rising as I proceeded, I had the boldness to assume the gift of prophecy, and to predict what must be the end of the career of that monarch, who had betrayed his country, and violated all the solemn engagements he had taken in 1830.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "I see him at this moment flying from the Tuileries, in the darkness of the night, abandoned by his false friends, and pursued by the execrations of the enraged mob; I see him seeking an asylum in that country to which he had driven his predecessor on the throne, and I see him there commanding the respect of none, nor even the sympathy of those who, a short time since, looked on him as a patriot king, and as a truly constitutional monarch. Yes, gentlemen, the moment is come when France does justice to herself, and, though I am an enemy to revolution, I hail that which is now being accomplished. It is the justice of Heaven visiting the sins of man; it is the force of truth annihilating a mighty falsehood; it is the right of the people prevailing against an usurped throne."

Much more of trash and common-place like this did I utter, amid the frenzied applause of my republican friends, and when I sat down, the whole company rose and I was carried in triumph round the table.

Of course I had no more idea of the approaching French revolution, which broke out about a fortnight after that date, than I have of now visiting the

North Pole, and all the stuff I spoke proceeded more from the idea of laughing at my excited hearers, than of seriously stating what I felt. Still the fact has no doubt been registered in the annals of Captain B——, of the steamer S——, and he is ready, I am convinced, now to swear that the revolution of 1848 was foretold, a fortnight before it occurred, by an English gentleman who came passenger with him from Gibraltar.

You will remember it was said in Paris that the revolution was brought about by English agency, and English gold, for what end I know not, but I am certain that every man who heard me that day has since decided I was employed for the purpose of the revolution, and that I had a mission to Marseilles connected with it.

Fortunately for my character, and perhaps personal safety, I did not remain twenty-four hours in that city; for had I been there when the first telegraphic news from Paris was received, I have no doubt the police would have looked sharply after me.

Moral.—Thus you see, good sir, how dangerous it is to be wiser than your neighbours, and how much more prudent it is to listen than to speak. The diplomatic rule is "mouth shut and ears open," to which I will add, that the fish soup is excellent at Marseilles, and that the material of which it is composed is sweet, though the water in the harbour is not made of lavender.

There are many things in regard to justice,

morals, and public patience, which I never could understand, and which are still suffered to exist by large communities. For instance, I cannot comprehend why the police of London allow the streets to be infected at night by vice in its most depraved shape; why the House of Commons listens, day after day, to old Joe Hume; and why the people of Marseilles do not die, all in one week, from the malaria generated in the harbour. The *mistralle* they say is a cure for the last; but how are the other nuisances to be got rid of?

Since writing the foregoing part of this chapter, I have heard from unquestionable authority another anecdote in which a great personage was concerned, bringing apparently still nearer home to British machination the revolution of 1848, and which might even have had some effect on me, did I not know that the inference drawn by almost every other person who has heard the tale, is morally impossible. I introduce the story here as a *pendant* to my speech on board the steamer.

A certain musical artist, having the *entrée* in all the first mansions of London, paid, in the month of January of that year, a professional visit in one of the greatest of all great houses. There he was received in a most amicable manner, as he was a special favourite with the chief personage of the establishment; but it appears his tone was not buoyant as usual, and that his countenance was expressive of more than ordinary anxiety.

"What is the matter, *Maestro?*" was the exclamation of the gracious personage alluded to.

"Nothing important," the *Maestro* replied, with a profound acknowledgment for the condescension of the inquiry.

"No, *Maestro,*" was the rejoinder, "something important has happened, and you must not conceal it here, for you know we are your friends, and may be useful in repairing it."

"Thus honoured, I must own," said the artist bowing very low, "the state of political affairs in France and Naples, where I have vested the savings of many years, causes me great anxiety, as I may, in one hour, lose the sum accumulated by so much labour, and with so many sacrifices."

"Oh, is that all, *Maestro?*" was the abrupt exclamation of the delighted pupil; "take our advice, sell your French *rentes* and keep the Neapolitan."

The *Maestro* gave his lesson and withdrew, but he did not follow the sage advice thus so strangely offered, till chancing to be at Paris when the revolution broke out, he recollected the source from whence the warning came, and then he could not help believing, that it proceeded from a foregone conclusion, and from actual knowledge of what was then preparing in France.

Such at least is the impression produced on the *Maestro* and his family, though his knowledge of the personage in question tends to weaken the idea, but all those to whom he has told the story are

convinced England was the main-spring of that event, and that in such manner was the ruin of the Spanish marriages avenged.

I do not repeat this anecdote with the slightest belief that the personage in question spoke from any exclusive knowledge on the subject, but that the words were said from a kindly interest taken in the pecuniary affairs of a very deserving and favoured master, but "this trifle light as air," and that, where I was the spokesman on board the French steamer, are "proofs as holy writ" to the ignorant and suspicious, and so if you please, we will take it for granted, that the revolution of January 1848 was produced by English gold, that ——— knew all about it, and that I was a travelling agent.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ITALIA, ITALIA."

I LANDED at Genoa early in the forenoon of the 25th February, 1848, and lost no time in seeking at the Post-office, the British Consul's, and the banking-house, where I was specially addressed, the letters promised me by the editor of the "Times," but not a letter was forthcoming; and I concluded that my correspondence was seized on by the police, though from all I have since heard, it contained nothing that could offend the Sardinian government. The forethought which I used at Lisbon now came into play, and I soon brought to light the treasures of introductions given to me by the Duke of Saldanha and the Count Thomar.

There was one letter of recommendation from Costa Cabral, backed by another to the same person from the Spanish minister, which proved to be of the greatest importance. I wish I had permission from the person to whom it was addressed, to mention his name with all the eulogy it deserves, for

seldom in life have I met with so much intelligence, combined with excessive good-nature, or so able a head associated to so warm a heart.

I freely explained to this gentleman the dilemma in which I stood, and my awkward position of having to write on the state of Italy, without any previous training for the subject.

"What can I do for you?" was the reply.

"Speak of Italy, and only of Italy," was my rejoinder.

And of Italy he did speak for several hours, without intermission, varying his discourse only by reference to a journal that he had kept, and to a correspondence which he maintained in an official quarter.

We dined together that day, and Italy was the only topic, till at last I had my fill; and with that readiness which long experience gave me, I began to understand the true bearings of the case, and to feel confident that the affair was not above my strength.

My kind friend saw that his lessons were not thrown away, and, when on the following morning he came to Feder's hotel, and talked the matter again over, he said I might walk alone, and recommended me to lose no time in starting for Milan, where the greatest interest in the north of Italy lay.

My own inclination directed me towards Sicily, as there the insurrection was already gaining ground, but I wisely determined to follow the advice of my experienced friend, and before twenty-four hours

had passed, I was at home, in the well-known Hôtel de la Ville, in the still more celebrated Corso Orientale of the capital of Lombardy.

At this period, the long-concealed detestation of Austria was openly avowed at Milan, and in all the great cities of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The nobility, middle classes, and populace, joined unanimously in the same sentiment, in all the great towns, and all waited only for a favourable opportunity to shake off a hated yoke.

On the contrary, the rural population were either indifferent, or attached to Austrian dominion, for under the system that then prevailed the occupier of the land paid no direct taxes whatever, and whenever he had cause of complaint it was against his landlord, and not against the government that he groaned.

All contributions were collected every six months from the proprietor, whilst the peasant shared with him half the produce, in some cases two-thirds, the latter finding oxen and the instruments of husbandry, and being provided with a home, and outbuildings necessary to secure the crop, by the indulgent master.

By this arrangement the peasantry enjoyed perfect independence, and the only person who suffered was the owner of the soil; as, in adverse seasons, he had to pay the *prediale*, or produce tax, on a valuation made in a former year, so that it more than once happened, that his half or his third, as the case

might be, did not equal in amount the impost above quoted, and he literally got nothing, the occupier and the government absorbing the whole sum.

The peasant was further indulged by being permitted to strip from the mulberry trees such leaves as were necessary for the maintenance of as many silk-worms as he could rear on his own premises. These arrangements, they say, tended to encourage habits of idleness in the rural population, and checked everything like improvement in the cultivation of the land; but this, at the same time rendered the people happy and contented, and who could complain, when before the owner touched a ducat, he who tilled the soil and his family were fed?

Moreover, I know not where improvement was required, as the bounty of Providence and the system of irrigation, which was in force even in the Mantuan shepherd's time, have rendered the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom one of the most productive that Europe presents. The waters of the northern Alps flow in streams of fertility to the Mincio, the Adige and the Po, not omitting the Olio and the Adda, so that whilst a sub-drainage is everlastingly going on by the inclination of the land to the valley of the Po, surface irrigation is abundantly provided for.

In addition to these inducements for the peasantry to remain quiet, the Austrian government took care to occupy with its troops only the principal towns,

and to leave the villages and the country free from the eye-sore of the Tedeschi uniform.

How often have I asked the farmer:—"When did you last see the soldiery in these parts?" and how invariably did I receive this answer—"Why, sir, before these late movements we rarely saw a white coat. Almost seven years ago a detachment passed in this neighbourhood. It was only on the high road between Milan and Venice, Mantua or Brescia, that the Austrian military were frequently seen, and as far as we are concerned, we only knew of their existence by hearsay."

To this I may add, that the practice used by the Austrian tax-collectors towards the proprietors of the soil resembled, in a minor degree, the odious tithe system which prevailed some thirty years ago in Ireland. Good seasons and bad seasons made no difference to the unpitying agent, and the forced levy on the proprietors' torn property was inflicted at a period of the year when his banking account was at the lowest ebb.

Notwithstanding these annoyances and drawbacks, the position of the Lombard proprietors in general was to be envied. Nearly all were wealthy, and the palaces, not only in Milan, but in every other large town, and the luxury in all displayed, convinced you, that so far as material prosperity was concerned, the gentry had nothing to complain of.

The revenues of some leading men were immense, and many of the principal nobility might compare

their incomes to those of our great families, and I have seen nothing in the shape of luxurious display, not even in the Champs Elysée at Paris, which might be said so closely to rival Hyde Park in the season, as the Corso Orientale, at Milan, and the promenade of the Boulevards or Bastions connected with it.

This amazing prosperity and superfluity of wealth became, however, the main spring of the public discontent, as the nobility were carefully excluded from office or influence, and they were merely allowed like sheep to graze and get fat in the rich pastures of their native land, provided that politics were excluded from their ordinary conversation, and that they patiently bore what was called the paternal dominion of the Austrian bayonet.

What rendered their position still more tormenting was, that the government indulged them with a kind of constitution, under the name of provincial and central *congregations*, but which bodies dare not say a word in the shape of remonstrance; and it was only about the time I am now alluding to, that the central *congregations*, after an existence of thirty years, took courage to make a formal complaint.

A viceroy was established at Milan, but his power, except for the suppressing of riot, was nominal, as he could do nothing without reference to Vienna, and even a license for establishing commodious street-carriages could not be obtained, because the Home-office in the capital had other matters to attend to.

Then again the enormous sums transmitted to the central government were a natural and fertile source of complaint, and of daily vexation. During the French occupation of the same territory, a sum not exceeding twenty-nine millions of zwanzigers, or about one million sterling, was annually remitted to Paris, but for some years past, no less than eighty millions, or nearly three millions of our money, found their way to Vienna.

These millions were composed of the sums which remained in the collector's hands, after the expenses of local administration were paid, so that the public burthen consisting of the direct tax of the *prediale*, and the indirect contributions levied on salt, oil, tobacco, sugar, coffee and stamped paper, amounted, it was said, to one hundred and fifty millions of zwanzigers, or five millions sterling.

Another sore grievance was the nomination of Austrians to every public employment of any consideration, and of natives to those only where hard work was to be done for a small remuneration. No less, I was assured, than thirty-six thousand Austrian *employés* were settled in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, so that you may imagine how indignant a gentleman, who ought to have influence at home, felt, when he saw a German bayonet at his door, a German civil authority without whose leave he could not visit any foreign land, at the head of every department, and a German upstart in each branch of the public service.

Add to all this, that the German and Italian natures are as oil and vinegar to each other. The very language of the one grates on the musical ear of the other, and under any circumstances whatever, I have made up my mind that a good social understanding cannot prevail. It may be true, that *au fond* the German is a more moral and solid character than the Milanese, but that superiority confers no advantage on the former, as the latter only hates the Tedeschi the more, because of his good name.

I must say, even for my own part, that however much I respected German superiority, I thought it a cruel dispensation for the gay-hearted Italian to be made subject to a power so *antipatico* to him, and it is only the bad use which the Italian made of his transient gleam of liberty, that reconciles me now to the presence of a foreign force.

Though the Lombards were, to use a common phrase, "fools for their pains" in undertaking a task so far beyond their moral and physical force, in 1848, yet never was there a revolution more justifiable in every sense, and even now I cannot help feeling a deep sympathy for them. If man is merely to be a stall-fed animal, for whom brute comforts are alone required, then the Italians ought to have remained passive slaves. But the spirit of independence exists, thank God, in every soil, and in my opinion, each nation has a natural right to govern itself after its own manner. I admit that Lombardo-Veneto can never be so prosperous, or so materially

happy, as under Austrian rule, and that the great majority of the inhabitants are of the same mind; but liberty is the birthright of us all, and I hope one day to see that part of the peninsula free and independent.

I am sorry to add this object cannot be accomplished for many, many years, as the people at present are incapable of understanding what national liberty means. A cordial union no longer exists between the upper and lower classes, and if a successful blow be struck, republicanism or socialism will win the day.

I should not omit to state, when speaking of the condition of the landlord and peasant, that the conscription for the Austrian army to which his sons are annually exposed, was the only grievance of which he had to talk. But in the memory of man that grievance existed, and it seemed to the ignorant, the natural condition of society. The burthen of the indirect contribution was not understood, save in the item of *carta bollata*, or stamped paper, of which the too frequent use was a general complaint.



CHAPTER IX.

MILAN.

In the early part of the last chapter, I stated that the long concealed detestation of Austria was openly avowed at the commencement of the year 1848, at Milan, and other large towns of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and that all classes, save the agricultural population, were unanimous in resolving to throw off the yoke, whenever a favourable opportunity occurred.

It is not in the least difficult to understand why the hitherto faint-hearted Milanese assumed, thus unexpectedly, so bold an attitude, and why the peer and the suburban peasant were united in the same thought.

In the first place, the liberal measures introduced, so unadvisedly, in the Papal States, would, it was supposed, have compelled Austrian despotism to abate its violence, and to consider that the time had arrived when its own house must be set in order.

Next, the successful insurrection in Sicily, and

the large concessions made by the king at Naples, added to the march of events in Tuscany, and above all to the machinations of Charles Albert, whose treacherous designs against his Austrian ally were now nearly matured, united to give courage to the most timid, and demonstrations, of a nature that could not be mistaken, every day took place.

The first blows were directed against the revenue. The Milanese by a tacit, but general agreement, abandoned the use of all articles on which an excise was levied, and every public event that occurred in any part of the peninsula was made a pretext for the exhibition of the popular will. The use of coffee, sugar, and tobacco was abandoned, the universal weekly practice of gambling in the lottery was given up, and native velvet was substituted by rich and poor, for German broad cloth.

When the news from Naples arrived, gentle and simple flocked to the several restaurants to eat maccaroni, and when the success of the Sicilian revolt was announced, no less than forty thousand people of all classes thronged to the Duomo to return the Almighty thanks. At the same time Calabrese hats with feathers, according to Mr. Leigh Hunt, "*swalling* in them," became the vogue, but this last demonstration was of too palpable a nature, and the police issued an order against their use. The hats were laid aside, (for who dare resist the police?) but another token of friendly recognition was invented, and every man who wore the buckle of

his hat in front, was considered to be a friend to the good cause.

A short time before my arrival at Milan, the police, it was said, had attempted to bring these demonstrations to a head, with the hope of effectually putting an end to them by one vigorous blow.

As every person seen smoking in the streets was considered an enemy by the populace, some hundred soldiers were dressed in plain clothes and ordered, cigar in mouth, to parade the several squares: such a public offence exasperated the mob, and, as was expected, more than one row took place. In the meantime the police, who were held in readiness, sallied forth and numerous lives were sacrificed, but all this artifice and severity did not divert the Milanese from their fixed purpose, and at the period of my arrival, the anti-Austrian fever was raging wild.

The Austrian authorities took the usual precautions; loaded cannon were placed in the square of the Duomo before the vice-regal palace, and heavy patrols were in motion day and night. It was easy however, to understand that Field-Marshal Radetzky, though apparently occupied with the Milanese, directed his main attention to another quarter, that of Turin, where in reality the storm was brewing against which he had to provide.

I even ventured to predict, that if a Piedmontese army moved, Milan must be abandoned, and either

the lines of the Mincio or Adige taken up, and I have no doubt that all the plans of the wary veteran were based on that necessity.

The demonstrations of the Milanese did not proceed to overt acts, and it was uncertain how the revolution was to take place, when an event occurred which we supposed would have produced the great result, but which, on the contrary, had the effect of calming the public mind, and of almost restoring the Milanese to reason.

I allude to the overthrow of the French monarch, in February, and the proclamation of a republic at Paris. The nobility and monied men of Milan became horrified at the possibility of the contagion spreading so far, and there was no sacrifice they were not ready to make, if Austria would have met them but half way. The prospect of liberty was sweet, but the dread of anarchy accompanying it was awful, and the most forward shrank back with terror from the pit-fall into which they were about to plunge.

We at first supposed that the example of Paris would be followed by an immediate outbreak, but a few days showed us that property was more powerful than opinion, and that the only use which the Milanese sought to make of the events of France, was to frighten the Austrian cabinet, and to extract some concessions from it, so as to prevent them from adopting the same course.

The anti-German demonstrations, however, did

not cease in consequence of this abatement of party violence, chiefly because the populace kept a strict watch over the leading gentry, and many a family that would have gladly compounded for a moderate share of liberty, was compelled to promenade the Corso in velvet dresses, to eschew cigars, and avoid all public contact with the enemy.

The grand opera of the Scala was reduced to nearly empty benches, as no Italian dare show his face in the boxes or in the pit. Fanny Ellsler, the celebrated *danseuse*, was obliged to give up her engagement for the carnival, because she was of Tedeschi blood; and the *prima donna*, Tadolini, whom the rivalry of Jenny Lind subsequently paralysed in London, had the mortification of wasting her dulcet notes on an audience composed of spies of the police, or the clerks in the public offices, who were compelled to appear.

This indeed was a sacrifice for the Milanese, and you may judge of the depth of the public feeling by that fact alone, for they are passionately fond of music; all visits are made at the theatre, and, in fact, there is no other way of passing the evening but at the Scala. The minor houses, which were neither imperial nor regal, profited by this state of things, and they were nightly filled, whilst not a respectable person was to be seen at the Grand Opera.

Tadolini was a great favourite at Milan, as she was at Rome and Naples, but still the public would not

break through their conventional rules, and if any family bolder than the rest, or who were connected with the vice-regal palace, ventured to appear, they were hissed on coming out, and next day a formal caution not to repeat the offence was given.

Another mode of excitement was also resorted to: young men, generally artists, gifted with sonorous voices, and the *sang froid* acquired by frequent practice, were employed to read aloud such foreign journals as were permitted to circulate in the principal *cafés*. Of course these ardent youths improvised opinions and sentiments not to be found in the pages of the paper, to the great delight of the admiring hearers, and to the mortification of the spies of the police, whose reports were not believed at head-quarters, no such passages as they quoted being to be found in the *Debats*, the *Galignani*, or any other conservative organ, none but conservative journals being allowed to pass the post.

The noblemen, who in other days frequented the court, or were supposed to have German predilections, were strictly watched; and if a person from the hostile camp was received *chez eux*, or if they were seen exchanging the slightest courtesy with him, a domiciliary visit was paid next day by some of the leaders of the movement, and such a hint was given that no one dared in a short time to disobey.

Such coffee-houses as the Germans frequented were abandoned by the Milanese, and I have known

respectable persons soundly rated by their friends, for having raised their hats in acknowledgment of a similar courtesy from one of the common enemy.

The Corso all this time lost none of its accustomed splendour on Sundays and feast-days, and the nobility and gentry seemed to take a pleasure in exhibiting the magnificence of their velvet costumes, and other indications of anti-German taste. Still in the secret recesses of each heart, the alarm caused by the French revolution was more sensibly felt than the much vaunted antipathy to the Tedeschi, and the leading personages did all they could to keep down, and not promote the popular vengeance.

The Field-Marshal, with that vigour of intellect which notwithstanding his great age, distinguishes him, saw clearly the real state of things, and knowing the Milanese *au fond*, he allowed them to play their fantastic tricks, whilst he, aware of all that was passing in Piedmont, kept his attention fixed on the proceedings of Charles Albert, convinced that from that treacherous monarch alone, danger was to be apprehended.

I was fortunate enough, immediately after my arrival at Milan, to make several valuable acquaintances among persons who were well instructed with the true state of affairs, and who to a certain extent, had the direction of public opinion, and from them I learned that all idea of using physical force for the expulsion of the Austrians, was for the present abandoned, as the dread of a republic being

established was more alarming than their present condition was unpleasant.

In point of fact these gentlemen told me, the Milanese were unprovided with arms or ammunition, that the organisation of numerical strength had not yet been made, and that the great families, by whose aid alone the movement could prosper, had eternally before their eyes the dread of confiscation, and all the consequences of Austrian vengeance, if the attempt failed.

These authorities were opposed to the seeking foreign aid, above all they had no reliance in the good faith of Charles Albert, and as they saw no choice between remaining as they were, full of substantial prosperity, with only political grievances to complain of, and of being incorporated with Piedmont, and treated as a province of the Sardinian Kingdom, not to speak of the possibility, nay probability of failure, they had resolved to bear their actual ills, and wait for the further development of the Italian movement.

I had from other sources every reason to put faith in the justice of their observations, and seeing that the Field-Marshal treated the demonstrations in the Corso with the contempt they deserved, and had all his views fixed on the proceedings of the war faction at Turin, I determined to take a hint from him, and to examine personally the state of affairs at the other side of the Tessin.

I had some reason to know that the information

transmitted to Lord Palmerston, by his agents in Lombardy, coincided with these conclusions, and that nothing was regarded by them as less probable than the breaking out of a revolution at Milan.

The event showed that we were all wrong, as ere three weeks had elapsed, the insurrection was in full force, and barricades erected in every street; but our calculations were not the less true, dates being considered, as the events I allude to, as we shall soon see, were accelerated by a popular and unlooked-for cause, namely, the movement at Vienna, and the conviction that arose as if by magic at the same instant in every city in the Lombardo-Veneto, that the favourable moment had at last arrived, and that then or never must the great blow be struck.

CHAPTER X.

TURIN.

On the 6th March I left my comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de la Ville of Milan, to seek fortune in the shape of political news, at the Hôtel Feder, so well-known at Turin, and early the next morning I found myself in the midst of drums beating, trumpets sounding, national guards marching, Calabrese hats, and all the bustle of citizen soldiers, who, like children who buy penny whistles at a fair, are never tired of puffing, blowing, strutting and playing the hero on a small scale.

In Lombardy the French revolution had made men look grave; here it had rendered them insane, and as the King was fooling his subjects to the top of their bent, everyone was guilty of every possible extravagance.

For many years despotism had been the order of the day, in Sardinia; but at this period Charles Albert changed his old lamp for a new, and he and his people ran constitutionally mad. The wise

and prudent minister, Count Gallina, who had for years so conducted the finances that a very large sum in hard cash remained in the treasury, was dismissed, and the direction of affairs devolved to the hands of, no doubt, very honourable men, who, full of patriotism and of philosophical views, imagined that a country was to be governed on a given model, and that constitutional forms were suited to every capacity, to men in whose opinion a transition from the most blind despotism to a "patent light" representative system, was the simplest operation in the world, and who, on benevolent principles alone, were prepared to undertake the pleasing duty of directing it.

Charles Albert placed these popular names between him and the public, and behind the screen of their unstained reputation, he prepared that web of deception and of jesuitical duplicity which he unfolded by degrees, as it answered his purpose.

The establishment of constitutional Chambers in Piedmont, created no slight sensation in the neighbouring states, and Austria in particular, ever sensitive for the safety of her Italian possessions, hastened to ask such explanations as the exigency of the case required. The answer of Charles Albert evaded the main question, but it professed eternal amity for the Imperial family, whilst at the same time he addressed a circular to all the European cabinets, explaining the motives that had induced him to accede to the desire of his people, protesting

in the most solemn manner, that all existing treaties would be respected, and that the change of an internal system would in no manner affect his friendly relations with foreign states.

It will scarcely be believed, that at the same hour in which this note was drawn up, the King wrote with his own hand to one of his chamberlains, in whom he reposed the greatest confidence, a letter, which though marked "private" was circulated widely, and of which I procured a copy for the "Times," intimating that the cause of Italy was the cause of Piedmont, and that he in person, whenever called on by the general voice, was prepared to place himself at the head of the patriotic movement.

I believe it was in this letter that the King spoke of his Italian crown, as if the whole peninsula belonged to him, and as if he were actually master of its destinies. I never could understand after the publication of this letter, in which the secret intentions of the King were disclosed, why the other Italian potentates assisted in the campaign which soon followed, for it was considered by all, that the ambition of Charles Albert was not limited to the conquest of Lombardy and Venice only, but that he aimed at the possession of Modena, Lucca, Tuscany, the temporal power of the Papal States, and of Naples, and Sicily.

I asked the question more than once of the persons representing these states, but I never could get a satisfactory answer, and it was evident to me

that none of the potentates were masters of their own will, and that public opinion, to which they succumbed in the most cowardly manner, made them blind to the interests of their succession.

I use the word *conquest* of Lombardy and Venice, because, I consider, the marching of a large army into the possessions of another sovereign, disguised as it may be by sounding phrases, is, if successful, "*conquest*," the more especially as in the instance before us, the greatest antipathy prevailed on the part of the Milanese against the Piedmontese, and the latter heartily despised their amiable but effeminate neighbours.

Charles Albert, however eagerly in imagination he grasped at his Italian crown, was too cunning to compromise his own safety by too early an avowal of his plans, and he amused his minister by administrative reform at home, and the people by demonstrations that kept alive the spirit of national, meaning Italian independence, with which, for their punishment, the Piedmontese were then and have been since inoculated.

He had, in fact, not a single pretext for declaring war; the revolution made no progress at Milan, and until it broke forth, his aid or interference could not on any pretext be demanded from or given by him.

Moreover the King was alarmed at the extent to which liberalism had gone in his own dominions, and gladly would he have retraced his steps, if he

dared to do so, but the fiat had gone forth, and the arming of the national guard was a fatal blow to his independence. The nobility and landed gentry saw with profound alarm these proceedings, and they did all in their power to discourage them, but nothing effectual in the shape of resistance could be offered, and they were against their will, carried onwards by the current of revolution.

The events of Paris had created a state of things in Piedmont, from which neither the monarch nor the noblesse could escape, and I am convinced, that even the wisest and most prudent, looked to a foreign war as the only means of avoiding anarchy at home.

I have heard this truth avowed in the highest quarters, and I have every reason to know, that Charles Albert, though confident as he said in his star, was desirous of throwing his sword into the balance. Count Balbo, the President of the Council, so well known as the author of the "Speranza d' Italia," and for his political and private probity, solely acceded to the wishes of his master, in order to avoid the proclamation of a republic at Turin.

Not that Count Balbo was not an enthusiast in the cause of Italian independence, but his philosophical mind saw all the consequences of an untimely declaration, and knowing how much the political interests of the Peninsula were divided, felt all the danger of Piedmont single-handed, measuring its strength with such a power as that of Austria.

I likewise believe that Mr. Abercrombie, the British minister at Turin, gave sound advice to the Sardinian cabinet, and that he laid clearly before it all the consequences of so unjust a war; but he was answered by an appeal to the insane agitation which prevailed in Piedmont, and he was asked if the proclamation of a republic in the north of Italy suited the policy of Lord Palmerston.

I presume that the minister was acting with good faith, though the secret manœuvres of our agents are often at variance with their public acts, and I have no belief in the published correspondence of Blue Books, but a slight fact, of the truth of which I am assured, produces conviction to my mind, and I believe that Mr. Abercrombie's "thoughts were turned on peace."

On the night of the day on which the King and Council determined on this great act of folly, and the Count Balbo announced it from the balcony of the palace, to the thousands that filled the great square, that personage fatigued by the labours of the afternoon, retired at an early hour to bed. There he received the visit of our minister, who inquired with real or assumed alarm, if it were true that the King had, without any pretext whatever, declared war against Austria, and on M. Balbo admitting that such was the truth, and attempting to excuse it on many grounds, particularly that of the proclamation of a republic at home not being otherwise avoidable, and then hinting that he was fatigued

beyond his physical force, and that he desired repose, the conversation closed by Mr. Abercrombie saying in his grave and solemn manner, "Good night, Count Balbo, SLEEP IF YOU CAN."

I have not the Blue Book near me, as I am determined to confine this narrative to matters only in which I took a personal part, or became acquainted with by my own resources, and I really don't know if this anecdote is reported there, or of what colour our agent's correspondence is: I have heard, however, that his advice was of a pacific nature, and that his instructions led him, though not to go so far as a protest, to express the displeasure of the British cabinet at such unwarrantable proceedings.

But I must not run so fast in thus anticipating events, and I return to the condition of Turin as I found it on my arrival from Milan.

The fact is, there was neither peace nor quiet to be found for a reasonable man, either by day or by night, in good weather or in bad; martial manœuvres on the part of the national guard, and of the regular army, occupied the day, and at night, the violence of party demonstrations seemed never to have an end. In fine weather the public streets were filled with a noisy mob, vociferating:—"*Viva Italia; Viva Carlo Alberto; Viva l'indipendenza d' Italia,*" and if it rained or snowed, the well-known arcades gave shelter to the crowd, and the fifing, and drumming, and patriotic songs, were as loud and unceasing as before.

A new *café*, ornamented in the luxurious style of Parisian decoration, had been just opened under the arcades, and, for my sins, not far from Feder's Hotel. The principal saloon was ornamented by an atrocious full-length portrait of Charles Albert, and by other emblematic devices, foreshadowing the future glory of Piedmont. There the social head-quarters of the national guard were established, and there the exuberance of patriotic feeling was in full display.

Lord have mercy on me, how the broad swords did clank upon the floor; how the long feathers of the Calabrese hats did reach the ceiling, and obscure the gas; how 'prentice boys tore ladies dresses with their spurs, and how whiskers and mustachios grew to an enormous length! Can I forget the Amazons who exhibited their well or ill turned shapes, in dresses imitated from the French *vivandiere*, and how particular ribands were used, so as to suit the complexion of each fair warrior-dame.

It is a curious fact which you, dear madam, young and beautiful as you are, so gentle in mind and so perfect in form, may explain to a person like myself, but little acquainted with the motives that rule your sex. Why is it, I wish to know, that in all public displays, only the fat and ill-looking specimens of womankind take a part, and that the youthful fair invariably avoid them? I have seen heroines enough in every part of the globe when civil war existed, and I never knew one who had the slightest claims to being called good-looking.

Even the maid of Saragossa, (but that observe was before our time,) about whom so many romantic untruths have been written, was an old woman with a large family, the wife of an artillery-man, who when he was carried off by a French shell, served his gun in order that she might secure his rations for her devoted offspring, none but combatants having claims on the patriotic kitchen. Nay, I am convinced that Joan of Arc was an old maid, who had no other way of bringing herself into public notice, and that the Moll Flagon of one of our farces, is the true type of these martial daughters of Eve.

I am therefore reluctantly forced to say, that the Amazons of Turin who paraded the Contrada del Po, or were resplendent at the *Café Nacional*, were at best an ugly lot, and that they were well calculated for frightening an enemy from approaching them. Hardy, indeed, must be the man who could venture to meet them, either as friends or foes, and the best thing that could be done was to keep them at arms' length.

CHAPTER XI.

TURIN (*continued*).

You have probably remarked, dear madam, that I have strong predilections for the stage, by no means, however, for the legitimate drama, which I think is the greatest possible bore; but for the Opera, the Ballet, and all that belongs to either, from the *prima donna*, or *prima ballerina*, down to the unfortunate chorister with a snub nose, or the still more misplaced figurante with a thick ankle.

Therefore you will not be surprised, if I relieve my mind of the weight of its political troubles, by occasionally introducing to your notice one or other of these interesting dears, with whom I became acquainted in the course of my campaigning. I do so, confiding in the gravity of my years and the purity of my intentions, so that I hope you will receive all I say as the simple truth, and not imagine that I am imposing on your good-nature, or introducing you into company of a doubtful reputation.

I was one morning, whilst a street tumult was going on, at breakfast in the public room of the Hôtel Feder, when my attention was attracted by two ladies in travelling dresses, who had evidently just arrived, one old, the other young, sitting in a corner shedding tears, and deploring their hard fate. An Irishman's heart is proverbially soft, and I never yet saw a widow or a maiden weeping, that I did not long for permission to keep her company, and console her by expressions of deep sympathy, so that no other person being present, I took the liberty of offering handkerchiefs to each, intimating that my bosom was a fit receptacle for woman's grief. The daughter's eyes continued to stream, but the mother being come to the grateful age, thanked me for the expressions of my good will, and having wiped away her tears, proceeded to communicate the source of their affliction.

"I am a widow," said she, "but I have no reason to complain of that: my daughter is unmarried; I have no cause to be annoyed, for she is young, and husbands hang on every tree. Our health is good, our purse is tolerably well filled, and the world is indulgent wherever we go, for we are artistes by profession. Prima Donnas, at your service; that is to say, I was, and Julia is, and we shall be delighted, sir, when an opportunity offers, to let you see that we deserve the name."

"Such being the case, madam," I broke in, "why should you be thus afflicted? I hope no serious

accident has occurred; and if I can be of any use, command my services."

To this the old lady answered, first by an aside to the daughter, "What a nice old gentleman!" and then to me, "Sir, we are much obliged, but thank Heaven, nothing serious has occurred, and we are only suffering from nervous excitement, and from the apprehension that all the adventures we have lately met with, portend some still greater misfortune is at hand."

"Oh, if that is all," said I, "dry your tears, and tell Miss Julia to do the same; for, in the first place, our misfortunes never come single, and as you have had more than one, your complement is full; and next, you are arrived in Turin at the most favourable moment, the King and the Constitution having avowed their intention of curing every possible ill."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Julia, "be serious, we entreat you; only listen to that shout, I am sure the mob are about to break into the hotel, and we shall be the first victims. Oh, mama! oh, Julia! oh, dear sir!"

The mob passed harmlessly on, and Miss Julia continued.

"The fact is, sir, I was engaged at the Opera at Palermo, in Sicily, on most advantageous terms, when the revolution broke out, and mama and I being unprotected were terribly alarmed, and we secured berths on board the first steamer for Naples.

There, however, we found popular excitement at its height, and being told that an insurrection might hourly be expected, we took advantage of the Marseilles boat, and we sought for security in Paris. Only imagine, sir, my despair when we were caught in the midst of the struggle of the 18th of last month, and were surrounded with barricades and exposed to the fury of that dreadful people. We retreated upon Lyons, but there the revolution was again rampant; we fell back upon Marseilles, where matters were in the same desperate state. We landed yesterday at Genoa, and by good luck only escaped being shot by the awkwardness of the national guard; and here we are at Turin without a friend, and, as the waiter says, with an immediate outbreak being prepared. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do?"

"Mademoiselle," said I, "what has passed, has passed, and you should be grateful to Heaven for having preserved your honour and your life in these awful times; few ladies are so fortunate as you have been. Take my advice, remain where you are, the revolution is accomplished at Turin, and consider all this noise as the ebullition of national folly, which neither means harm to you or to me. We have an excellent opera, though the Prima Donna is no"—

"She is a horror," exclaimed the old lady; "she was my rival at Madrid seven years ago, but I sung her down, sir, and the manager was too glad to get rid of her and close the season prematurely."

"Well, madam, perhaps Miss Julia would have no objection to take her place, and as I have some interest at Turin, it might be so managed."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" cried Julia, Mademoiselle Julia, I should say, "I am told the people of Turin have asses' ears, and know not what good singing is. The ballet and the *mime* is all they relish and I have no idea of losing my time here. What do you say, mama?"

"My angel, you are always in the right, but something must be done. What think you of Milan? Tadolini leaves the Scala for Naples, where she has sometimes been engaged. The coast is clear, the Scala let it be."

"*Viva*, dear mama," sung the delighted Julia. "Will it be Norma, Lucia, Ninetta, Desdemona, or Lady Macbeth in the most trying of Verdi's works?" added the enthusiastic maid, going through a list of parts for which no one human voice was ever suited. "Order horses, dear mama, *Viva la Scala! Viva Milano!* pray, sir, have the kindness to ring the bell. Waiter, tell our courier to have horses in an hour. '*Ombra adorata;*' '*Di Piacer;*' '*Una voce poco fà*'"—to which I added, *sotto voce*, "Go to the devil and shake yourself."

Julia, however, was persuaded to spend a little of her time at Turin, and then she and dear mama started for Milan, where they arrived a few days before the 18th of March, and came in for another revolution. I have not heard from dear mama,

nor from Julia since, but I am told that they are gone to the United States of America, where I have no doubt their harmonious pro-pen-si-ties are most sen-si-bly appreciated, and where, I presume, Miss Julia's nose has been put out of joint by Jenny Lind.

To distinguish these ladies from other artistes, I call them "the Prime Donne of four revolutions."

I believe I closed my last political paragraph by setting the Count Balbo, if not my reader, to sleep, and making Mr. Abercrombie bid adieu, by a "good-night, all is *not* well," not to repeat the actual words, and if you please we will now try back and recover the scent which was then growing cold.

One advantage we correspondents have, is that we are never altogether thrown out, though very often at fault, and we are sure to end by killing our fox, though he had as many tricks and doublings as Charles Albert himself.

No, I am wrong; I was keeping the fat ladies of Turin at arms'-length, and in so doing, I am certain you will acknowledge I showed good taste.

The Piedmontese army, though its internal organisation is most deficient, has always enjoyed, and deservedly so, a high reputation, and I am happy to bear my testimony to its merits during a long and ill-managed campaign, and its orderly conduct under the most trying circumstances. It was officered by the best blood in the country, and depend upon it, the soldiers love to be commanded

by gentlemen, particularly when they see them, as in the English and French army, ever ready to show the way, and less careful of their own persons than of the brave lads that follow.

The artillery and *Bersaglieri*, or Rifle corps, are not to be surpassed, and the lancers, then the only cavalry, were superb, their horses being full sized, and their lances only to be wielded by men of pith and muscle. These troops were every day manœuvred in the Champ de Mars, either by the King in person, or by one of the princes, and from the minute attention given to all that was done, it was easy to see that something more than field exercise was expected.

The officers, from the colonel down to the sub-lieutenants, were in all respects efficient, but above that rank there was not one capable of handling five thousand men, and Charles Albert himself, as well as those in whom he placed confidence, only knowing the theory of war, were very clever at drawing upon paper a plan of battle, but altogether incapable of correcting it, if a single piece got out of place on the day when an active enemy was at hand. In every instance during the campaign, when the Austrians made up their minds to fight, the object of the king was frustrated by the different corps mistaking their assigned positions. Such was the case at Santa Luccia, or suburb of Verona, at Sacca near Mantua, where fifty thousand men were posted in apple-pie order, but unprepared to follow Radetzki,

who left them in the lurch, having drawn off his thirty thousand during the night.

As to the finish of the campaign, it was one gross blunder, which the intelligence of a schoolboy could have avoided, and for which Charles Albert and the generals under him ought to have been whipped at the cart's tail.

The ignorance of their generals was the ordinary coffee-house conversation among the junior officers, the laughing-stock of the men, and the surprise of every stranger who visited the camp. The troops never failed to do their duty, even under the most discouraging circumstances, but when they returned to quarters at night, after having suffered severely through the ignorance of their leaders, they did not hesitate to speak openly on the subject, and to curse their chiefs in untranslatable Piedmontese.

Not that Charles Albert or his officers ever displayed a want of personal courage or avoided the hottest fire. The King himself was brave to temerity, and I never heard one word uttered against the reputations, as men of "pluck," of the other leaders. It was against their total ignorance of the practices of war, and their repeated blunders, that we all cried out, and to that conviction was the demoralisation which prevailed during the subsequent retreat on Milan—still less however than it would have been with other troops—alone owing.

None of these grave errors could, however, be anticipated on witnessing the field exercise at Turin,

and I never failed to attend and admire the compact form and active manœuvring of the different bodies of which this truly gallant army was composed. The *Bersaglieri* were as good as our Rifles, the lancers rather better, and the artillery ready to cross any country where a steeple-chase could run. The infantry wanted weight and steadiness, as compared to our Line; but its heart was in the right place, and that is the main point.

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CHAPTER XII.

GENOA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all these martial demonstrations, the manœuvres in the Champs de Mars, and noisy vociferations under the arcades, I became convinced that Charles Albert was far too cunning, however anxious he might be to grasp his Italian crown, to risk his own existence by a premature declaration of war, and that he was merely amusing the populace by such displays until "the pear was ripe."

None but the populace were deceived by his professions, and I was glad to see that the Austrian minister was fully alive to all that was going on. Apparently the two cabinets were on the most friendly terms, but I discovered that the wary diplomatist quietly disposed of his carriages and horses, and tried to get rid of his house and furniture. He knew what was passing at Vienna, and that the storm must soon break forth, but with that reserve for which German legations are remarkable, he kept

his own counsel, save to the Field Marshal at Milan, who was day by day, I might say hour by hour, carefully informed of what was going on.

As for myself, heartily tired of the noise and confusion, and disgusted with the duplicity of the King, I determined to change the scene, and anxious to ascertain if the people of Genoa participated in the revolutionary maniá, I lost no time in going to that city of palaces, where everything, they say, runs on velvet. My first visit, on arriving there, was of course to my diplomatic friend, with whom I again entered into close confidential communications, and with whose opinions I had the good fortune to agree.

He, like all sound thinkers, was a friend to constitutional liberty suited to the respective wants and wishes of each nation, but he felt that Italy was not yet fit for the great change, and he laughed at the idea of the benevolent Count Balbo jumping at one leap from pure despotism to popular representation, an unbridled press, and the establishment of a national guard. From him I learned that however liberty-mad Turin might be, Genoa was still worse; that all public and private business was abandoned, and that the whole commercial world was under arms, the Bourse or exchange being converted into a school for exercise, where bankers and brokers, masters and servants, tradesmen and 'prentice-boys, were drilled from morning to night.

At the head of all this patriotic folly was the beautiful Marchioness of ——, one of the great

names of Genoa, and I must add, one of the handsomest women I ever saw. This young and lovely creature spent all her days in the public streets, running from post to post, encouraging the citizen soldiers, and distributing smiles more inflammatory than the harmless blank cartridges with which these tyros were entrusted.

I am anxious to have it understood that this lady's reputation was spotless, and that she was inspired by the love of country alone; but I thought her indiscretions could not, on any pretext, be excused, and I have reason to know that she is now of that opinion herself. Unlike the fat Amazons at Turin, the Marchioness did not change her female robes, but whether in silk or satin, in velvet or cashmere, she was ever in the first line, and Heaven help the young man that was late for drill.

In England we exact so much reserve from women, and consider that home only is their legitimate sphere of action, that we can make no allowance for the freedom of manners indulged in by the most respectable of the fair sex abroad. The Italians, in particular, wound our ideas of propriety by the open and unaffected avowal of their feelings and wishes, but I pray you to believe that all this is consistent with the greatest propriety of conduct, and that it arises from the free intercourse which prevails between the members of one family from the earliest age.

I do not defend or excuse the charming

Marchioness's public exhibitions; I think they were misplaced, but the breath of scandal did not touch her good fame, and her reputation was, is, and I trust, ever will be, unsullied. I have known a few English ladies, who, borne along by public opinion, became Italian mad, and were as prominent in popular displays as any of the native dames; but their hearts were too sensitive, and somehow or other they added private attachment to their enthusiasm of the national cause, and literally to use the word "party" not in its general, but in its individual sense, as it is ignorantly applied in cockney lands—"giving up to party what was meant for mankind."

It is proper that we should understand, that though Turin would be reduced to the position of a provincial town, if Milan became the capital of Charles Albert's new dominion, Genoa had a strong interest in accomplishing the change, and if an union between Lombardy and Piedmont took place, it would become one of the greatest commercial *entrepôts* in Europe.

Under the present system, the Austrian possessions in Italy are supplied only with German manufactures, and our colonial produce, the latter through the port of Venice, the exclusion being ensured by high prohibitory duties. This immense trade would, if the revolution succeeded, be transferred to Genoa, and the commerce of that city be at least quadrupled. A great deal is done in the shape of contraband at present, as the river frontiers of the Tessin and the

Po, facilitate illicit operations, but if at once the whole supply was poured in at moderate duties, the quantity would be immense, and the profits enormous.

A strong antipathy prevails between the people of Genoa and the Piedmontese, and the garrison of the former city is treated almost as badly by the inhabitants in general, as the Austrian troops are at Milan. I am convinced, if the thing could be reconciled with the interests of Trieste and Venice, or what is called the Head of the Adriatic, and that the trade was thrown open between Milan and Genoa, the commercial patriotism of the latter would melt like snow before the sun, and "*Morte à Picmonte,*" be the general cry.

Had Radetzky taken this bold step in the commencement of the revolution, he might in a few minutes have detached Liguria from the crown of Savoy, and have pierced the heart of Charles Albert. The Austrians, however, are not famous for these *coups d' inspiration,* and probably the cabinet of Vienna would not allow the interests of Trieste and Venice to be compromised. The desire to become the port of Lombardy, as well as of Piedmont, explains, in my opinion, very naturally, the patriotic ardour of the Genoese, and therefore I was not surprised at the mania which prevailed.

What I did not understand then, or comprehend now, was and is the process of reasoning which induced the other parts of the Sardinian kingdom

to encourage the wild ambition of the King. It is true the consumption of Piedmontese wine would be greatly increased, if Lombardy was united, but it was exactly among the landed proprietors, the owners of the vines of Asti, that the war was unpopular, and I found by some strange perverseness, the cities that would be the least benefited by a change were the foremost in the movement.

These popular displays at Genoa were likewise to be attributed to the boastful and vain-glorious disposition of the people. The Piedmontese are not Italians in thought or character, a truth which I have to the mortification of the liberal party always maintained, but the Genoese have all the soda-water enthusiasm of the *vero Italiano*, and their effervescent patriotism becomes flat and insipid as soon as it is called into use.

As long as the military movement was confined to drilling in the Bourse, to coffee-house operations, and to clanking sabres and spurs in the Strada Nuova and Strada Nuovissima, the fever raged intensely, but no sooner did powder and ball come into use, than each hero became unwell—had buried a mother or married a wife—and was now *non inventus*.

One of the Piedmontese generals gave a practical lesson to these youths, the account of which amused us much at the camp. He was governor of Genoa when the war broke out, and no sooner was the fact proclaimed, than several thousand people surrounded his hotel, demanding with loud cries to be led

against the common enemy. The old fox affected to comply with this outburst of enthusiasm, and though he declared that he transgressed against strict discipline in consenting, announced from his balcony, that at noon the next day he would be prepared to put himself at the head of the *prodi* volunteers, and march *slick* against Radetzky. The next day's noon arrived, but only fifteen heroes met, the other hundred thousand being, as Buckstone of the Haymarket, in my time, used to say, "taken suddenly singular." This curious display of valorous enthusiasm afforded us all much amusement, and from thenceforth the Genoese were calculated at their proper value.

I confess that I, an old hand, was completely taken in by these popular demonstrations on my first arrival in Italy, and many months elapsed before I learned to estimate these noisy patriots correctly. In the first place, the Italians in the army of Napoleon were highly eulogised by him, some of the principal regiments of the Austrian line are Lombards and Venetians, and when I saw the handsomest and best formed men in Europe apparently burning with patriotic enthusiasm, I concluded that their hearts were in the right place, and that victory must attend their steps.

It was with regret that I discovered that these bright visions were but dissolving views, and setting the Piedmontese aside, whose pluck cannot be doubted, I am sorry to say that in the open field

the Italians did not do their duty. Behind stone walls, as on the 30th of April at Rome, and in the forts of Malghera at Venice, the case was otherwise, as General Oudinot and the Austrian commander knew, but it is an admitted fact, that bad troops fight well under cover, and I have seen the maxim verified on several occasions during the late Spanish and Portuguese campaigns.

I am told, however, that several native writers on the campaigns have held different language, and that numerous instances are given of the almost more than mortal daring of their valorous countrymen; but all I know is, that I was present at every action fought, or inspected with the most minute care every battle-field where I could not have been in person, examining with all the acuteness in my power local witnesses, and the several positions occupied by the belligerents, and the result is, that either the officers in command were perfectly ignorant, and rank cowards, or that the men did not stand their ground as they should have done.

If I go to the Corso at this moment, or to the Pincio, I am sure to see strutting heroes wearing the Vicenza medal, given to all who participated in that so-called glorious affair, but when I explored that inland Gibraltar, and walked over every inch of the Monte Berico, I saw that the finest positions in the world had been given up without a resolute struggle, and that in one day the Austrians carried

heights which two English regiments would have maintained against them for a month.

The blame, I suppose, must fall on the officers, and not on the men, for every one knows that where the former lead the others follow, and that the good example of the chief is never thrown away. Not a single Piedmontese broke ground where Charles Albert was present, and I have no doubt, that in the next campaign, the Italian soldier will do his duty, and the officers will then show the road. Individually, Italians are as brave as other men, but it is the spirit of association which gives courage to the soldier in the field, the "*shouther to shouther*," as the Scotch say, "together lads," as the English cry, and "the devil take the hindmost," as Pat in his glory exclaims.

Change the *venue*, and we find that men who showed the white feather at home, fought admirably under other circumstances; the Neapolitans, backed by the Swiss guards, swept Sicilian resistance before them, whilst on the bastions of Rome, the Lombards were the only republican Italian corps that distinguished themselves. I have no doubt but that if Charles Albert had taken proper pains to organise the other contingents, an able and effective army of more than 100,000 men, might have been early in the campaign at his command, but he was jealous of all extrinsic aid, and wished to have the exclusive merit of expelling the Austrians.

It is absurd to suppose that the whole population

of the Peninsula, who were aroused, as if by magic, on the occasion, were not sufficient to overthrow Radetzky's forces, crippled as they were by the events of Vienna, and isolated by the territory of Venice, as well as of Lombardy, being in the enemy's hands, but the national enthusiasm was checked by his selfish policy, and the fear of the respective sovereigns, excited by his open avowals, that their crowns were to be merged into his.

How could the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the Duke of Modena, be well affected to the cause, when it was evident that they must be the first victims, the Pope bless a war that was to deprive him of his temporal authority, or the King of Naples support a movement which divided his dominions, and constituted the Duke of Genoa, king of Sicily!

CHAPTER XIII.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

At noon, on the 20th of March, I received at Genoa a letter from a kind friend at Milan, announcing that considerable agitation prevailed in that city in consequence of the events at Vienna, and recommending me if I wished to see broken heads, or run the risk of having my own cracked, to hasten with all speed to our old quarters in the Corso. A good foreign correspondent is always prepared for sudden emergencies, and in two hours after I received that letter, I was in the Milan mail, that started at two o'clock.

The news, which soon became publicly known at Genoa, produced a dreadful ferment; national guards—patriotic youths—were running wild, and armed bands were organised, who were to march to the frontiers, and who in fact did leave the city of velvet to sneak back to it after night-fall. The Duchess was in ecstasy, and if the expulsion of the Austrians depended on her exertions alone, Radetzky

and his Croats would have been converted into sausage-meat that evening.

When I took my seat in the *malle poste* I was hailed as a volunteer in the good cause, and cheered as a *prode Inglese*, but when the other passenger came up, armed with a tremendous sword, a death-dealing musket, a bayonet and spurs nearly as long, not to mention his mustachios, which protruded from each window of the carriage, and his hat in which a tri-colored feather waved, the air rang with vociferous cries, and *Viva Don Antonio* burst from every mouth, to which the Don replied by furious gesticulations and exclamations of *Viva Genova! Viva Italia! Morte ai Tedeschi!* It seemed as if the whole campaign was to be decided by his single arm, and that the entire spirit of the silk-weaving town was concentrated in his person.

As the mail passed through the Strada Nuovissima, the same cheers were repeated, and the horses obliged to slacken their paces, in order that all the patriots should shake hands with the aspiring youth. We at length came to the last gate, and there we received one parting burst of "vivas," which said as plainly as Tom Moore could write, "Go where glory waits thee."

To me all this was delightful, but I did not like the manner in which Don Antonio held his musket, it being pretty evident that he was more familiar with velveteens than ramrods. I took the liberty of

asking him if the gun were charged, as the muzzle rested against my ear.

"Oh dear no," said he, "we shall have no occasion for powder and ball; the Tedeschi are already gone, or if they are not, this bayonet will do the business."

Lord Nugent, as Mr. Canning said, went to raise the siege of Cadiz, in a light horseman's uniform by the heavy Exeter coach; and my young friend proposed to drive the Germans from Lombardy with an unloaded musket, and no cartouche box.

The same enthusiasm prevailed at Novi, and every other town through which we passed, and as Don Antonio affirmed, that a hundred thousand yards of velvet were to march that night from Genoa, on an equal number of patriotic backs, the flame burned brightly, and the fiery cross in the Lady of the Lake did not fly from hill to hill with more rapidity than our news.

National guards were improvised, volunteer bands formed, and all the youth of the country prepared to join the column in its march. I was naturally anxious to ascertain what was passing at Milan, but on that head not a word of authentic intelligence was to be had. It was taken for granted that the Austrians had run away, and the only question now was where their retreat could be best intercepted. At Voghera, however, we had news which apparently could be relied on, as we found a kind of council of war sitting in the office of the *malle poste*, where it was known that the day before the revolution had

broken forth in Milan, that barricades had been erected, and that the people still maintained their ground.

Don Antonio was not silent on this occasion, and he announced with the most serious face possible the march of velvet jackets from Genoa, and recommended the municipality to prepare a hundred thousand rations for the following day. Various projects were discussed, and the courier of the mail appeared to have given up all idea of going on, so profoundly interested was he in the war of words; but I hinted something like a menace of lodging a complaint, and at length we were on the road.

At daybreak we passed the Po, at Porto de Rea, and the Tessin at Gravellona, and thus made good our footing on the Lombard soil. The custom-house officers on the frontier confirmed the news we had received at Voghera, and treated me—for my comrade had remained at the Piedmontese, or safe side of the Po—now the only passenger, with more than usual courtesy, as if they felt that the result of the struggle was still uncertain, and that it was prudent to stand well with all parties—a practice much to be recommended to government agents on the breaking out of civil war, when it is still uncertain in whose hands the seals of office are to be next week.

Strange to add, the *enthusimussy*, as Mr. Braham sung or said, according to Lord Byron, ceased on the frontier, and not a cheer did we hear on the Lombard bank of the river, not even as we approached

the celebrated city of Pavia. There, however, we found that a *sourde* agitation prevailed, but no one had the courage to speak a patriotic word, as the Austrian officer in command plainly let it be known that as long as the people remained quiet, he would not molest them, but if a cry were raised, or a single act of insubordination committed, he would level the place to the ground, and show no mercy to any offender.

The population lined the streets, or conversed in mysterious-looking groups, but demonstrations were carried no further, and as to extracting information from me, or from the courier, of what was passing at Genoa, or on the road, we took care not to compromise ourselves, and to be deaf and dumb.

At a short distance beyond the town, however, we met with some forty or fifty students, who made no scruple of avowing their patriotic idea of marching on Milan in aid of their *fratelli*, had it not been that they were prevented by the Austrian general, who sent a company of chasseurs in advance to prevent their progress. These youths gave us the latest news from the capital, from which it appeared that the movement was gaining ground, and I mentally measured the short remaining distance between me and the Corso, and sketched the form of an opening letter to the "Times," when an *estafette* appeared, sent by the administration of the *malle poste*, ordering the courier to retrace his steps, and place

the carriages and horses in safety within the Piedmontese territory.

I inquired from this man whether I could get into Milan, but he said it was quite impossible, as the gates were closed, and Austrian troops posted to observe them; the great object of Radetzky being to cut off all communication from the country, and prevent supplies of men and provisions from coming in. This was a source of deep mortification to me, as being the witness of the fight qualifies one for best describing it, and I have an unfortunate failing, or want of mental perspicacity, in never being able to understand details at second-hand, or writing comfortably about events at which I have not personally assisted. I, therefore, held a council of war within my own breast, and taking out my map, considered what was to be done.

It was evidently useless to occupy any place where my correspondence might be intercepted, and therefore to remain in Pavia was absurd. In like manner, I judged that on this frontier none but flying rumours would be heard, and that the news sent to Genoa could not be depended on. I next concluded that the best intelligence would be despatched to Turin, by the most direct way, and the road to Paris by Mont Cénis being within a few hours as short as that of St. Gothard, I determined to go to Novarra, the first large town within Piedmont, on a straight line from Milan to the capital. There I expected to find a committee of observation

established, and arrangements made for receiving information of the state of the siege, as well as for communicating it by express to Charles Albert.

These calculations all turned out well, and as no news except by contraband could pass the Austrian lines, and as that news was first received at Novarra, I found subsequently that I was better off there, than I could have been in the city itself, and in fact, I transmitted every day from that place to the "Times," the news of the morning from Milan. These accounts came in either by smugglers, who had means of communication unknown to the police, or were transmitted in little balloons, which, wherever they fell, were forwarded by the country people to the committee at Novarra.

The difficulty was, however, to determine in what manner I could get to Novarra, as I found at Gravellona and Porto de Rea that every thing in the way of carriages and horse-flesh was engaged, and as the rain came down in torrents, I was in despair. By the promise of a dollar, I engaged a lad to go to a farmer's house at some distance, where he said a horse and cart were to be found, and by the offer of a very liberal price, the said vehicle was placed at my disposal, as far as Mortara only, the young ambassador undertaking to return it for another dollar on the following day.

Whilst this negotiation was progressing, I inquired of what nature it was, and to what extent the volunteers' assistance going to the Milanese by that

frontier might be estimated; to which I was answered, that about three hundred young men, some armed and others not, had collected in the neighbourhood, but that not one had crossed the river, or was likely to do so, as long as the Austrian garrison held Pavia.

Discretion being a strong proof of true valour, I highly approved of this specimen of patriotic good sense, and I admitted that the rain which then prevailed was a strong justification for the *prodi* remaining within doors. I lost all trace of my late companion, and I cannot help suspecting that he returned by the same *malle poste* to Genoa, or at least retired as far as Voghera, or Novi. No such suspicion at that period crossed my brain, as I really put faith in Italian professions and Ligurian valour, but now that I have seen both tried, and in most cases found wanting, I have passed to the opposite extreme, and only believe what I see with my own eyes.

The horse and car being prepared, I mounted with my young guide, and took the high road for Mortara, since rendered famous by Radetzky's march, in 1849, expecting every moment to meet hundreds of volunteers running to the place of rendezvous, but not a hero was to be seen before our arrival in the town, where we found a dozen patriots crammed into a miserable omnibus, swallowing wine and uttering *vivas* with all the fervour of drunken men.

The place otherwise was perfectly quiet, and

nothing like enthusiasm was to be seen or heard, even though by this time the weather had cleared up and the evening promenade had commenced. I procured a carriage for Novarra, but so badly horsed that we had to go at a snail's pace the whole way—a circumstance that made me then curse and swear, but which has since proved to have been most useful, as thus I became acquainted with every part of the country bordering the road, and when the battle of Novarra was fought, at which I could not be present, Radetzky's operations having outstript mine, I understood, when the official accounts were published, all the details of the affair as if I had been there.

Let me hope that I may ever find such consolation in store when I meet bad horses and ignorant drivers, during the rest of my journey through, what Mrs. Gamp calls, "*this wale.*" Not that I expect a great battle to be fought on every post-road, that madmen like Charles Albert are to be left at liberty, or that Radetzkies are created to keep such lunatics in order; but it is pleasant to reflect, when we are suffering annoyances of this nature, that, like Candide in the "Optimist," had we not passed over the broken road, we should have never enjoyed the romantic prospect from the hill side. It is not exactly in that language that Candide expresses himself, in speaking of his sister Cunegunda, but such is the moral of the tale, meaning what Pope says in a prettier manner, that "whatever is is right."

It has been my good fortune to have examined

the details of the battles of Mortara and Novarra, maps and plans on table, with officers high in command in the rival Austrian and Piedmontese service, who were leading personages on that occasion, and certainly I could not have understood what either said half so well as I really did, had I not gone at a snail's pace with a broken-winded jade from one town to the other.

"Gently over the stones" was the word in cockney land, before Macadam was known. What do they say now of that Colossus of Roads since railways have come into fashion?

CHAPTER XIV.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

My head-quarters were now established in the Hôtel de la Poste, Novarra, and I spent four days in watching the Milan road, collecting the last news of the siege, and observing the movements of the Piedmontese troops that gradually approached the frontier. Charles Albert had not yet declared his intentions, but no doubt existed respecting them in the minds of even the most incredulous. Everyone knew that war, and war only, was his object, whilst, at the same time, he made the Milanese understand that unless they agreed to a fusion with Lombardy, or, in plain words, to accept him as monarch, he would abandon them to their fate.

The persons who conducted the insurrection within the city were well-known republicans, and those who fought under their orders, I have no doubt, were touched with the same taint, but the nobility and men of substance had very different ideas, and had they not been previously sounded by

Charles Albert, they would have opposed, not supported, the first indications of revolt. In like manner Radetzky did not so much regard what was doing near him, as he did the manœuvring of the King; and I think we can best understand the revolution of Milan, by considering it as a Carlo Alberto conspiracy, and the apparently strange conduct of the Austrian general, by his disregard of the citizen soldiers, and his due observance of what was passing at Turin.

It is absurd to imagine that 8000 disciplined troops were driven out of a city by 500 volunteers firing at random, and acting without any settled plan; nor can we understand why so intelligent an officer allowed barricades to be erected under his nose, and the centre of the town to be apparently wrested from his hands, unless we take it for granted that Radetzky did not choose to allow his men to be separated or isolated, and that he determined to secure at once the point from whence a line of retreat on Verona and Mantua was free.

What would we have said of the old captain, had he allowed the King to lock him up in Milan, and occupy the upper and lower roads, when the latter might have cut the sluices of the water-reservoirs, and inundated half the country? No, no; it is quite clear that the wily commander-in-chief saw the true direction of the coming storm, and knew best where his safety lay. We all thought otherwise at the time, and I was so Italian mad as to suppose

that the patriots of the Corso had expelled the Austrian garrison, but better information and more matured reflection have made me change my mind, and I now can understand a policy to which then I had not the clue.

Had Charles Albert and the Milanese not made a bargain of sale and purchase, and the Sardinian troops been retained at their own side of the Tessin, we should have speedily seen the Austrian cannon levelling the barricades; and as all the hay and straw necessary for the use of each family is kept, not in the stable-lofts, but in the attic story of the house, most probably the city in a blaze, as a few shells, or a dozen red-hot cannon balls would have done the business. No sooner, however, did Radetzky learn that the bargain was signed and sealed, than he drew off his forces, and thus saved the nucleus of an army, by which in the end the integrity of the Austrian empire was preserved.

The news received at Novarra, either by contraband or by balloons, gave the heads of events, which I afterwards came to understand with all their details. Combining both together, so as to make this narrative more simple, and at the same time more complete, I will proceed to explain the four days' operations, and to show how the Milanese conducted an enterprise, from which, even in idea, the boldest previously shrank, and which, without the above explanations, would seem to have been incredible.

The Governor of Milan received, on the night of the 17th March, an account of the insurrection at Vienna, and as such an event could not be long concealed, it became generally known on the following day, and created, as might be expected, a prodigious ferment. A crowd of persons, composed of all classes, rushed to the palace, the nobles demanding concessions of a political nature only, whilst the citizens in general, and the republican party especially, insisted on the establishment of a national guard, and an abundant supply of arms and ammunition.

The pretext of course was for the protection of property, but the purpose could not be mistaken, namely, the overthrow of the government, and much hesitation prevailed in complying with either demand. M. Cernuski, who played subsequently so prominent a part at Rome, was foremost in the movement, and I believe it was he, who, with his own hands, took the Governor Count O'Donnell prisoner, for the purpose of conducting him to the municipality, and compelling him there to agree to the wishes of the people.

In their route to the Hôtel de Ville, a patrol was met with, and it is a question on whose part the first act of hostility, which there occurred, took place. The people say the soldiers fired on them, but I have good reason to know that it was a young republican desirous of bringing matters to a head, who began the attack.

From that instant all idea of a *transaction* ceased; the people flew to arms, and in half an hour barricades were erected, and the tocsin began to sound. The first barricade was constructed with the carriages of the viceroy, amidst the cheers and derision of the mob. With the speed of thought others were raised, and the centre of the town was cleared against the circulation of Austrian troops; women and children set to work, the pavement was taken up, and stones carried to every window from whence they could be hurled, and pots and pans, and every offensive domestic weapon, were brought to the point most favourable for attack.

Detachments of Austrians attempted to check this movement, by taking possession of the roof of the Duomo, and of other public buildings; but as the barricades began to thicken, they were gradually withdrawn, their retreat being a signal for a hurricane of the missiles above alluded to. The vengeance of the people was principally directed against the Croats, of which the main force of the garrison was composed, and it is said that the officers and men of that nation committed cruelties the most revolting, by way of compensation, in all the houses where they entered.

If I could believe only one half of what I heard when I reached Milan, these soldiers deserve the execrations of all civilised society, but I have no doubt many of the statements were exaggerated, and even if some be true, men who are shot

at from balconies and windows, and on whose devoted heads melted lead, pieces of iron, paving stones, and every species of filth, are thrown, cannot be expected to show much patience, if they get hold of the persons who thus assail them.

The incessant clanging of the church bells, I am told, produced a wonderful effect on the ignorant Croats. They felt as if heaven and earth were coming together, and that the tocsin was a thunderbolt to be launched from each steeple after it had rung their death-knell. So far did this superstitious dread of the tocsin affect their imagination, that in the subsequent retreat, orders were issued in every village to muffle the bells, and assurances given, that wherever they were rung the place would be abandoned to the men for plunder, or burnt to the ground.

I know not if the charges made against the troops in Milan were true, but it was generally said that in the pocket of one of them, who was shot at the bastions, there was found the hand of a lady, the fingers of which were ornamented with several valuable rings, and one of my friends assured me that all the members of a family of his acquaintance were placed on their knees in the centre of their own drawing-room, the Croats standing in a circle round with loaded muskets, pointed at their heads, while the officer sat down to the piano, declaring that when he came to the *allegro* of the piece he played, the volley should be fired.

All these cases should be taken *cum grano*, though I have no doubt, where popular fury had full sway, that the soldiers' vengeance in its turn followed.

On the second day of the revolution the circle of barricades was enlarged and the troops excluded from the chief part of all the principal streets. To form these barriers, the owners of the adjoining houses sacrificed their carriages, chairs, sofas, tables, and many articles of ornamental furniture. The popular feeling could not be trifled with, and even the most retrograde among the nobility devoted everything suitable to that use, which their palaces contained.

These barricades were not such as I have seen in other towns. They were immense in size, nearly a yard in thickness, and eight or ten feet in height. By the rapidity with which they were erected, detached parties of the soldiers were cut off, and several of the public authorities intercepted in their retreat to the citadel, or castle, where Radetzky had established his head-quarters.

On the third day the city might be said to be evacuated, and the whole attention of the Austrians was given to the bastions which surrounded it, and to the several gates leading to the country. A struggle of another kind now commenced, the people directing all their force to the destruction of those gates, with the hope of cutting the Austrian lines, and, at the same time, opening a communication with their friends outside.

The soldiers suffered severely by the necessity which existed of the whole circumference of the bastions being watched, so as to prevent the roads being opened. I believe the great loss which Radetzky sustained was there, but until the final intentions of Charles Albert were known, he could not act otherwise, and either he must have resolved on abandoning the city, or on blockading it, as he did.

The people on their side were not remiss. Before the gates could be carried barricades were erected in the adjoining streets, and where that could not be done, rolling machines were constructed, under cover of which the volunteers got within a pistol range of the enemy. In this manner several Croats were shot down, until at last the Porta Tosa was won, the centre of the besieging army pierced, and communications with the country established.

Radetzky, still uncertain as to the resolve of Charles Albert, the first propositions of the regal agent having been annulled by the influence of the republican party, now sought to temporise, and he sent in more than one message asking for an armistice, first of a month, then of a fortnight, and lastly of four days. He also gained time by a visit of the foreign consuls, who demanded permission for their nationals to retire; but all this manœuvring failed, as the leading men of the revolt were determined to carry on their operations with the same vigour with which they had commenced.

The nobility and chiefs of the corporation were willing to treat, but one of the council of war having exclaimed, "In revolution there is no middle term; we must either conquer or be shot as rebels," the cry was taken up by the people, and the messenger sent back to the castle with a peremptory refusal. The enthusiasm of the crowd was excited by their unexpected success, and as their barricades were now pushed close to the bastions on every side, it became evident that the fate of Milan must be decided either one way or the other, before the termination of the week.

Radetzky was gradually diminishing his outposts, and withdrawing from the bastions touching the Porta Tosa, but no indications of a retreat had yet been made, and to attack him in the citadel, which had been strengthened by several outworks, even the most ardent of the citizens could not recommend. Up to this period, the four persons, namely, Jules Zerzaghi, Georges Clerico, Charles Cattaneo, and Henri Cernuschi, who composed the council of war, and so ably directed the energies of the people, and who likewise had turned a deaf ear to all the blandishments of Charles Albert's agents, now began to find that the nobility were intriguing against them, and that a regular bargain had been concluded between the municipality and the emissaries alluded to.

Indignant at such proceedings, and unwilling that after having achieved its liberty, their country should

become a mere province of Piedmont, they resigned, and a provisional government was formed, of which Casati, the podesta or mayor, was the president, by whom the bargain with the King was ratified, and by whom the affairs of Lombardy, in the ensuing campaign, were most unworthily conducted.

Immediate notice of this change in the direction of affairs was sent to Turin, and the King hesitated no longer to throw off the flimsy mask he had hitherto worn, or perform the last act of treachery to his ally. These circumstances could not be concealed from the vigilant observation of Radetzky, and no sooner did he become aware of the result of the last mission, than he determined to retire and gain as many days' march as he could on the Piedmontese army.

He at once despatched couriers to Verona and Mantua, instructing the governors of both fortresses of the real state of affairs, and cautioning them against allowing the people to overpower the garrisons, or possess themselves of the principal posts. He then ordered the troops, quartered in all the towns of Lombardy, to march towards the Mincio, and effect a juncture with him at a given point. Affecting next to invest the city more closely, and ordering his artillery to keep up an incessant fire, he drew off his troops in the silence and darkness of the night of the 22nd, and long before day broke, all traces of him were lost.

CHAPTER XV.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

THE great news I have thus related, reached Novarra within a few hours of Radetzky's retreat, and I prepared, as soon as my despatches for the "Times" were written, to make the best of my way to Milan. I was anxious to leave the place, as my fair complexion induced many to think I was a German, and as I was unknown to all the world, some among the many regarded me as a spy.

Not having contemplated even a four days' residence in the town, I had not procured letters of introduction, and being seen in all the *cafés*, and apparently anxious to learn what was going on, a very natural suspicion arose, which might have caused me some annoyances, if I had not courted, instead of avoiding public notice. A Frenchman who gained a few piastres by giving lessons, was the first to put me on my guard; but I convinced him that I was a safe person, by showing some of my private letters,

and I have no doubt he rendered me good service by communicating to others what he had seen.

The patriots of this place were as mad and as noisy as those of Turin and Genoa, and the streets were equally crowded from morning to night, by national guards and citizen soldiers: hats, spurs, feathers, and swords of the fashionable and liberal pattern, were in constant movement, and some of the Novarra ladies, in imitation, no doubt, of the *Belle Duchesse*, in the Strada Nuova, ran from post to post, encouraging the active, reproving the indifferent, and making themselves very ridiculous.

These martial indications were encouraged by the hourly appearance of troops from the interior, intended to form the van-guard of the invading army, if Charles Albert resolved on war; and what between cheering the republicans, as they arrived, and being cheered themselves as they paraded the high street, these aspiring youngsters had enough to do. All business, save the fabrication of tri-colored cockades, was suspended; and I am satisfied that a very thriving market town would have been completely demoralised, and commercially ruined, if the warlike state had much longer continued.

War was in every man's mouth, and vengeance in every patriot's heart; but when the one was to be declared, and the other gratified, depended on the result of the siege of Milan, and the determination of the King at Turin; we therefore looked with

nearly as much interest to the arrival of news from the capital, as we did from Lombardy, for the public mind had penetrated the mysterious policy of his Majesty, and we all knew, he would not move till the purchase and sale were definitively concluded.

Every hour advanced the shadow of the coming event, and indications of approaching hostilities were given that could not be misunderstood; still the forms of peace and amity were preserved, and care was taken by all the advanced posts that the frontier was not violated. It was only when the two unworthy Milanese, who were the agents of Charles Albert, as well as of the provisional government, appeared, distributing placards which announced the city was free, and the Austrian general in retreat, that the popular torrent burst its bounds, and the people rushed, in defiance of all restraint, to aid their brethren, as they called them, in accomplishing their entire deliverance from Tedeschi rule.

At that moment the choice of Piedmont was made, and I have no doubt that all the population near the Tessin would have crossed the river, even if the government had continued to maintain its temporising policy.

As I was one of the first persons who received the news, I lost not a moment in communicating them to the "Times," and, as soon as my correspondence was despatched, in moving towards Milan. It was, however, nearly three in the afternoon before I could clear the town, and even then I could procure no

more rapid mode of conveyance than that of an old cumbersome carriage, which was almost forcibly invaded by persons as anxious to get forward as myself.

These patriots were all well-armed volunteers, hastening to the scene of action, and I could not help contrasting the good faith and courage they displayed with the empty boasts and unfulfilled pledges of the Genoese. The Piedmontese are nationally and individually brave, and I felt that my companions sincerely believed that the great cause of Italian independence was in their hands, and that they were prepared to encounter every danger, and make all reasonable sacrifices to obtain it.

Two of the lot were musically gifted, and of course we had patriotic songs innumerable on the road, the chorus being taken up by every group we passed, and the *vivas* repeated in every cottage. The whole country was alive with enthusiasm almost amounting to madness, and from all points of the horizon crowds were seen hurrying to the river side.

On our arrival at San Martino, where the Tessin is crossed by a magnificent stone bridge, we found the Milanese authorities already in possession, and of course their presence was hailed with repeated cheers. By them we were passed on, with the mere formality of taking down our names, and in a few minutes we entered the first village in Lombardy, Magenta, and the exhibition of tri-colored cockades

being taken as the best indications of opinion, we were received as sincere friends of the good cause.

Had my wits been sharpened, as they have been since, by practical experience, I should have perceived a remarkable difference between the Piedmontese and Lombard manner of preparing for the coming strife. On the other side of the river, the whole population were intent on reaching the scene of action, and of sharing the common danger, but here the people appeared satisfied in exhibiting their patriotism in the high street, strutting up and down in fanciful dresses, and swearing eternal destruction to the Austrians, in every *café* and wine house. The people deceived themselves and humbugged me; but we have all lived to change ideas on the subject; and whilst the patriots of Magenta have tasted the bitter fruit of disappointment, I have discovered, with sly old Hodge, "Your great talkers do the least, you see."

In this town I found several Italian soldiers who had deserted from Radetzky, but they took no part in the popular frenzy, and seemed merely anxious to return to their proper homes. From them I learned that all the Lombard and Venetian levies would abandon the Austrian pay, whenever the opportunity offered, but they would do so, not for the purpose of serving against their old masters, but with the hope of securing their individual liberty, and of escaping from the severity of military law.

I could not well make out whether the Italian officers were equally desirous of regaining their independence, but it struck me that much doubt prevailed on that head, and I believe that, in point of fact, at the commencement of the struggle, very few of these gentlemen did come over.

From Magenta to Milan the country presented the same features; all the villages were illuminated, and their streets filled with noisy and vapouring patrols, but no armed men were on the road, and every one seemed to put off the great work of the national regeneration until *domani*, or appeared to have made up his mind that the matter was in good hands, and that his personal aid was not required.

It was only on arriving near the liberated city itself, that striking demonstrations of a state of war were seen. There advanced posts were formed, and a kind of military *cordon* established; and as the road from Turin touched on one of the main avenues to the castle, a good look-out was kept lest the ghost of Radetzky might reappear. The distant suburbs of the town were illuminated, and noisy groups were swaggering up and down, but nearer the walls a stricter discipline was enforced, though no restriction as to torch or candle light was made.

The display of popular enthusiasm had a most exciting effect, and in the temper I was then in, I thought the Italians were worthy of being free, and

I determined to aid the heroic movement as far as newspaper pen and ink could do so. The illusion was not destroyed, as in a similar case it might be in England, by drunkenness or the open exhibitions of vice, nor, as at Paris, by outrage and licentiousness. Here there was noise and confusion to be sure, but inebriety was unknown, and order and decorum were in no instance violated. The people seemed to me to feel that they were engaged in a sacred cause, and as if they had resolved that the opening day of Italian regeneration should be proclaimed in a manner worthy of the great principle at stake.

At length we reached the last barrier beyond the town, which consisted of an immense half-circular mound pierced for musketry, erected immediately after the departure of the Austrians, and within which a constant guard was maintained, in case the enemy re-appeared. This mound had a formidable appearance, and from it, I judged the Milanese were really in earnest, and determined to preserve the liberty they had so unexpectedly regained. All the approaches to this important point were illuminated, detached sentinels posted so as to give the earliest notice of any enemy's approach, and a strong body of men stood near their piled arms, to sustain the first onset, if so unexpected a necessity should arise.

Of course our party was stopped and challenged by these outposts, but as our good intentions could not be misunderstood, we were passed forward

without much difficulty till we reached the gate itself, where a longer explanation of our motives for entering Milan was called for. The volunteers who had arms with them, and spoke Piedmontese, got clear at once, but I had some difficulty in making it understood that mere curiosity, or Irish chivalry, or rather devilry, led me on.

A British passport was then, and I hope will ever be, a good letter of introduction; and I found on presenting mine, the guardians of the gate of Milan had already learned to respect it. They detained me more than half an hour, however; but I did not regret the circumstance, as I had an opportunity of seeing how numerous were the adventurers, particularly Piedmontese, who came in to offer their assistance, as well as the manner in which the volunteers were received. Neither passports nor certificates of any kind were demanded: the sound of the Italian language, even though dressed in a provincial garb, was sufficient to secure a hearty welcome, and all comers were regarded as *fratelli.*

At length the formalities deemed necessary in my case, as one not included in the general rule, were accomplished, and I was furnished with two porters to carry my luggage, the circulation of carriages being prevented by the barricades, with a guide to the Hôtel Reichman, and the password of "*pochi giorni,*" without which no persons were allowed to move even from one barrier to another.

By this time the moon had risen, and the effect

her rays produced was most extraordinary, as they only lighted the tops of the barricades, whilst the intermediate space was left in darkness visible. No lamps or torches were permitted by the guardians of the night, for what reason I cannot now recollect, and as the strictest silence was maintained, the pass-word being asked and given in a whisper, the whole was attended with an air of mystery of the most impressive nature. The barricades were not more than ten yards apart, a passage being made to admit one man only at a time on the right hand side, so that to a person conducted through them, without a single word above one's breath being spoken, it appeared as if he were led within the wards of an interminable prison, to some place beyond the usual haunts of man.

The effect was made still more singular by no person being allowed to loiter in any of those subdivisions, the sentinels who guarded them being concealed in the projecting shadow of the high wall, and not an indication of life being given until you touched the point of communication. The officer charged to conduct me, who headed our little party, gave the word to some persons at first invisible to us, but no sooner did we reach a particular spot, than one or two armed men rose up, as if by magic, and, after receiving our "*pochi giorni*," sent us on with the solemn warning of "*adagio, silenzio.*"

The barricades were made up of every possible material, large stones, wide flagging being combined

with sofas, gentlemen's carriages, and other objects of luxury, drawn from the neighbouring palaces. Carriages were particularly acceptable, as they formed most comfortable sentry-boxes, and I was much amused on seeing two lads of not more than sixteen years of age, sons of the Marquis of —— retiring to their father's last London-built chariot, after having given me the usual "*adagio*."

The distance from the gate at which I entered to the hotel, was at least two miles, and I think that I passed through some hundred barricades before I reached the latter. It appeared as if the Milanese, after every inch of ground was won, erected a fresh barrier, for there was more than a superabundance, and it was evident that they must have been run up on sudden impulse, and not on any settled plans of defence.

A well-sustained cannonade would have levelled these obstructions in the course of a few hours, but they were impregnable in the opinion of the insurgent citizens, and up to this day the people boast of their number and extent. I had seen enough of barricaded towns, not to know how feeble such barriers are when attacked in a scientific manner, but I valued these huge fabrics on this occasion, as proofs of the active spirit which prevailed, and of the hearty good will that animated all classes. I also was gratified by the romantic interest they added to my entrance into the Corso, and I never can forget the impression they produced.

It was truly solemn to walk through such a labyrinth in the darkness of the night, the moon's rays only touching the top of each barricade, not a word being permitted save the whispered "*adagio*," and no sign of life being given, but on the spot where the concealed sentinels were placed.

Such was my entrance to the city of Milan, on the well-remembered night of the 23rd of March.

CHAPTER XVI.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

THOUGH late was the hour at which I arrived at the hotel, I found every one on the alert, and collected from friends whom I had the good fortune to meet, matter sufficient to construct a full letter to the "Times." As the post by the St. Gothard was to start at ten next morning, I sat up all night to prepare my correspondence, and mental excitement subduing bodily fatigue, I was enabled, as I then thought, to form a connected narrative, and to give a graphic account of the four days' fight. Impelled by the same desire of keeping the public well-informed, I resisted next day the tempting look of an excellent bed, and for forty-eight hours I was occupied in going from place to place, examining all the points where the main events occurred, gathering from numerous eye-witnesses the most striking facts, and then inditing those long epistles, which in a few days formed columns in the "Times."

How nature held out under such feverish excite-

ment, I am at a loss to understand, but love and war come natural "*loike*," as they say in Wiltshire, to an Irishman, and as long as the soft strains of woman's voice are heard, or the fiddle of revolution is at work, a true son of St. Patrick will not give in. It is only now when the climate of Rome has made me an invalid, and procured me time to write these volumes, that I reflect that Nature will have her revenge, and that my present sufferings are mainly caused by excesses committed during such long campaigns.

The devil take that twinge! who could suppose it originated by my sleeping fifteen years ago on the wet ground of the Balkan? Bad luck to that horrid cramp! can I believe my doctor, who says it was generated at the siege of Oporto, 1832? and may Lucifer melt that confounded pang, even though it be derived from the damp dews of the Lake of Mantua, in 1848.

Ah! young fellows, like whom I once was, fancying that the spring of youth is to last for ever, and that vigour, such as yours, is inexhaustible, recollect that nature's laws must be obeyed, and that you cannot outrage them with impunity. A good heart and a clear conscience may support the inward man for a long period, but depend upon it, there is reaction in all physical matter, and that every excess will have to be accounted for.

I do not allude to vicious excesses, for in these days no gentleman indulges in them, but I speak

of those extraordinary exertions we are all tempted to make in pursuit of lawful pleasure, or in the discharge of duty, by which the human machine is exposed to premature decay. Above all, avoid the never-ending task of writing for a London newspaper, or of furnishing it with details of public events from the banks of the Elbe or the Vistula. Your pride and your pocket will be gratified, I admit, but what you gain in fame you lose in person, and the passing pride of a successful correspondence will be but a poor compensation for disordered health and disointed members.

I know no state of slavery on earth like that attendant upon newspaper life, whether it be as director or subordinate. Your task never ended, your responsibility never secured, the last day's work is forgotten at the close of the day on which it appeared, and the dragon of to-morrow waits open-mouthed to devour your thoughts, and snap up one morsel more of your vexed existence. Be as successful as it is in the nature of things to be; write with the least possible degree of exertion; be indifferent to praise, and lion-hearted against blame; still will the human frame wear out before its time, and your body, if not your mind, exhibit early symptoms of dry rot.

The managing director of the "Times" commences his nightly task at nine, and never leaves the office until five in the morning. He re-appears at one in the afternoon, and is occupied until six,

either in arranging matter for the following day, or seeing the persons from whom that information, which is to guide the world, is derived. During that period everything must be organised, and everything examined, the business of the week arranged, parliamentary and law court reports discussed, libels ferreted out and expunged from police reports, and the general duties of the gravest responsibility fulfilled.

He has numerous assistants at command, sub-editors and subordinates to manage details, but as he is accountable before the world, he cannot take anything for granted, and all that they have done, must be revised by him. Manuscripts from secret contributors must be read, and every sentence weighed, so that no heterodox opinions are allowed to pass, and the consistency of the paper be maintained. One leading article must be measured by another, and those profound discussions which make ministers tremble, and all Europe respond, must be noted word by word.

In addition to these wonderful demands on his time and intelligence, the parliamentary debates must be looked after, and short leaders be written in the space of a moment, for matters that admit of no delay. To sustain all this exertion, and produce a journal such as the "Times" is, six days in the week, a man must have a head conversant with all human learning, and a body on which fatigue makes no impression. How long, think you, can such a

machine last, and where is the frame that can sustain the labour for many years?

When I reflect on the numerous gifts which nature and education must accumulate in one person, and know what unceasing exertions are made by him in the fulfilment of his Herculean task, I am stung, almost to madness, on hearing how the ignorant and malicious speak of a thing so much above their comprehension, as editorial responsibility. In France, in Spain, and Portugal, the road to fame, to honour, and to place, lies through the newspaper press, but in England, where journalism is alone conducted on sound principles, and where no one employed looks for any reward beyond that derived from a legitimate source, the public sneer when the word editor is mentioned, and whilst men bend implicitly to its will, affect to undervalue the person who directs it.

The labour of midnight toil and personal exertion is not confined to the managing director, and his assistants only, but it falls with nearly equal weight on that able and incorruptible body of men, the parliamentary reporters. To them is entrusted the onerous duty of simplifying, correcting, and arranging in a comprehensible manner, all the wit, sense, folly, and nonsense, that is spoken in either house of Parliament during a long session.

Short-hand writing is not always used, nor is it generally deemed advisable, but every man must bring to his task a mind well-stored with classical,

political, and statistical learning, and a power of analysing and placing in their proper light, the profound views of a statesman like the lamented Sir Robert Peel, or reducing to order the sterling facts dropt among an ocean of sheer nonsense, by such a man as Mr. ——, any one you please.

From six, when a heavy debate generally commences, till four or five in the morning, is the parliamentary reporter at work, first taking down his portions of a speech, and then writing it for publication, in a clear and intelligible manner, adding strength to all that is good, giving form and shape to what is feeble, and breathing over the whole speech the eloquence with which he feels himself inspired, or imparting to it the classical or political knowledge in which it is defective.

This is accomplished, often under difficulties of every kind, amid the noise and confusion of an unruly house, and in most cases, without any knowledge of the previous part of the debate in general, or of the particular speech in which he is engaged. All he is admitted to ask of his predecessor is, "the last sentence," so that his first words shall appear as a regular suite of what had gone before; but even that advantage is often denied him, as some speakers have an art of never forming a perfect sentence, or of bringing to a period their confused ideas; or, as one poor fellow now gone to his last home, said,— "Hang it, sir, he had no last sentence."

The better the speaker is, the more easy it is for

an able writer to report him. Your conceited, rambling, and ignorant debater, alone occasions embarrassment to the most attentive, and the reporter, when he wishes to do him more than justice, closes his note-book in despair, and *writes him out*, as the phrase goes, from memory only.

During the session, every night is spent in labour, mental and bodily, of which the public can have no idea; and the emaciated person, pale face, and forehead furrowed by thought, when the recess or prorogation arrives, are true, though sad indications of the pains and penalties attached to his profession.

The department of the paper to which I have been so many years attached, namely, "foreign correspondence," in point of unceasing fatigue, is not to be compared to either that of the editor, sub-editor, or parliamentary reporter; but it has, alas! too frequently labours of the most trying nature to undergo, with difficulties of other kinds which can only be understood by one who has shared the responsibility.

Nothing can be easier than to manage indifferent or common-place letters, and to write what is daily spoken of in cafés or in society; but a person who aims, as I have done, at creating a diplomatic correspondence, will find the task laborious and painful beyond idea. Fortunately for me I have what is called a foreign connexion, and I can at all times be furnished with warm recommendations to every

public character of Europe; but a rival, who is not a modern linguist, and who is unknown in the ministerial world, has difficulties to overcome before which even the most experienced tremble.

The main object I have had in view, which no other correspondent could venture to propose, has been the obtaining official documents, and the watching, the ingenuity, and manœuvring, used to secure them, have cost me many a sleepless night.

In the first place every public authority is an enemy at heart, however warmly he may affect to receive you; and all underlings avoid you as the plague, lest they should be suspected of betraying for money the secrets of the state. Next you are on guard against the traps laid to deceive your inexperience; you must learn to distinguish between genuine and fabricated papers, and, in short, not to be humbugged by Prince or minister: above all, you are expected to secure priority, and I assure you it is no easy matter to do so, with the police and the post-office ready to waylay your correspondence.

You are carefully to avoid asking questions of political friends, no matter how intimate you are with them, and your conclusion as to what is going on must be drawn from probabilities only, and slight data, which none but a well-tried hand can follow in detail. You have a fair chance of success, if no British agent has an interest in opposing you, but in every case, save one, during twenty years' experience, I have found the representative of the Foreign

Office invariably hostile, though the least reflection would have shown him, how much better it would have been to come with me to a good understanding.

The bodily fatigue of removing with a courier's rapidity from place to place, is very great; as I know well from having ridden on horseback from Belgrade to Constantinople, and having crossed the Balcan twice, and the Pyrenees three times, one winter in the dead of night, without having been in bed for three days previously. Then come the bustle and labour of following military movements; and lastly of all, the sitting down to write for six, eight, or ten hours in succession, two or three columns of the paper, the departure of your messenger not allowing time for a half hour's sleep, or for taking the least refreshment.

Next arises the responsibility you incur, before your proprietor and the public, with regard to the character of the intelligence you send home, your anxiety to know if your letters have reached in safety, and your dread of incurring one or two hundred pounds expense for the transmission of dispatches by express, which may not arrive in time, or be considered by the manager not worth so great an outlay.

I purposely omit the constant state of annoyance, to which an enterprising correspondent is exposed, from either one or other of the political parties by which he is surrounded. It is very easy to stand well with all, by writing milk and water letters, and

being, what is vulgarly called, "a chip in porridge;" but a man who feels that liberal pay demands extraordinary exertions, and who will not hesitate to take a bold and independent tone, no matter how many personal enemies he creates, must make up his mind, that his life is not worth an hour's purchase; and that hundreds in revolutionary times are willing to assassinate him if a safe opportunity offers.

For my own part, I have become as indifferent on the subject as I am to the risk incurred in visiting pestilential climates, or places where infection prevails. The only precaution I take against the former, is to walk at night in the centre of the street; and with regard to the latter, not to think about it, but to eat and drink well, and avoid excesses of every kind.

In the name of common sense, "Our Own," what has all this to do with the revolution of Milan, and what is it to me, if you and all the foreign correspondents were hung, drawn, and quartered? You are paid for the fatigue you undergo, and the hazards you encounter, and don't expect to meet sympathy from me. Have you nothing pleasant to tell us? Is there no *prima donna* in the back-ground, or *première danseuse* at the side scene? Have you no horrors to relate, no act of treason to record, or no merry incident to bring before our eyes? I am ready to weep or to laugh, but I cannot abide all these prosing details about newspaper-editors, parliamentary reporters, or foreign letter-writers.

Stand forth, Angela Borgononi, and answer this hard-hearted lady; tell her you were the first person I visited at Milan when my tour of inspection was finished; and repeat to her the conversations I then held, and the sound advice I gave to the sweetest of syrens, and the admired of the Scala, the Pergola, and San Carlo.

CHAPTER XVII.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

ANGELA, I once fancied, was rather partial to "Our Own Correspondent," and when she sung the music of Bellini, lisped in broken English the melodies of my native land, or charmed all by a sweet French romance, I took into my head, fool as I then was, that I was very high in her good graces.

Time, with the aid of a Captain of Dragoons, as handsome as I am ill-looking, convinced me, one bright day, that I had made a great mistake, and the delicate creature seeing that my eyes were opened, offered me her friendship in lieu of her heart: I accepted the gift, consoling myself with the reflection, that all the women cannot be taken with the same person, and that if I had been M. Mantilini, I might have had two or three "demed fine duchesses demnably in love with me."

Since that period the divine girl has given me various proofs of her attachment—to the Captain, now a Colonel, but whenever we meet, we are the

warmest friends, and I have the honour to be in her complete confidence no doubt as much as she is—not in mine. She was once a tender flower, with the rose and the lily so artfully blended on her soft cheek, that it was difficult to say which claimed the preference, accompanied by "eyes of blue and braids of gold;" but Angela has now grown a little out of shape, and as some thirty-five summers have matured her bloom, she is fast settling down into a reasonable woman, and to me she is more attractive than before. Therefore it is, whenever I arrive in the city where she is engaged—of course you guess she is a prima donna—I pay her an early visit, and at all hours not devoted to business, I am at her side.

On the third day of my appearance at the Corso, I embraced, as an elderly gentleman should, the object of my former passion, and told her as many falsehoods as I could for the first half-hour accumulate, on the increasing beauty of her person, and the irresistible attraction of her languishing eye. Angela heard me with delight, for she was touching on the grateful age, and she almost hinted, in return for my astounding impudence, that she regretted the preference she had given to the Captain, and made me understand, that promotion in his profession had not improved his temper or good looks. She then opened the piano and warbled some of those strains which entrance the world, next she saluted me on both cheeks, and lastly we sat down to talk over old

times, and present days, and wondered at the good fortune that had brought such sincere friends so often together, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Paris, Vienna, and Milan.

"Dearest Angela, tell me," said I, "why is your piano so near the window; and to what use are these two baskets full of paving-stones to be devoted?"

"Caro 'Our Own,' the piano was to be launched on the heads of the first body of Croats that passed, and the paving-stones were to be flung after them, as they retired."

"You are then a republican, dearest Angela?"

"No, caro, only a liberal *enragée*."

"You are very rich I presume?"

"No, friend of my soul, quite the reverse."

"You have many engagements, no doubt."

"Not one, carissimo. The Scala, the Fenice, the Pergola, and San Carlo are all closed, and as long as the revolution lasts, there is no chance of a *scrittura*."

"But, carissima, where is your common sense. Don't you see you are destroying your income by taking part in this movement? What is it to you who governs, if the opera be well attended, and think you it is the mob who pays the immense sum you are yearly in the habit of receiving?"

"Friend of my soul, say all that again, for a new light is breaking in on me."

"Why, Angela; is it not evident that the opera and music are luxuries which the rich only can

support, and that if you plunge the country into revolution, the theatres must all be closed?"

"Oh! carissimo, you plant daggers in my heart. Here, Maria—to her maid—assist the Signore in putting the piano in its own place; and have all these paving-stones removed without delay."

"Bravissima! Angela, you are a dear creature, and pray don't forget to let me know, if anything should happen the Colonel."

Angela had played her part in the glorious four days, and as her house was near the Duomo, she ran many risks from the fire of the sharp-shooters stationed by Radetzky on the roof. To woman all excitement is acceptable, and when the first scene of panic was mastered, she enjoyed the fun, mingling in the common danger, and rushing to the points where the heat of battle raged.

From her lips I had the most graphic account of what passed, and half my first letters were made up of these descriptions. With her I gradually traced the creation of the principal barricades, and joined the insurgents, as, step by step, they excluded the army from the centre of the town. Guided by her, I examined the bastions and approaches to the castle, and came to understand the simple tactics on which the valiant citizens fought. She explained how the Porta Tosa was won, and the Austrian line cut in two; in what manner access to the country was obtained through subterraneous passages; and dwelt with minute detail on the heroic acts of courage

she had seen performed by the brave youth of Milan.

Such a cicerone was invaluable, and I only regret I have not so charming a pioneer to precede me in all my expeditions, and so lovely an authority to collect materials "*pour servir à l'histoire.*" These, indeed, were pleasant days, and Angela having nothing else to do, seemed inclined to reconsider her former rejection of my suit, but a confounded Tenor from Naples, one of Madame Belgiojoso's three hundred Crociati, appeared, and for a second time my nose was put out of joint.

A tenor and a prima donna are made for each other, and no unprofessional man has the least chance of separating so natural an alliance. I soon saw that I was one too many in our *réunions*, and after hearing all the airs on which the harmonious youth prided himself, and listened with discord in my soul to the melodies the happy pair rehearsed, I retreated like Radetzky, and abandoned *la Belle Milanese.*

What the Colonel said when he returned to his happy home I cannot pretend to know; but where a tenor is concerned, a husband has no right in Italy to complain, as a singing-master is required by even the most successful artistes. My private opinion is, that the son of Mars had suffered more than one defeat of the same nature; and it was whispered at the time, that he was employed on a similar mission as the tenor's himself at Florence.

My next visit was to the leading members of the Provisional Government, as I thought it proper to open relations with them, in pursuance of the determination I had come to, of supporting, as far as my newspaper correspondence could, the Italian movement.

As I have more than once hinted, I had then no experience of Italy and the Italians, and believing the enthusiasm I witnessed was as profound as it was general, I considered that I best fulfilled the instructions of the "Times" by promoting, in concert with the intelligence and property of the country represented by these gentlemen, the new constitutional and national cause.

My eyes have since been fully opened to the truth; but even in that first interview I had a slight idea of the weak foundation on which Italian liberty rested. I found the Provisional Government full of pride, ignorance and vanity, taking credit to itself for having succeeded in a revolt which it had in vain secretly endeavoured to suppress, and more anxious to win the favour of Charles Albert than to complete the victory the people had so well begun.

The "*Italia farà per se*" was generated in that interview, and I could in our own discussion discover the secret of that imbecile conduct, which all the future acts of this self-erected coterie evinced. Disgusted with the stupidity of the sages of Milan, I retired, and as I went down stairs, rubbed my palms together incessantly.

The friend who accompanied me, asked me what I meant; to which I replied,—

"I am washing my hands from contact with the Provisional Government, and I declare unto you, unless all Italy supports the movement, it must most inevitably fail. From this instant I am resolved to have no intercourse with that body, and come what may, I shall not repeat this visit."

"You do not, I hope," he replied, "mean to abandon a national enterprise because three Lombard Lords are puffed up with so great a sense of their own importance."

"No," I rejoined, "certainly not, as I hope the whole of Italy will participate in it; but I see clearly the thing has failed, so far as Milan is concerned, and that these vain fools have sold their country to Charles Albert."

I wrote private letters the same day to London, explanatory of these opinions, and I have the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that my forebodings were realised, and that, as I predicted, all the acts of the Provisional Government were conceived in corruption, and executed in the most imbecile manner.

Had the council of war remained at the head of affairs, a different result would have been obtained, as two of the members had energy and talent, and their direction of the revolt had won the confidence of the people. There was, however, a more serious danger imminent from their ascendancy, that is to

say, they were fierce republicans, and in the opinion of many it was better the revolution should prove abortive, rather than see a *rouge* triumph in the north of Italy.

The council of war proposed that messengers should be despatched in advance of the Austrian retreat to alarm the country, to cause the tocsin to be rung in all the churches, and to have the dykes cut which held the waters descending from the Alps to the Po. Had this advice been followed, Radetzky must have been a tremendous sufferer, and his army reduced to a mere cypher, but the masters of Milan imagined that the battle was won as soon as the city was liberated; and they abandoned to Charles Albert the care of following up the pursuit.

Even the common precaution of sending rapid intelligence to Verona and Mantua was neglected, and these two important places, ignorant of the true state of affairs, gave credit to what the Austrian officer in command made known, and ventured not to strike a blow that would have decided the campaign.

Verona did not move because the people have German predilections it is said, and the strength of the garrison inspired a certain awe; but at Mantua the case was otherwise, and the city was absolutely for one hour in the hands of the revolted people. The governor of Mantua, however, had correct intelligence, as Radetzky kept the four fortresses, Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnago, informed

of all that had occurred, so that at the moment when everything appeared lost, the governor announced that the revolution had failed at Milan, that the leaders had been shot, and that he would put all Mantua to the sword, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, unless the people at once laid down their arms.

The governor induced the archbishop to aid him in this pacific advice, and the old prelate, placing confidence in what he thought was official news, went down on his knees in the public square, and prayed the people to give up the town. The artifice succeeded; the inhabitants retired to their respective houses; in a few hours the garrison was reinforced by troops sent for to Legnago, and Mantua was secured for the imperial government.

The people tore their hair in despair when the truth became known, and the archbishop asked pardon of God and his country; but the mischief had been done, and the Austrian officer was rewarded at Vienna for his intelligent conduct and presence of mind. A single *pedone*, or messenger on foot, and an outlay of ten dollars, would have secured Mantua for the Milanese, and deprived Radetzky of one half his strength, but the Provisional Government was too indolent to take so much trouble, and it had quite enough to do in writing fulsome addresses, inventing costumes, or paying court to Charles Albert.

So profoundly ignorant were these leaders of

Italian liberty of mere matters of business, that they sent agents to Paris and London, to buy a hundred thousand stand of arms, without money or letters of credit. I met these deputies at the house of a common friend, and when I hinted at the necessity of paying ready cash, or finding security for the manufactures of St. Etienne and Birmingham, they laughed in my face, and inquired, "Who could doubt the ability of the Provisional Government?"

These gentlemen amused themselves at Paris and London, but no muskets of their buying were seen at Milan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

THE gentry of Milan, with the exception of the republican party, were fully as indolent and vain-glorious as the Provisional Government, and I must own to my shame, I was completely deluded by them. As I had a very large acquaintance, and visited every night in one family or another, hearing the same energetic language in all,—father and husband declaring they would not survive the return of the hated Tedeschi; and mothers and wives asserting, that if the city were again to fall into Radetzky's hands, they would rush to the Duomo with their children, jewels, and most precious effects, and, setting fire to the building, perish all together.

I believed they spoke the truth, and I said so in my correspondence. The hatred to German rule was undoubted, and the same animosity prevailed in every class of society, but the rest was all an empty boast; and when the Austrians did return, not a single victim appeared—no funeral pile was lighted—

and the Duomo remained untouched and untenanted by their ashes.

Old English residents were deluded as well as the correspondent of the "Times;" and they too were impressed with a profound conviction of the good faith of these devoted patriots. Judging from outward appearances, there was no cause of suspicion; and who could doubt the professions of the people when he saw all men preparing for the campaign, and found women and children of every rank, occupied day and night, manufacturing cartridges and making lint? The latter was a harmless employment, but the former made all visitors after sunset not a little nervous.

Only imagine a large basket or bowl full of gunpowder, placed on a work-table, close to a lamp or wax-light, and one, two, or half-a-dozen ladies sitting round the table, filling the paper models furnished for the purpose, and conceive your horror in reflecting what must be the consequence if a spark from the lamp or the candle fell into the magazine. The ladies were totally unconscious of the danger, or rather they were pleased with the excitement its close vicinity created; and every now and then one of the wildest would place her portion of the work, by way of bravado, near the light.

The preparation of lint was entrusted to children, or servants, but the fabrication of cartridges was too fascinating to be given into other hands than their own; and I have sat till midnight in the midst of

angelic ladies, with their infernal machines. It was amusing to see all the noble families of Milan crowding to the gunpowder depot, to deliver in the result of the preceding evening's labour, and receive the quantity needful for that day's work. Every grand dame carried her own basket, and great was her delight when complimented on her industry and precision.

As I had access to the leaders of the opposition, as well as to houses in the interest of the Provisional Government, I enjoyed the best opportunity of ascertaining the daily errors committed by that collection of ambitious imbeciles. Not an efficient measure to annoy the retreat of the enemy was made; no steps were taken to organise the public spirit of the provinces in general, and nothing in short was done beyond reducing to a recognition of their central authority, the numerous ephemeral juntas that sprung up like mushrooms in one night, at Bergamo, Lodi, Brescia, and all the other places abandoned by the German troops.

Large sums of money were advanced by the nobility and landed proprietors, but the whole was spent in luxurious extravagances, and as long as military processions walked the streets, and embroidered colours were exhibited in the Corso, the campaign was considered as progressing most favourably. Regiments on paper were formed, and non-existing battalions enrolled, but not a company was fit to take the field, until about a week before

the termination of the campaign, when some hundred raw recruits appeared on the borders of the Mincio.

Even the Italian deserters from Radetzky were allowed to go to their own homes, without an effort being made to retain their services, and I saw three thousand men, all in a high state of discipline, who had abandoned the Austrian service at Cremona, march into Milan, not one of whom was called on to face the common enemy.

If the Provisional Government had been bribed by Austrian gold to betray their country, they could not have done so more effectually, and still I must do its members justice to say, that in reality they acted with good faith, and that enormous pecuniary sacrifices were made by them. Ignorance and pride, the besetting sins of Italians, were the fertile causes of all subsequent misfortunes, and to these faults, coupled with the unsoldierlike management of the campaign by Charles Albert, the ruin of a good cause, commenced under the most favourable auspices, must be attributed.

The gentlemen who composed the council of war were furious at the stupid proceedings of their successors, and I heard them more than once denounce the incapacity of the new leaders, and foretell the misfortunes that eventually occurred.

Volunteers from every part of the peninsula flocked in, but all these young heroes remained at Milan, as it appeared they imagined that there the campaign was to be fought. Even the Princess

Belgiojoso's three hundred *Crociati* lost their martial ardour on reaching the modern Capua, and I attended many a *soirée* where they exhibited as fiddlers, singers, and improvisatores.

As to the Princess herself, she manifested the same vigorous zeal she has since exhibited in other places, and it was quite touching to see her kneeling in the balcony of the palace occupied by the Provisional Government, and, as we supposed, praying to Heaven to bless the sacred cause. So much at least, I am bound in gallantry to say, whatever my private opinions of that distinguished lady may be; but enthusiasm becomes the sex, and as she has no children to bestow on the country, who can blame her for bringing three hundred *fratelli* in her suite?

Lest the prayers of the Princess should not be acceptable, we had more than one grand *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral, with processions at which all the foreign consuls assisted, in the grand square of the Duomo. The representative of the French republic was loudly cheered on these occasions, as he moved along covered with gold lace, and bowing to the fair Milanese, who crowded the balconies. Our vice-consul, in his naval uniform, attracted some attention, but the chief honours were paid to the Swiss consul-general, as a recognition of the Provisional Government had taken place in Berne, and an interchange of Gruyère for Strachino was in a forward state of preparation.

What a stupid fellow I was to mistake all this

child play for national enthusiasm; but others were humbugged in the same manner, and actors and spectators were alike imposed on.

The evil, however, arising from this folly was, that whilst all this nonsense was going on at Milan, Radetzky was conducting his retreat in a masterly manner. He had some difficulty at first of clearing his front and flanks of the peasantry, who, living in the vicinity of the capital, participated in its antipathy to the Austrians, but no sooner had he got rid of these obstructions than he gave his wearied troops the much-needed repose, and provided for the future with the forethought that distinguished him.

His first ideas were, I believe, to concentrate his forces at Lodi, and in case Charles Albert, induced by the remonstrances of the English cabinet, or a sense of the danger he was about to incur, abandoned the projected invasion of Lombardy, to return to Milan, but the news from Turin being decisive on the subject, the gallant veteran proceeded to execute his original well-matured plans, and to move towards the Mincio, where he occupied Peschiera and Mantua, with the Adige in his rear and the possession of Verona and Legnago assured.

Each town after he marched through it, proclaimed its independence, and either set up a provisional government of its own, or adhered to that of Milan, but the peasantry remained perfectly quiet, and furnished the wine and provisions he required.

These good folk had not suffered in any manner from Austrian occupation, and they consequently had no vengeance to gratify, or other object to attain. They, therefore, suffered the retreating army to pass without offering it the least annoyance, and Radetzky was quite justified, in his despatches to Vienna, in asserting, that though the capital and other cities were hostile to the Austrian rule, the people of Lombardy in general were not desirous of change.

His Italian soldiers were not so indifferent as the peasantry, and desertion took place at every moment. It was impossible to prevent this untoward circumstance, but Radetzky had the satisfaction to know, that these men did not abandon one standard to join another, but from a natural longing to return to their homes, and escape from the severity of military discipline.

Had the plans of the council of war been attended to, this retreat could not have been accomplished with so little loss, or rather, in my opinion, the Austrian army must have been completely cut off, or at least demoralized. The Croats could not have been kept together had the tocsin been rung in every village; the Hungarians were not over well disposed; all the Italians abandoned their colours; and taking these draw-backs into consideration, of what would the Austrian army consist, had the energetic measure I alluded to been carried out?

It is said that much cruelty was practised by the Croats in the retreat, but I have reason to believe

that those accounts were grossly exaggerated, for the purpose of creating a strong prejudice against the Tedeschi, and in favour of the national cause. The newspaper press that started up in every town, was filled with falsehoods and invention; and if the intelligence from the seat of war was to be believed, Radetzky's army had been destroyed ten times over.

The possibility of Radetzky's return tormented for some time the brave Milanese, though they were unwilling to avow it, and the general circulation of the streets remained impeded by barricades, but when it was evident that the Field-Marshal was bound for Mantua and Verona, these obstructions were removed, and it was an amusing sight to see the gentry reclaiming their carriages, and the good people their beds and tables. The barricades were levelled as rapidly as they had been erected, and then the fashionable world, invited by the opportunity given for display, began to produce the last Paris toilettes, and a more brilliant gathering than the Corso exhibited could not be seen even at Hyde Park in the height of the season.

The theatres were opened at the same time, all but the Scala, which was *Tedescho* property, and as pieces to suit the popular humour were played, each *salle* was nightly overflowing. The Field-Marshal and the Austrian authorities were caricatured with that levity which characterises the Milanese, and as the people entered fully into the spirit of the scenes,

the houses resounded with laughter during the whole performance.

In the national drama of Milan there is a most important personage called *Meneghino*, who acts a part similar to that of the classic chorus, and without absolutely belonging to the piece, forms an essential addition to it, criticising everything that passes, and launching impromptus inspired by some accidental circumstance. The defeat of the Austrians was an inexhaustible source of fun, and to those who understood the Milanese patois, the humour of Meneghino was irresistible.

The person who then filled the part was a great favourite with the public, and as the bitterness which had long been kept in order by the German authorities was now unbridled, and as he had private vengeance of his own to gratify, the theatre where he exhibited was crowded to excess.

This actor had held possession of the stage for more than forty years; he was paid a salary five times larger than any other of the company, and his peculiar talent adapted itself so well to the character that every one said his equal had never been seen, and all admitted that when his race was run, no other could be found to suit the public taste.

Our Liston would have made a capital Meneghino, and the Milanese actor seemed to have an instinct of the solemn comicality with which, in former times, that great artist delighted Covent Garden and the Haymarket.

CHAPTER XIX.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

NOTHING could be more delicious than the life we led at Milan at this period, every morning being spent in visiting, with my kind friend Captain Campbell, her Majesty's vice-consul, or with other well-informed cicerones, the places where so many remarkable events lately occurred—not to speak of the romantic rambles led by Angela Borgononi; and the evening being employed in either writing in my own room, in visiting the several families who had the good nature to receive a stranger, or what was still more amusing, in listening in the great room of the hotel to the various displays of Madam Belgiojoso's *crociati*, who came for war, but remained for pleasure, and who, fascinated by the charming persons and amiable manners of the two Madam Reichmans, gave musical or dramatic exhibitions every evening.

The family of Reichman has been long established in one of the principal hotels at Milan, and of course

its Swiss-born free instinct made the members of it rejoice in the opening liberty offered to an adopted home; but the young men were modest in their views, though their fair dames, the one being a Milanese and the other a Neapolitan, did all they could to urge them on. Of course light dragoon uniforms and heavy sabres usurped the place of the ordinary frock coats, and the pen and ink which had hitherto been identified with them; but fortunately for the interests of the establishment, the widow of its founder was still alive, and as she was like "the old lady at Bristol, paid £200 a-year by the corporation for minding her own business," the service was as usual well performed, the rooms were kept in apple-pie order, and the *table d'hôte* abundantly supplied.

It was truly fortunate, though perhaps not over-wise, that the sons and daughters displayed the popular colours, as the mob, on some slight occasion, took it into their head that the house was Austrian in sentiment, and it was with some difficulty that the riot which menaced it was suppressed. The felicitous *dénouement* was brought about at the risk of a still greater evil, which turned the old lady nearly crazy; for in the midst of the tumult arrived a cannon-ball from the castle, smashing in the drawing-room windows, dislocating several chairs, and pulverising a splendid looking-glass.

Such a messenger of death had the usual effect on the crowd; each decampered off with infinite haste,

and as it was evident, so I said, that Radetzky would not willingly cannonade the dwellings of his immediate friends, the indistinct cause of suspicion alluded to was overlooked, and the hotel and its owner were left in peace.

The *crociati*, or Crusaders, who constituted the charm of these *réunions*, appeared to abandon, after their first drill, all idea of going to the battle-field; and as they had nothing better to do, every evening they gave us specimens of their talents and accomplishments, in honour of their fair countrywoman. One played the flute, another the violin, a third the French horn. This hero improvised in verse or prose on any theme that was offered; a second showed sketches from his own pencil; and the fat man in the sky-blue waistcoat played waltzes to perfection, and if a few ladies were invited, we had a concert and a ball.

I have since met at Naples some of these enthusiastic patriots, and it was quite wonderful to see how they became diminished in personal bulk, as well as in mental importance. The sky-blue waistcoat was thinned down to a thread-paper; and the "deep-mouthed Bœotian," who read to the company the "Milan Patriotic Gazette," seemed so much afraid of his own voice, in the *chiaga*, that when I spoke to him, he answered in a flageolet tone, and looked horror-struck when I asked how long it was since he left Milan?

Reichman hotel was a capital post of observation,

as exactly in front of it stood a palace, where several Austrian gentlemen, principally civilians, who had been on the first and second day cut off from the castle, were detained as hostages, in imitation of Radetzky, who had secured the persons of some of the principal Lombard proprietors for the purpose, it appeared, of making them responsible for the conduct of their fellow-countrymen.

These prisoners were perfectly well treated, a good table being kept for their supply, and no restraint imposed, save that consistent with their security; but it was an unpleasant position at best, for if the Austrian operations had been successful, and the town bombarded—as no doubt in that case it would have been—I fear they must have fallen victims to the fury of the mob.

A personage of great importance, namely, the young Duke of Parma, who had been captured—on what pretext I never could understand—at Cremona, shared the same fate; but he was not a close prisoner, and he went where he pleased, accompanied always, however, by two police agents, who were responsible for his safety.

I remember meeting the Duke at the house of Count Barni, where a great dinner was given, and I have no doubt he is now as much amused at the recollection, as he was then pained by the fact, of the strange figure he exhibited when he entered the saloon, accompanied by his two guardians, one of whom, I observed, took post near the door, in case

the Prince, who is rather given to have his own way, should take it into his head to tumble *à la Moulinet* from the head of the stair-case to the hotel door.

The Duke, however, bore his sorrows with a good grace, and he chatted in German, English, French, and Italian, with a facility quite wonderful to one like myself, stupid in all things, but particularly so in the learning of modern tongues. We had strangers of many nations at table, but our illustrious visitor was perfectly at home in the dialect of each; and he, amongst us all, was the least annoyed at his peculiar position.

Of course the Prince expected that Charles Albert would order him to be released the moment he heard of his captivity, though at that moment the Sardinian monarch had no claims to dictate at Milan; but "what is a name," when the substance exists palpably in your hand; and on this principle the King ordered the Duke of Lucca to be released, placing a steamer at Genoa at his disposal, and the Provisional Government, who had the effrontery to arrest a sovereign prince for no reason in the world, and send him about town with two police officers in his suite, did not dare to resist the royal mandate, and the illustrious prisoner marched out with all the honours of war.

One of the earliest visits paid by me, in company with the *carissima* Angela, in our wanderings at Milan, was to the celebrated Conservatoire de Musique, where I heard a daughter of my old friend Mr. Puzzi

was, as I was desirous of offering her every assistance in my power to bestow.

Angela was all alive to the claims of a sister *artiste*, and our first inquiry was directed to ascertain what had become of the young lady, and it was only on learning that her own relatives had removed her to their country seat, as soon as communication with the capital was open, that we examined in detail the ravages made by the God of War in that palace of the Muses.

The conservatory was so placed that it could not escape mischief from either one party or the other. It was within a pistol shot of the bastions, and consequently a most desirable post for the Milanese, as from it they could pick off the artillery men stationed on the rampart, and it was exposed to the musketry and cannon of the Austrians, so that we have only to wonder how one stone had been left on the other. The part most exposed was exactly that where the ladies' apartments were, and you can imagine the surprise of old and young when the first volley was poured in, to answer the fusilade of a few Milanese who lined the upper windows.

It is only fair to say that the building was not attacked by the Austrians until some of their men had been picked off, evidently from the roof; but when once a fire was opened, farewell to all refinement, and smash every instant did one part or another go. The poor girls ran about like mad fillies, screaming and weeping, and wringing hands,

till the superior got them under order a little, and then they were passed down stairs to a less exposed position.

Fortunately none of the young ladies were hurt, and the only damage done in the musical department, was the destruction of several pianofortes and harps. The fire from the windows told fearfully on the bewildered Croats, and as they gave way before it, the Milanese advanced to the garden-wall, from whence, I believe on the third day, so sharp a fusilade was kept up, that the bastion in part was completely cleared, and none of the Tedeschi dare show their uniform in that quarter.

The din and noise were rendered more fearful to the delicate inmates by the eternal ringing of the tocsin, which never for a moment ceased, and it was discovered from the prisoners, that the soldiers, particularly the Croats, were more astonished at the thunder of so many bells sounding together, than they were alarmed by the musket shots of the besieged. In point of fact, nothing contributed more to the panic that prevailed in Radetzky's ranks, than this artifice did, and so fully was the Field-Marshal aware of its effect, that on his retreat he issued an order declaring that he would burn to the ground any village where the alarm was rung whilst his troops were passing.

As he is a man who never makes idle boasts, and calculates the import of all he says and does, he did destroy one hamlet where the people sounded the

tocsin, and a village not distant ten miles from Milan, which I saw in ruins, was said to be the spot where so terrible an example was made.

When we visited the *conservatoire*, the damage occasioned by the cannonade had not been repaired, and awful was the havoc made in the upper stories on that side exposed to the bastion. With the habitual indifference of the people of Milan to all that is unpleasant after the feeling of actual danger had passed, every remnant of misfortune was allowed to remain in the same state as on the day the injury occurred. Here the case of a piano, through which a cannon ball had passed, was exposed; there the frame of a harp with the strings cut by musket balls, was seen; on this side a heap of music paper half burned, and on the other several books of the masters, from which wadding had been torn.

The females had all vanished, with the exception of the few old crones of housekeepers, into whose care the building had been delivered. These spinsters were not so grateful for their deliverance as I think they ought to have been, as they in reality suffered nothing, not even the loss of their daily pay; but there is something in woman that desires the full measure of Heaven's vengeance, and not a part; and so excitable are the forlorn of that age, that I really believe the damsels would have been better pleased if the Croats had scaled the garden-wall.

I can answer for it, that where the Croats did get in, they made sad work of it in the housekeeper's and lady's maid's room. A friend of mine, an English lady, had the honour of a visit, and what was her indignation to find after the rascals were gone, that they had stolen all her husband's fine linen, white waistcoats and pantaloons, leaving their own dirty wardrobe in the drawers. "I could have forgiven anything but that," said the enraged dame, "but only imagine my anger, when on opening the presses from which our linen had been stolen, to find as many filthy shirts as the soldiers who came here numbered. We lost some few articles of plate, and a part of our furniture was broken; but I assure you, my dear sir, I was more annoyed on seeing the soiled linen of the brutes, than I was by the actual pecuniary loss. Do, pray, put that in the 'Times.'"

"What, madam, the foul linen?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"I fear, Madam, in Printing-House-Square we are rather particular, and as we follow Napoleon's advice, and do our washing at home, I cannot oblige you."

"Oh nonsense, you Irish gentlemen are always merry at our expense, but I burned the rags half an hour after the monsters left, and so there is an end of the matter."

The part of the quadrangle where the young gentlemen lodged escaped from shot and shell, and there the great business of life, on the occasion of

my visit, was going on with the usual regularity. As I stood in the centre of the court-yard, the puffing, scraping, fiddling, squeaking, that issued from every room, as well as the loud threats of the severe masters, as they dictated their sovereign will to the future Thalbergs and Paganinis, were heard.

The Milanese are the most musical people of Italy, and no social distinction is dearer to their souls than that won by the exercise of professional talents. Its school has at all times been famous, and there, not only for early youth, but for opening manhood, are the best musical instructors to be found. The very mob are musical to the fingers' ends, and it is astonishing to find what airs are improvised by them in moments of excitement, which cannot be traced to any particular composer.

Young liberty was a constant theme, and a fertile source of inspiration, and many an evening have Angela and I strolled from Corso to Corso, listening with delight to the popular strains, and to the varied character of these displays, according to the well-known habits of the different quarters, the music of the streets bordering on the Scala being far more refined than that sung in the suburbs.

CHAPTER XX.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

THE publication of the great news from Milan, and the appearance of the two deputies from the Provisional Government produced a terrific sensation at Turin, and it was evident to all, that Charles Albert had no choice left, if he wished to preserve his own throne, than to yield to popular clamour and invade Lombardy. Had he made up his mind to do so a week previously, the fate of Italy was decided in his favour, but like all cunning men and bad whist-players he finesse'd against himself, and in his apparent anxiety that all things should pass in a regular manner, he lost the opportunity of destroying the Austrian army.

Though it was at his instance the Milanese alluded to had gone to the revolted city, and that a bargain had been made by them, in which his terms were distinctly understood, he wished to have it thought that he yielded only to the prayers of the inhabitants to come to their relief, and in the address that he

published, he declared that such was the sole motive on which he acted.

It was by that lame excuse he tried to avert the general indignation of Europe, and to explain away the declaration of the previous day to the Austrian minister, that he would strictly respect existing treaties; but no one was deceived, and we all saw that the possession of the Lombardo-Veneto was his object, and that he sought to place the Milanese in such a position that they must have recourse to him.

Had Charles Albert marched by the bridge of Magenta, on the first day of the insurrection, Radetzky was caught between two fires, and he must have succumbed with his whole army; but we have seen how, conceiving the possibility of such an event, the old fox quickly disengaged himself from the barricades, and how he conducted his masterly retreat the instant he discovered that the bargain between the Lombard lords and the house of Savoy was concluded.

Even late in the day as the declaration of Charles Albert was made, had he acted with decision and promptitude, victory was still assured, but instead of pouring all his force along the right bank of the Po, and getting before Radetzky to the Mincio, or even still further, to the Adige, he followed the Austrian commander at a careful distance, and allowed him at least five days' march in advance. Some persons seek to excuse the King on the ground of his

incapacity for war, but however true that charge might be, yet it cannot serve him in this instance. In my opinion he finesse'd for the second time against himself, and allowed the Austrian army to remain in Lombardy, for the purpose of alarming and overawing the Milanese, until the people confirmed by universal suffrage the bargain made with the Provisional Government.

Incapacity for war was displayed in the subsequent campaign, by the King and by all the general officers, but in the case now before us, policy alone was at work, and by it the cunning monarch overreached himself. With this hesitation the seeds of discontent were sown at Milan, and doubts of the good faith of their allies existed from that moment. I dare say at the same time that no love was lost between the allies and their vain-glorious neighbours, and I think the Piedmontese officers and soldiers detested the Milanese more thoroughly even than the Austrians, at the very opening of the war.

I soon came to understand this fact, when at a later period, on the banks of the Mincio, I won the confidence of the noble-minded cavaliers who followed Charles Albert, out of a principle of loyalty only, to the field, and who lost no opportunity of showing how truly they despised their effeminate friends. At that time I wore a little Milanese *berret* or cap, which became the rage in the Corso as soon as the town was free, and it was told me very plainly my so doing gave offence to the whole army, and the

sooner that I changed it the better. Of course I lost no time in getting a white hat from Milan, and the first day I wore it at head-quarters, I was complimented at every side. The Milanese *berret* was so thoroughly despised, that no one condescended to speak to the owner of it at the *café*, and the few volunteers who had it were glad to change their ground, and form a society of their own.

Charles Albert at length having thrown off the mask, the campaign was opened by his sending a regiment of Lancers on the direct road to Milan, whilst he with the bulk of the army crossed in the direction of Pavia. The Lancers reached the Chateau on the 27th or 28th, but the King did not enter Pavia until the 29th. There he was met by deputies from the Provisional Government, and there valuable time was lost in the interchange of hollow public professions, and no doubt in settling *vivâ voce* the terms of the first arrangement made *en gros* by his emissaries, the week before.

I saw the Lancers march into Milan, and it was with the utmost effort of the police that a feeble cheer could be got up among the people. The day was most inauspicious, as heavy rain poured down the whole morning, but though the wet did not prevent the mob indulging its curiosity, it seemed to damp its enthusiasm, and only occasional "*vivas*" were heard.

It was evident to all that this halt at Milan allowed Radetzky to enlarge his distance beyond all

reasonable bounds, and so the members of the council of war represented to the Podestà, but the voice of M. Casati was no longer Lombard, but Sardinian, and nothing in his opinion that the King did, or could do, was wrong.

Charles Albert was accompanied by about twenty-five thousand men divided into two divisions, and a reserve, the first commanded by the Marquis D'Arvillars, the second by the Count Broglia, and the reserve by the Duke of Savoy. Subsequently, when the army amounted in number to fifty thousand, the first corps was under the orders of General Bava, and the second under those of General Sonnaz, whilst the artillery was led by the Duke of Genoa, the cavalry by General Visconti, and the carabineers, or royal body-guard, by Count de San Front.

In the mean time Radetzky marched at his ease, well supplied with provisions and all the comforts required by his men, to the strong position of Montechiari, where he had been in the habit of annually manœuvring, as if foreseeing the use it was now turned to, and as Charles Albert dare not attack him, the latter followed the valley of the Po, in the hope of inducing the Field-Marshal to descend into the plain, or of compelling him to break ground, and retire over the Mincio. The Milanese represented Radetzky as flying in every direction, unable to keep the Hungarians together, or the Croats in order, but the King soon learned that the Austrian army had quite recovered its *morale*, and that its

strength, reinforced as it now was by the garrisons of Brescia, Lodi, Cremona, and other towns, was even greater than his own.

The King had likewise learned, at the village of Marcaria on the Oglio, that the enemy was not so down-hearted as the Provisional Government alleged, for there, on the 6th of April, his vanguard was surprised, and a certain number of prisoners taken from him, and carried into Mantua.

Radetzky, unwilling that the invading army should gain the Mincio before him, abandoned his camp at Montechiara, and took up new ground on the left bank of that celebrated river, in order that his communications with Verona and Mantua should be maintained. Charles Albert hastened to follow, and on the 8th of April, the campaign was regularly opened by an attack on the bridge of Goito.

This enterprise fell to the lot of the vanguard commanded by General D'Arvillars, and, as it was executed with spirit, and proved completely successful, it occasioned the greatest joy at Milan, and produced a good effect in the Sardinian camp. The village stands on the right bank of the Mincio, and only a few hours from a kind of *tête de pont* at the other side. The Austrians did not defend the former, but having, as they thought, blown up the bridge, they filled the opposite houses and opposed the crossing there. I can scarcely believe that Radetzky was in earnest at this place, as one

parapet of the bridge was left untouched, and as the houses were ill defended.

The Piedmontese opened a brisk cannonade, before which the enemy gave way, and the parapet under cover of that fire being crossed, the houses were all abandoned, and some twenty or thirty prisoners taken. The news was received at Milan with an enthusiasm that baffled description, and so much was the Provisional Government disposed to make of this auspicious opening of the campaign, that an "extraordinary Gazette was immediately published, in which it was solemnly announced that 2000 prisoners had been secured, and as this bulletin was produced at Paris, all the French papers asserted that the Austrian army was now done up.

The position of Goito from thenceforth formed the extreme right of the Piedmontese army, and from it to Peschiera, where the Mincio issues out of Lake Garda, the lines occupied by Charles Albert for a long period extended. Subsequently the left centre was pushed forward as far as Somma Campagna, and the edge of the hills overlooking the plain of Verona, whilst the extreme left was carried up to the celebrated plateau of Rivoli, on the Adige, the line thus extending from one river to the other, with Rivoli and Goito as extreme left and right.

As the Mincio was crossed before I joined the army, it may be as well, for the clearness of my narrative, to describe the slight operations that took

place at the Borghetto and Monzambano, the two other places where a passage was effected. Before doing so I must express an opinion, that Radetzky did not mean to offer any serious resistance on these occasions, as the occupation of Verona, Legnago, and Mantua was the object next his heart.

The ground on the left bank is most favourable for defence, and at any point, save that of Monzambano, it overlooks the right, and the fire of well disposed batteries must plunge into such battalions as attempt to cross.

The position behind the celebrated Borghetto is the most elevated of all, and from it, as the place occupied by the Piedmontese was without cover, each regiment must have been swept away as it approached the rock, on which the ruin of the chateau of the Scaligeri family stands. The river runs in that part like a mill-race, and as it would be impossible, on account of the rapidity of the stream, to throw over another bridge in the vicinity, I cannot imagine that an attack in that quarter would succeed, or even be attempted.

Consider then, what the position of the invading army must be, seeking to effect a passage at the extremities of the line, whilst the centre is in the hands of an enemy, who without risk, can separate and fall upon each wing in succession. Monzambano was abandoned on the 9th of April, and the Austrian army retired across the river, removing the bridge at the same time, but General Broglia availing

himself of his superior position on the right bank, drove off, by a brief cannonade, the small number of troops posted on the left, and the pontoons being re-established, his division passed.

The village of Borghetto was occupied about the same time by Colonel Mallard, for though the enemy made a show of opposing the passage of the river, nothing efficient was done, and both bridges at Monzambano and Borghetto being repaired, the cavalry and artillery crossed, and the village of Vallegio was made the centre of succeeding operations.

CHAPTER XXI.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

THE prosperous opening of the campaign, and the occupation of the left bank of the Mincio, produced an awful sensation at Milan, and a slight reaction in favour of the Piedmontese took place; I say a slight one only, for the people still fancied that it was by them the Austrian army was reduced to the supposed forlorn condition, and that Charles Albert was merely following up the triumph which they had so gallantly achieved, just as the Prussians undertook the pursuit at Waterloo after the English gained the day. They would not understand that Radetzky was acting on sound military principles, and that he could not allow a broad river to be placed between him and the fortresses within which it was necessary he should shut himself up for a certain period.

The Provisional Government knew nothing of the art of war, and though the gentry strutted in the Corso in gold-laced uniforms, not one in a thousand had heard of a "base of operation," or

foresaw the advantages the wily Austrian secured by his prudence. Their part consisted in subscribing liberally to the public chest, expending all the money they gave themselves, or obtained from others, in absurd and ostentatious displays, and in fabricating falsehoods which imposed on the Milanese for a few days, but which had a more lasting effect in London and Paris.

Among other tales circulated at that period, was the surrender of the fortress of Peschiera, and with so much apparent good faith was it announced, that the "Journal des Débats," one of the few journals that is an authority on military matters, as it is in all other respects admirably conducted, repeated the fact, and described in a scientific manner the nature of the fortifications, the advantages of the position, commanding the Lake Garda and the North Mincio, and showing how it formed an angle of the strategic squares, which Verona, Legnago, and Mantua completed.

Even our "own correspondent's" intelligence was for a period undervalued, and as I did not proclaim those startling incidents which I believed not, or knew to be false, I was looked upon as a lazy youth, who preferred play to work. A few days, however, convinced the readers of the "Times" that we were on the alert, and that confidence with which I have been honoured on most occasions, was returned on this.

I must do the members of the late Council

of War the justice to say, they were never deceived by the stupidity of the Provisional Government, and as I was a frequent visitor at the house of one well known in the literary and scientific world, it was night after night explained to me, how and in what manner the campaign must fail.

In the first place it was shown that the several passes of the Northern Alps were completely neglected, and that when the proper time arrived, Austria might turn through them the left wing of the Sardinian army; and next, that sufficient care was not devoted to the organisation of the province of the Friuli, through which the communication with Vienna led.

Venice had revolted it was true, and the fortresses of Palma Nova and Osopo, and the town of Udine had been abandoned by the Tedeschi, but no means were taken to guard the banks of the Piave, the Tagliamento, and other streams, that fall into the Adriatic, or place in an efficient state of defence the various passes through which reinforcements only could arrive.

It was known as soon as the Imperial Government triumphed over treason at Vienna, that an expedition commanded by General Nugent was destined for the relief of Verona, but these notes of preparation were unheeded, and when I said to one of the vain-glorious chiefs, "If Nugent joins Radetzky, the latter will be stronger than you," he replied, "The sooner Nugent comes the better, for then we

shall have the whole force in one net, and it will save us the trouble of catching them in detail."

When further it was reported that Radetzky announced his intention of collecting the *Prediale*, or produce-tax, at Milan, on the usual quarter-day, a threat he to the letter fulfilled, the people laughed at such idle words, and *Meneghino* that night was prodigiously witty on the subject. The only circumstance which annoyed the Lombard lords and their partisans was, the refusal of Venice to act in concert with them, and the hearty determination with which Manin there proclaimed a republic. The unity of the Lombardo-Veneto was thus destroyed, and it was possible that the *cadeau* which these patriots meant to offer to Charles Albert, would be limited to the Mincio only, or in case of great success, to the right bank of the Adige.

The king was much grieved by the conduct of the Venetian, as he clearly saw one half of the brilliant jewel he destined for his Italian crown, apparently beyond his reach; and he determined as far as his power lay, to make the proud republicans repent their conduct. He finesse'd for the third time against himself, and I have no doubt he protracted his stay at this side of the Adige unnecessarily for so long a period, in order that the sufferings of the Venetians should compel them to sue for assistance at his feet.

The Venetians did eventually submit, and the wily monarch's calculations proved to be well

founded, but the period of their accomplishment arrived too late, and the city of the Lagunes became his property only a week or two before his total discomfiture. Had Charles Albert, like a good man and true, crossed the Adige when it was in his power to do so, Nugent could not have reinforced Radetzky, and the whole of the Veneto except Venice itself would have been his, but he was over-cunning as I have said, and he lost the rubber with nearly all the winning cards in his hands.

The debates in the English Parliament which occurred about this period, gave great umbrage at Milan, and the followers of the Sardinian invader and the recreant Milanese who sold their new found liberty to him, were furious at hearing that things were called by their proper names, and the perfidy of the Sardinian monarch so generally condemned.

The gallant soldiers who followed their sovereign to the war, were, I believe, very much of the same opinion, and I know that nearly all the nobility and landed gentry were opposed to his encroaching policy; but there is a principle of loyalty in the Piedmontese that cannot be directed from its purpose, and though the policy of the King was not popular in the army, their submission to the throne knew of no qualification.

I have heard Count Balbo say, "The Piedmontese are attached to their religion and their king, but if either is to be sacrificed, they will give up the one to stand by the other." It was on this principle

that the conduct of the nobility, and indeed of the whole camp can alone be understood, for, inasmuch as the Lombards were cordially hated by them, and the errors of the campaign understood by all, the war was not popular either with the officers or soldiers, and it was supported as it commenced by public clamour alone.

For my own part I never hesitated to write my sincere opinion of the conduct of Charles Albert, and, however presumptuous it may be thought for me to say, intimate as I was with the chiefs of the army during the whole war, I was deaf to all suggestions of demanding an audience from the King, though it was hinted a hundred times that it was expected I should do so.

The liberation of the north of Italy from its Austrian masters, was in my opinion a just and sacred cause, but it should have been accomplished by the people of Lombardo-Veneto themselves, or by the aid of their Italian brethren, if such assistance were required. How different was the supporting in my correspondence that holy principle, to advocating the right of Charles Albert to what he called his Italian crown. Was it not evident to all that personal ambition was his sole motive, and that the only term in plain English that could be applied to his crossing the Tessin, was the invasion of an Austrian province.

Had he co-operated with the rest of Italy, in aiding the revolted provinces in their struggle for

liberty, he might have been excused; but who can defend a policy which made the conquest of Lombardy as its first step, with the intention of subduing Tuscany, the Roman States and Naples, when it was accomplished. Is it not, moreover, a self-evident truth, that the liberating movement was compromised by the selfish proceedings of Charles Albert,—for had he come forward as an auxiliary only, the rest of Italy would have cordially concurred, and the national impulse that forced the Pope and the King of Naples to send their large contingents, would have called forth the sympathy of all Europe, and a pacific intervention of the great powers on behalf of Lombardy and Venice.

I have been charged with supporting Charles Albert whilst successful, and abandoning him in his defeat, but I deny that I wrote even a single letter in his favour, or sought to palliate his perfidious conduct towards an ally to whom he was bound by solemn treaty. I eulogised his personal courage, and the bravery and loyalty of the Piedmontese troops, and I do so still; but one's opinion in the good faith of an army that follows its monarch to the field, is very different from the sentiment expressed with respect to the false dealings of the potentate himself.

The haste with which newspaper correspondence is read, and the indifference shown to that which should be a sound authority, written on the spot by a person having no interest at stake, exposes the

author to having false interpretations put on his motives and conduct; but I beg leave now to make it understood, that I condemned Charles Albert from the beginning, though I did not fail to do justice to the army, and that I supported Italian independence in the north of Italy, until it merged into an inglorious submission to Sardinia, and sold its liberty for crosses and decorations to the court of Turin.

The Provisional Government at this period addressed a well-written and eloquent memorial to the other nations of Europe, explaining the wrongs which their country had sustained under Austrian rule, and the motives which induced them to appeal to arms. Had the justice of the revolution been tested by this document, no one could gainsay their right to seek independence, but unfortunately their compact with Charles Albert tainted all proceedings, and the appeal was not answered, as was expected, even by England and France.

A memorial was at the same time written to the Hungarian leaders, in which the recall of the troops serving in the army of Italy was implored on the ground of justice and humanity; but Kossuth and his companions had enough to do at home, and though the Hungarian battalions were called on to abandon the Imperial Eagle, not one of them seemed inclined to do so.

The true character of the opening struggle on the banks of the Danube was probably not under-

stood, or the Hungarians were satisfied with their service, but though numerous copies of the address were secretly circulated in the Magyar language at Verona and Mantua, not a dozen deserters came over, and the movement failed.

I believe the address to Hungary was written by one of the late members of the Council of War, as the Provisional Government had no pen equal to his at their command, and he was too hearty an enemy to Austria, not to give his aid when the possibility of destroying the unity of the Empire seemed within his reach, even though the request came from a faction which he despised.

CHAPTER XXI.

MILAN: THE REVOLUTION.

I STILL lingered at Milan, though I changed quarters from the Hôtel Reichman to that of the "Ville," which Mr. Bair, the proprietor, has converted into a model establishment, as I found the *Crociati* rather monotonous after so many days, and as the most prominent display of the revolutionary mania was to be seen in the Corso Orientale.

There I learned to form a perfect estimate of the Provisional Government, and the aspirants to military fame, and there I began to discover that Radetzky was not far from the truth, when he professed his indifference to all that was said or done within our walls, independently of Charles Albert.

I admit, and I wish to have it perfectly understood, that I do not deny the existence of patriotic motives on the part of the Milanese, but I will not be cajoled into giving them military virtues which they do not possess, or be induced to say that they

performed even the one hundredth part of the great duty they had undertaken. I am far from accusing gentlemen of perfidy to a national cause, who made such great personal sacrifices in its support, and who devoted immense sums, not only of revenue, but capital, to that sacred object; but I merely say that they were incompetent to the task proposed, and that all their subsequent misfortunes arose from their own absurd conduct at this period.

It would seem that men who have not from their youth enjoyed any large portion of liberty, are incapable of sustaining the weight of freedom, if in their riper years it falls into their hands. The Milanese fought like heroes for the three or four famous days, but when the excitement of the hour's conflict was over, they sunk down to that apathetic indifference which distinguishes them in ordinary life, and looked upon the war as only a means of gratifying their passion for personal display.

Enrolments went on, projects for regiments of infantry, dragoons, lancers, and several batteries of artillery were set down on paper, but I never could see any men of any arms at drill, though the Corso was filled with officers of the respective corps, showing their handsome persons, as fine as lace and gold epaulettes could make them. All aspirants, however, had resolved on being dragoons, and many a squabble on that head took place, because it was a fine thing to hear the sabre rattling on the flag stones, and the spurs clanking against each other in

the walk. Horses there were none, but large orders had, of course without a banker's credit, been sent to France, and in the mean time, why should not the heroes show their new uniforms, and could the display of so many patriotic cavaliers injure the good cause?

As I am fond of paradoxes, I must say that I attribute much of the subsequent Milanese misfortunes to the magnificence of their costumes; and if ever I form one of a Provisional Government, I shall take care that simplicity itself be the prevailing taste. There should be in all armies a war and a peace uniform, the former being intended for hard work only, as I hold it to be quite impossible for a young man, handsome in face, well-made in person, with soft mustachios and a full beard, not to long more for the high-street than the battle-field; and Heaven help the army where the minister of war, the generals, and the officers, down to the sub-lieutenant, join in the same caprice.

The campaign of the Mincio lasted several months, but never did I see any of those polished boots on the hill side, where broken bones were current, save on some bright and peaceable sunny day, when the gentlemen posted down in London-built carriages from Milan, with *patés de foie gras*, and iced champagne, just to see how things were going on, and to wonder why Charles Albert had not long since taken Verona and Mantua.

The war in Lombardy, no doubt, excited the

attention of all Europe, but it was remarkable that very few strangers came to see what was passing in the capital, or in the army of operations. During the campaigns in Portugal and Spain, at which I assisted, a crowd of curious were ever on the wing, but in Lombardy the busy scene was quite neglected, and I did not meet half-a-dozen strangers during the whole summer.

Probably the cold reception given to one or two gentlemen at head-quarters, became known, and prevented others from venturing so far; and as Charles Albert did not encourage the enlistment of foreigners, there were no volunteers ready to bleed for a national cause, or the humble modicum of pay given to the troops.

I only know two Englishmen who were favourably received, and these both had served in the Austrian dragoons, and were strongly recommended by friends at Turin or Genoa; but I believe the truth to be, that the King had determined to do everything by Piedmontese hands alone, and he discouraged the presence of strangers in his lines, as well as he did that of the Italian contingents who had crossed the Po.

I remember the indignation felt and expressed by an English officer of high rank, who came for the purpose of watching the operations before Verona, but who was so coldly received by the King's chamberlain, though he brought letters of recommendation of undoubted respectability, that he left

the camp within an hour of his arrival in it; and I was amused at the mortified vanity of another citizen-soldier, captain of a yeomanry corps at home, on being refused a staff appointment near his Majesty, which he had solicited. Even some jealousy was shown against civilians, particularly if suspected of corresponding with a newspaper, and I really know not how it was, that I was favoured with a tacit permission to remain, though every one knew the nature of my avocations, both at Milan and on the banks of the Mincio.

Had I asked for a *carte de séjour*, or expressed the least doubt of my own position, no doubt I should have been conducted to the frontier, but I commenced by making friends of the principal officers near Charles Albert, and once in their good graces, my position was assured. I only knew one person on the day of my arrival at Milan, and I had no claims on him, and I was literally without a single acquaintance at the camp, but ere a week had passed in both places, I had become the confidential friend of all public men of importance, and not a word was said in any leading quarter that was not reported to me.

The fact is, with all Southern nations I have an instinct of what will please, but with the German race I am not at home, and have ever fared badly when I sought to cultivate a good understanding with its diplomacy. One great exception, however, should be made, and when I name Prince Metternich,

and say that he treated me at the Congress of Toplitz, in the most courteous manner, and honoured me with a degree of confidence on public affairs, for which I was not prepared, the reader will say that "my lines were laid in pleasant places;" but then, good sir, his Serene Highness is a man of the world, who knows when his German reserve can be dispensed with, and who, in thus receiving a stranger, consulted only the wishes of the illustrious friends by whom I had the good fortune to be presented.

One of the first acts of the Provisional Government was to establish an official journal called, if I recollect right, "The 23rd of March," and the enthusiasm of the people could be fairly measured by their anxiety to subscribe. I spent an hour at the office before my name could be taken down; and ever after as I passed the street where it was, I always saw an unceasing crowd desirous of paying in advance, or of procuring the published numbers.

"The 23rd of March" was a perfect reflection of the public mind at Milan, and its columns were filled with abstract discussions on first principles, with vain-glorious bulletins from the seat of war, or with glowing descriptions of the festas and parades daily held in the capital. The real nature of the campaign was overlooked, and not a warning word was uttered on the subject of the armaments at Vienna, the proposed march of General Nugent, or the loose

manner in which the passes leading from the Tyrol were watched.

Day after day appeared long accounts of the *Prodi*, who had already accomplished the liberation of Italia, or proclamation on proclamation of the Provisional Junta, announcing plans of enlistment, fortification, or civil government, not one of which was ever carried into action. Of course large space was devoted to praise of Charles Albert, and to the discussions of the difficult topic so repugnant to the Lombards, of an union with Sardinia, but for solid information or a fair account of what was passing in any part of the Peninsula, the Pekin Gazette would have been as useful to me, as this official organ.

The republican "*Italia del Popolo*" had not yet appeared, so that "The 23rd of March" had the field of glory to itself, and grandiloquent indeed it was, and most richly did it bedaub with flattery its patrons, and the Italian cause.

There are, I must admit, some excuses to be made for the Provisional Junta in its ready acceptance of the terms dictated by Charles Albert. Alone, Lombardy could not maintain a war, and the people, as I have shown, were so uninstructed in their own force, that even in 1814, when the Emperor of Russia managed to propose the continuance of a sovereignty under Eugene, they voted in favour of a junction with Vienna, rather than run the risk of self-government. Moreover, all the

advantages of an union with Piedmont were apparently and in reality, on the side of Milan, as that city must of necessity become the capital of the new kingdom, to the prejudice of Turin, and above all, the facilities of receiving foreign merchandise through the port of Genoa, at one-third of the duty paid to the Austrians at Venice or Trieste, was a serious consideration.

Had the Milanese been cast in a sterner mould, and trusted not to Charles Albert alone, but to the national feeling of combined Italy, I have no doubt a better result would have been obtained. The masses from all parts of Europe would have poured in; England and France would have been freed from the difficulty of countenancing the invasion of the Sardinian monarch in the dominion of the Emperor of Austria, and a new partition must have been made, south as well as north of the Po, embracing the Duchies of Modena and Parma, and the Roman Legations to the Adriatic.

Venice must have in that case cordially united her destiny to Lombardy, and not proclaimed a republic in opposition to the Piedmontese monarchy; and the rest of Italy, as well as the great powers of Europe, would have seen the necessity of relieving both parties from the weight of German rule in the Peninsula.

It was evident from the first moment of success, that Austria was willing to treat for the deliverance of her Italian possessions, and England and France

would have had no difficulty in arranging an equitable bargain, if an invasion had not taken place, and the claims of a rival monarch complicated a plain question.

What is the matter "our own," and why do you give up the discussion of a subject in which we were beginning to take an interest, as you are really treating it in a clever off-hand manner?

Dear Madam, do not say a word; I am in despair; I am just come from paying a sick-visit to the *cara* Angela, to whom a great misfortune has occurred. It seems that she, like all the other ladies of Milan, undertook to make cartouches for the national cause, and last night a spark from the lamp fell into, fortunately only a very small quantity of powder, which she had in hand, and she has been scorched, and I believe marked for ever by the explosion. Had the spark reached the bowl in which the main deposit lay, the *prima donna* was booked for "kingdom come;" but though the injury is not afflicting, it is sufficiently grave, and above all annoying to a lady, whose attractions have need of cosmetics and not of gunpowder sauce. I understand she is not the only fair sufferer by such imprudence, and I am told the ladies of Milan now prefer embroidering colours for the new corps, to manufacturing that villainous saltpetre.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WAR.

THE manager of the "Times" having at this period instructed me to leave Milan to its fate, and join the army of operation, I procured a few letters of introduction, and towards the end of April I left the Corso by the malle-poste for the seat of war. So ignorant, however, were my friends of the position where hostilities were likely to occur, that the letters I received were addressed to Brescia, and I was recommended to establish my head-quarters at Dezenzano, on the Lake of Garda.

You might as well send a man to York to study the map of London, or post him at Gravesend to count the visitors to the Crystal Palace, and if I had not at the last moment taken a few lines to a gentleman living near the Mincio, I should have been, as the Americans say, in a "confounded fix." With these few lines I eventually managed very well, and by them, and the use of a dead man's name, I made good my quarters at the camp.

It was midnight when the courier arrived at Brescia, and it was with some difficulty we found our way to the post-office, as nearly all the barricades, raised at the moment of revolt, still remained, and as the citizens were in arms to prevent any surprise from the mountains in the vicinity.

The Brescians are a brave and resolute people, and so imbued with hatred to the German race, that the first lesson a child receives there, is detestation of the Tedeschi. No sooner was the revolution at Vienna made known to them, than all with one accord rose up to expel the garrison, and so blind has been their fury since, that even in 1849, when the battle of Novarra was fought, they again rebelled, though Milan, Venice, and the other towns of the Lombardo-Veneto did not move.

The appearance of the city on the night of our passing through it was fully as romantic as that of Milan on the last day of the siege, the barricades being as imposing, and the air of solemn mysterious defiance the same, but I could see nothing more of the reality by day, as we only stopped an hour to change the mail, and then continued our route to Dezenzano. It was remarkable in this journey that Brescia was the only place where military demonstrations were to be found, the rest of the province being perfectly tranquil, and, as far as I could learn, indifferent to the progress of the war, but the inhabitants of the city had a tendency towards republicanism, and I know that the leaders held an

active correspondence with the members of the council of war, at Milan, two of whom, as I explained before, were determined liberals.

At break of day, on a sudden turn of the road, the wide expanse of the waters of the Lake Garda burst upon our view, and I was delighted to think that so charming a residence as a village on its shore was to be my head-quarters.

On the north were seen the mountains of the Tyrol, casting their dark and broad shadows on the Lake; on the opposite bank were the spires of many a church, and the castles of olden times; on the right hand, at a distance of ten miles, stood the fortress of Peschiera, and before us lay a magnificent basin, on which the rays of the rising sun danced brightly, touching with golden tints the sails of the numerous luggers that glided to and fro.

Half-way between the village and the fortress, a narrow promontory appeared to divide the Lake, on which were seen the remains of a villa said to have belonged to Catullus. At the quay side of Dezenzano were anchored two steamers, which plied, ere hostilities commenced, to the Austrian port of Riva at the head of the Lake, and a flotilla of passage and luggage boats of all tonnage, arriving from, or departing to, the opposite shore, gave an additional air of animation to the scene. Let me not omit that the trout and eels of Garda have an European reputation, and I strongly recommend an epicure who has nothing else to do, to spend a

summer in one of the excellent hotels at Dezenzano, and, hiring a boat for himself, pass his days in excursions to the Tyrol, or to the neighbouring shores, catch his own fish, and earn his own appetite.

I cannot say much for the village itself, but the hotels are unquestionably good, and if the traveller secures one of the large rooms, that hang balcony-like over the lake, he will have his eye-sight gratified every hour by splendid scenery, and he will see the trout apparently anxious to be fried, popping up their innocent muzzles, as if to court attention.

The eels are of a more modest nature, but if he should look sharp when, as the Irish song goes, "They are comely in the verdant mud," he may make acquaintance with some choice specimen of the silvery kind. I can answer for the excellence of both, for in the course of the campaign, I joined in many a pleasant excursion from the camp to Dezenzano, and the number our party demolished caused a deep mourning at the Piscine court.

I do not promise that the occupier of the said balcony will have, every night and day in the week, untroubled repose, as the lake is notorious for its uncertain temper, and however lovely and calm it be at times, if the wind blows from the north-east such a sea gets up that the billows of the Atlantic are soap-bubbles in comparison. The breeze lashes the waters on a lee-shore, and as the first impediments for the course of from ten to twenty miles are the walls of your hotel, the waves spring up and rebound

against them with tremendous force. I do not say they wash your bed away, or send eels and trout through the drawing-room window, but they make a tremendous roar, and seem resolved to find their way over the building.

On the wide ocean when a storm occurs the day darkens, and the sky is obscured, but here you have a bright sun shining, with a pure bracing air out of doors, whilst the lake, but only in the vicinity of the shore, runs, as they say, "mountains high" and lashes, in wild though impotent rage, the buildings that oppose it. Convenient openings are made on the basement floor, so as to allow the turbulent eddies a free passage to the public road, and the traveller is often surprised to find himself in the midst of water of which he neither sees the inlet nor the outlet, on a part of the high road where, a few hours before, no such obstacle was.

The experienced boatmen are aware, by infallible signs, when one of these storms is approaching, and they either refuse to leave the little port, or strike the masts and sails, and trust to oars alone. I recommend the stranger to trust implicitly their advice, for although he may fancy he is imposed on by their unwillingness to work, which, no doubt, is often true, yet it is better for him to submit to occasional impositions, than to run the hazard of a hurricane on the lake, when not only a sound drenching is assured, but a certain degree of danger is encountered.

I visited, in the course of the campaign, the right-hand shore and opposite bank of the Garda, but as the Germans held the northern coast, I had no opportunity of examining it in detail. I am told that the Tyrol, which there commences, is beyond idea picturesque, and as the hill-slopes have a southern aspect, there is a luxuriancy of vegetation on them that exceeds belief. The tops of the mountains are covered with snow, and the Montebalda in particular looks like an eternal barrier against the progress of civilisation, but all the lower grounds and valleys bordering on the water are teeming with fertility, and, as an enthusiast said, "they form a perfect paradise."

Now that peace is restored, the steamers, no doubt, are replaced on the station, and the sojourners at Dezenzano have an opportunity, denied to me, of visiting these romantic scenes.

Presuming that our head-quarters were to be established at that delightful station, I lost no time in securing a room, having a balcony on the lake, and ordering a capital breakfast, of which trout and eels formed the first course; then, having refreshed the inward man in most satisfactory style, I began to inquire where was the war, and how many Croats had been killed to-day. Alas! there was neither war nor dead Croats in this direction, and I might as well have been sent to the South Sea, as to the Lake of Garda, in search of actual operations.

True, the captain of the steamer waited on me

to explain how he and his consort were fitted up with pop-guns, and how he would cut out anything from the harbour of Peschiera if anything was there to be cut out, and to describe the great use he would be to Charles Albert, when the liberating monarch invaded the Tyrol.

True, the said captain likewise detailed his plan of converting the passage luggers into gun-boats, and suggested, if I were admiral of the Sardinian navy, which he supposed I was, how creditable to the public service it would be if he, the great Barcarolo, were appointed commander-in-chief of his Majesty's naval force on the lake. But though all this were very good, I wanted to be present on the spot where the real mischief was going on, and I sallied forth to look for a good-humoured cicerone, who might by accident, and on this occasion only, utter one word of truth.

In imitation of the Duke of Wellington, who, as Napier says, placed a cobbler on the bridge of the Bidassoa, to count the number of French troops that passed and repassed into Spain, I sought an authority of the same condition, and with my usual good luck, I found one who lived, not in a stall, but under a shed, who having martial ideas of his own, gave me all the information I desired.

From him I learned that I was at least twenty miles distant from the scene where hostilities were going on, from ten to fifteen from the head-quarters of the King, and he recommended me to make my way to

the Mincio side, and to secure a billet in the central village of Valleggio. The son of Crispinus was wise in his generation, and I owe all my future success to his good counsel, which, it will be seen, I implicitly followed; but I knew no one at Valleggio, and how was I to secure the first of all necessaries, a clean bed, and the little et ceteras, in which good dinners and good wine are of course included?

On these points I consulted the landlord of the hotel, and poor consolation did I receive from him, as he told me that all the villages on the left bank of the Mincio were filled with troops, and that not only the inns but spare rooms of the private houses were taken possession of by the quartermaster-general, for the accommodation of the officers. He assured me it was no use to think of establishing myself beyond the precincts of Dezenzano, and of course he recommended that I should remain with him.

Unwilling, however, thus to abandon the actual scene of action, I determined to pay a visit to the gentleman for whom I had received a few lines of introduction at Milan, as he lived in the vicinity of the river, and so getting my luggage into a little carriage I started, resolved to make good my ground under any circumstances. I found the gentleman at home, and he, though candidly confessing that no result would be obtained by his interference, gave me a recommendation to a physician dwelling in the village of Valleggio.

I gladly accepted the letter, as I have long since discovered that your medical man is the best authority in a strange town, to whom one can be referred. In the first place, the doctor is anxious to oblige a friend and patient, and next he calculates that if the stranger should be ill, he, by a little previous attention, secures a client. I have more than once applied to the profession in cases of emergency, and I must say I never failed in obtaining 's co-operation. The propriety of so doing I learned from an honest countryman of mine, who filled some years ago the inglorious position of night-porter at the great hotel on the beach at Folkestone, and as I have a long journey to make in your company, good reader, I may as well relate under what circumstances the hint was given and received.

You may be annoyed, dear sir, that I interrupt a narrative in which you are taking some interest, to mention a fact that has no connection with the Lombard war; but you know I do not aim at being consistent, and a good story may be told at any time. At least so Solomon and Joe Miller said, and they are the wisest and merriest men on record, the only question being, is the tale worth the interruption? Of that you shall judge for yourself, for here it is.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WAR.

About ten years ago, when the town of Folkestone was rising in importance, and a neat wooden building, called the Pavilion Hotel, had just been erected in the midst of the shingles and broken stones which gave access to the little port before the railway was completed, and the splendid accommodation that now exists was provided, I landed one afternoon from Boulogne for the purpose of meeting, on business, a gentleman from London, with the intention of returning to the French coast by a steamer which was to start at, or after, midnight.

I settled the affair for which I had come from Paris, and my friends had departed on their return home, leaving me dull and disconsolate on a winter's night, in the coffee-room of the hotel, with no better occupation than listening to the rain that pattered on the roof, and to the wind that sighed, and occasionally howled along the windows and unairtight doors. I counted every minute of the weary hours

that slowly passed, until the time fixed for the sailing of the boat, and one by one the other travellers having retired to bed, the barmaid and waiter having also disappeared, I was left alone in the dull room, tormented with the unearthly ticking of a mysterious-looking clock, and annoyed by the audible murmurs of the servant, who only waited for my departure to lock up, and close the labours of the day.

I had ordered a porter to call at the proper hour, and accompany me to the place where the steamer lay, for recollect, at that period the pier was not finished, no lamps of oil or gas lighted the coast, and a stranger such as myself was as likely to walk over the cliff and break his neck, as hit off the point where the ladder leading to the chief cabin was suspended.

Soon after midnight the guide appeared, and under his protection I sallied forth, and gathering a warm cloak around me, walked, stumbled, or picked a slippery way among the shingles, until, after some twenty minutes' toil, we reached the place where a heavy column of dark smoke announced that the fires had been but recently lighted, and that the preparations for departure were only then commenced.

During our short walk, I discovered that my guide was a fellow countryman—one of those merry souls who make themselves at home wherever their lot be cast, and as he was particularly civil and good

natured I gave him an extra shilling for his trouble, with which he was well pleased. As usual, he wished my honour "a good night and long life while it lasted, and a happy death when it came," and then he went whistling away, whilst I descended to my allotted berth.

The cabin to which I was shown was so small and ill provided, that I could not imagine it belonged to any of the large steamers then plying from Folkestone to Boulogne, and on inquiry, I was told that the regular boat met with an accident on coming into port, and that a little Ramsgate barque called the "Black Beetle" had been hired to replace her.

In the mean time the wind had risen to a hurricane, and as I listened to its howling, and to the waves as they dashed in fury against the quay, I took counsel within myself, and determined not to cross the Channel in a "Black Beetle," but to wait until morning, and so, carpet bag in hand, I mounted the long ladder, and once more found myself on the desolate coast.

It was only by slow degrees I ventured to creep along, dreading every moment a false step, and uncertain whether I was going over the cliff or among the rocks and blocks that were to form the new pier. The night was pitch dark, and the rain came down in torrents, but though I could not see the road, it appeared I took the right direction, as I at length found myself on the threshold of the Pavilion Hotel. I knocked and rung, but not a soul

responded, and it seemed as if I were destined to pass the weary hours till morning among the shingles of the Folkestone beach; but whilst thus employed I heard an approaching footstep, and soon recognised the whistle of my late guide.

"Pat my good fellow, I am so glad to find you."

"Oh! keep off, your honour; is that your ghost? Lord save us, I thought you were by this time at *Boul-on-sure-Mare*."

"No, Pat, I would not cross in that cursed cock-boat, so here I am again."

"Thunder and turf! be easy, Sir."

"Pat, you're drunk."

"No, indeed, Sir, I tried hard, but the shilling would not do it."

"Be alive, Pat, and ring them up."

"Why so, your honour?"

"I suppose I can have a bed; knock loud and ring hard, my good fellow."

"The devil a bed you'll get here to-night; the shop is shut, and they wont open till the morning boat comes in, for the Lord Mayor of London, and so your honour must keep me company till day-break. 'Tow, row, row, Paddy will you now, take me while I'm in the humour? tow, row, row.'"

"Nonsense, Pat, I must have a bed."

"The devil a bit, your honour. 'Tow, row, row.' wouldn't I like to go to bed myself? but I am the outside watchman, and let it rain and pour, it's all

one to Mike. 'And I'll buy you a little lap-dog to follow your jaunting car.'"

"Come, Pat, you are a good fellow; you must do something for your countryman; I cannot remain here under the rain all night; you'll be indicted, you rascal, for child murder."

"Oh, *Bleack a bounds!* what a child indeed! but stop, I have it; not one word if you regard your life; by the piper that played before Moses, I have it. Come along, sir; hould your tongue and say nothing. The taste of that shilling you gave me is in my mouth, and I am burning to make it half-a-crown."

"Fire away, Pat, and I follow."

"Now, sir, not a word as you value your night's rest; leave all to me and behave yourself."

Pat—I call him Pat, though, as he said, his name was Mike—began to walk at a smart pace, till he reached the main street, whilst I, having full confidence in his ingenuity, followed as quickly as I could, amid the broken stones and building materials with which at that time the beach was covered. We plunged into the village unlighted by a single lamp, Pat refusing to answer any question, and swearing I would spoil all if my voice was heard, until at last he made a dead halt, and, raising up his mighty fist, struck, with the weight of a ten-pound hammer, the shutter of a shop window. "Now, sir," says Pat, "the play is going to begin, so mind your eye and do exactly as I tell your

honour. Ask me no questions, but do as you're bid. This is a doctor's shop, a mighty decent, cross-grained ould thief he is that owns it, but I don't mean to tell him so at present. Look, sir, now he is opening the window. The least taste in life of a groan, your honour, like a man in pain."

"Who is there? what do you want?"

"Come down, Doctor; a gentleman has broken his leg. Come down quickly, Doctor, for the love of Heaven."

"What the deuce do you mean, Pat?"

"Ah, be easy, Sir, don't I mean to get you a bed, and how would you find one, if Mike was not in waiting. Now, sir, when the squinty ould Doctor opens the hall-door, walk bouldly in, take the candle from him, go up the stairs, and turn into the left hand room, on the first-landing. It's the spare bed room, and I know it well; it's always ready. Don't spake to the blackguard, but look mighty proud and big, and pass him as if you were offended at his not putting on his breeches, for the villain is in such a hurry when he smells a job, that he is sure to come down in his shirt. Leave me to settle with him; I'll tell him you are Lord Mountcashel, whose carriage has broken down, who has sprained his leg, and could not get into the Pavilion. The ould thief will think his fortune made, because a rale lord has slept under his roof. Don't say a word; let me manage the ould curmudgeon."

"Doctor, in the name of the Virgin Mary what

detains you? Do you think his lordship can remain here all the night in the wet?"

"One moment only."

"Now, sir, be sharp; take the candle out of his hand; look big and say nothing."

The door opened and a little peevish looking old man appeared, bowing very low and exclaiming, "My lord, my lord, I hope your lordship is not much hurt." I followed most strictly the instructions of Mr. Pat, and, not condescending to say a word, I took the candle from him, and went limping up stairs, where I found the arrangements exactly as my countryman explained, and where, taking possession of a most comfortable bed, I soon forgot the circumstances under which I was there, though I had strange dreams all night, of Pat dancing an Irish jig with a black beetle, the old Doctor playing the fiddle, whilst his pestle and mortar beat time.

At eight in the morning, Pat with his comical face appeared, and "hoped his lordship was better, and that his lordship slept well, and if his lordship wished to have his clothes brushed, or would he prefer going to the Pavilion, where his lordship's carriage was now arrived, where his lordship's rooms were ready, and all his sarvants waiting."

Then dropping his voice, after carefully seeing that no one listened at the door:

"Come along, sir, we will get you all right at the hotel; I tould the ould thief that his fortune was

made, though I was certain your lordship was much offended at his having the impudence to appear before you without his breeches. Now, sir, give half-a-crown to the maid-servant, just to show it wasn't to save the price of a bed you came here, and as the doctor will be waiting in the passage, make him a formal bow, but don't say one word, and look rather high and mighty; I have talked him over, and he will put your lordship's arms above his shop door to-morrow. You must know that every country doctor thanks his stars if he can have a nobleman for a patient, and as I have sworn I knew you since you were the size of a two-penny pitcher, and before the late lord was dead, he is ready to run mad with joy. There now, your honour, you are all right. Be very proud, look down your nose, make him a distant bow; he never will find us out, and if he does I will break his head, the ould thief, which just comes to the same thing. Open the hall-door, Mary dear, my lord is coming down stairs; that's a good girl, Mary; I wish I was young and handsome, for your sake."

Unwilling to spoil Mr. Pat's joke, I went forth as he ordered, gave half-a-crown to the maid-servant, and received the cringing bows of my host with ineffable disdain, whilst Mike followed at a respectful distance, lingering only to say; "It's all right, Doctor. By Moll Kelly, your fortune is made."

As we walked to the hotel, the comic gravity of Pat's face was irresistible, whilst he muttered to himself, "The ould thief," "The Doctor's done," "The nasty curmudgeon." "Half-a-crown to the maid, five shillings to myself; seven-and-sixpence is not dear for one night's lodging,—is it, your honour?"

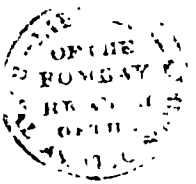
"Pat, I am very much obliged, and I must say you are a capital fellow, but the joke is not so good as you intended, as though I am not Lord Mount-Cashel, I am Lord St. Vincent, and your friend, the Doctor, can make as much of one title as of the other."

"Oh, my Lord, you don't say so; devil burn my tongue for being so free. So you are a Lord after all; I fired at a pigeon and shot a crow. Oh Lord, oh Lord, Pat, you're the devil entirely! Ten thousand pardons, your Lordship, for all my impudence. Oh, God bless your honour, it's really too much; half-a-crown to the maid and ten shillings to me, twelve-and-sixpence is not dear for one night's lodging in a pill-box. Long life to your Lordship; the devil knock the roof off the house you're not welcome to."

It was thus, gentle reader, I found out that a medical man is your sure friend in a strange town, and since honest Pat gave me that hint, I have never failed, when in a difficulty, to avail myself of it.

The physician at Teplitz, under whose care the

late King of Prussia annually placed himself for three months, once rendered me a still more important service, but I must keep that illustration of Mr. Pat's theory for another day. I am now on the road, not to Teplitz, but to Valleggio.



CHAPTER XXV.

THE WAR (*continued*).

Provided with a letter of recommendation to Dr. Ercole, and determined to put Mike's lesson into practice, if necessary, I set forth on an apparently impossible expedition, and after skirting for some miles the southern coast of the Lake, came to an angle of the road where the by-way to the Borghetto separated from the high way to Peschiera and Verona.

The angle was commanded from a detached fort, and I believe by the fire of the place itself, as I saw more than one cannon mouth gaping widely towards it; but whether the Austrian soldiers were at church, it being Sunday, or whether they thought a single carriage not worth shooting at, they let me pass in quiet, much to the satisfaction of the coachman, who knowing the danger better than I did, was in a confounded fright.

From thence we made a détour to the village of Volta, in order that I might approach the Mincio,

and the great Pass of the Borghetto on its formidable side, and be convinced, by personal inspection, of the natural difficulties of a position, that gave the French republican army in 1796, more than once, considerable trouble, but which the Austrians had only a few days previously so easily abandoned.

The early spring had already put forth its bloom, and as the sun shone, the excursion was delightful. No trace of war existed, and the peasantry, dressed in their holiday clothes, appeared to enjoy the comforts with which they were so fully provided, regardless of the hostilities that were commenced on the other side of the Mincio, and which the chain of hills that skirt the river concealed from them.

Volta is built on a height that overlooks the wide valley of the Po, and commands the road from Brescia to Goito and to Valleggio. The descent from it on the Goito side, is very abrupt, and when the Austrians pursued the Piedmontese in the final defeat of the latter, it became a most important position for either army, and more than one engagement took place there. The road to Borghetto is less perilous than that at the other side, and I surveyed from it the narrow valley of the Mincio, and the high state of cultivation which prevails there.

I was delighted to find that no injury had been done by Radetzky in his retreat, or by Charles Albert in his advance, and that the war, so far as it

had proceeded on this bank of the river, was attended by none of the usual horrors. A short drive brought me close to the Borghetto, and after turning an angle of the road, I came to the Mincio, and saw to full advantage all the grandeur of that celebrated pass. I had the more leisure to do so, as the bridge was still under repair, and as half an hour elapsed before my little carriage was allowed to traverse it.

The river in its course from Peschiera flows in a smooth and silver tide, but near this point its bed falls abruptly, and the stream rushes with headlong fury over the rocks that here oppose its progress. Advantage has been taken of this circumstance by the proprietors of the mills that line the shore, and whilst the current moves in an even surface on an inclined plane, though with the velocity of a race-horse where directed by the hand of man, the waters tumble and fret, and roar and boil, amid the numerous obstacles that nature has placed between both banks.

Each pier of the bridge is armed with a formidable cut-water, and you feel giddy on looking down on the torrent as it rushes beneath the arch. The ground on the right is a perfect level, but that on the left ascends in the shape of a half-moon, enclosing the bridge and pass, so that if advantage be taken of the numerous positions to plant efficient batteries, no enemy could make head against it without previously having turned it from Goito or Monzambano.

On the mountain top is seen the splendid remains of the castle of the Scaligeri, one of those great families who once divided this province with the Viscontis of Verona, and the Gonzagas of Mantua. A chain of fortifications connects the castle with the river, so that the natural strength of the ground is rendered nearly impregnable by this addition. The view from the bridge is romantic in the extreme; on the one hand you see the Upper Mincio moving with swan-like beauty, its banks highly cultivated to the hill summit, on the other you look at the nearly perpendicular ascent to Valleggio covered by the ruins of the castle, whilst the river rushes in fury down the precipice close to which the bridge is thrown.

The communication being at length restored, I was allowed to pass, and in a short time found myself on the height leading to the destined quarter of Valleggio, and in a few minutes I was in the street looking out for a lodging, and offering silver and gold for a night's shelter. In vain I applied to every house; in vain I implored the *podestà* or mayor; in vain I besought the *paroco* or parish priest, even for three chairs and a bolster; nothing of the kind was to be obtained, and retreat and defeat were present to my mind. The Doctor to whom I had been addressed, was in the country visiting his patients, and it would seem that men and gods conspired against me.

At that time, speaking very indifferent Italian, I

made no way in the shape of conciliation, and nothing like a good Samaritan appeared in any street. At length, as the day was drawing to a close, *Il medico* Ercole arrived, and as he spoke French, I made him clearly understand the full extent of my embarrassment. I kept the object of my visit in the back-ground, as well as the probability of fixing my head-quarters in that vicinity, and made the whole burden of my lament one or two nights' lodging.

The Doctor had the kindness to search among the persons having usually apartments to let, but in all the same answer was given, and I began to think of retiring on Volta or Dezanzano. At last Ercole exclaimed, "Let us see what my brother's wife can do;" and the phrase, "a brother's wife," sounding well in all languages, I gladly complied with the suggestion, and in an instant we were before the best house in the village.

Donna Lucia did not hesitate in offering a bed for one night only, as the officer to which it belonged by right of billet, was that day absent, and I lost no time in transporting bag and baggage, having made up my mind not to leave such admirable quarters, as long as the army remained within ten miles of the Mincio.

"It's all very fine, Donna Lucia," said I to myself, in the spirit of a true campaigner, "opening your house for one night only; but if there be blarney on an Irishman's tongue, or the least taste in life of

softness in your heart, it is neither this week nor the next that I mean to take my leave. "Have I not," I continued to myself, "a very pretty young Italian to deal with, and if soft sawder fail, cannot a very bad *cowld* confine me to my room, and opening the war with a Napoleon fee, make it the Doctor's interest to retain me? Human nature is the same at Valleggio as at Folkestone, and why should not honest Mike's lesson be put into practice here?"

I took care, in the first place, not to alarm Donna Lucia's housewifery by any demands on her hospitality, or her domestic time. I sent in a small lamp and some wax-lights, dined at the Albergo, and passed up and down stairs with a velvet step, though I had nearly six feet height and fourteen stone weight to carry. The result was, that when I met the Signore and the Signora next day in the passage, I was most kindly received by both, and the only complaints they made were, that I did not avail myself more fully of the accommodation of the house, and give more freely orders to their servant.

Of course I replied in the most courteous terms, after which Don Pietro made me a low bow, and I remained alone with the Signora. Now or never was the battle to be fought, and so thanking Donna Lucia for her hospitality, I made believe to take a final leave; but it is not every day in the year that wild Irishmen are seen on the banks of the Mincio, and my charming hostess would not let me depart

without obtaining some information about foreign parts.

"Where was I born?"

"In Ireland."

"Of what religion?"

"A Roman Catholic, of course."

"You are then a Christian?"

"An ugly man, but a good Christian."

"Did you know the great O'Connell?"

"Did I not? he was my first cousin."

"*E' vero?*"

"*Verissimo.*"

"Oh! what a blessing it is to have a cousin of the great O'Connell under our roof!"

A low bow on my part, and an eulogy of the character of the Agitator, in which I exhausted my power of rhetoric, and all the Italian I possessed; after which Donna Lucia continued.

"He was a great man, an honest patriot, and a true Christian. He died at Genoa. It was in Italy he breathed his last sigh. How I love his memory! What can we do to show respect for his great name, or to do honour to his cousin?"

"Our own" again affecting to bid adieu:—

"Adieu, Donna Lucia, eternal thanks for your kind hospitality; I must look out for a bed in the village, as I have business that detains me some days, and I cannot leave until I see the King."

"No, Signore, no; your bed is here: when the officer returns we will find him other quarters, but

the cousin of the great patriot shall not leave our house. Oh! Don Pietro," to her husband now returned, "only think, this gentleman is an Irishman, a Christian, and a cousin of O'Connell's."

"Of the great O'Connell; give me your hand, Signore; I am truly glad to see you, contentissimo."

"He wants to leave us, Don Pietro, but I say no; the cousin of the illustrious Hibernian must remain here."

"Certainly, my dear wife: you will do us that honor, Signore?"

"If I do not derange you."

"We loved him whilst he lived; we cherish his memory now; one of his blood is dear to us."

"You overpower me; I thank you in the name of his family and of my country; you affect me almost to tears."

It was thus I won my battle of the Mincio, and it was thus I established head-quarters which served me to the last day of the campaign. Of course the reader is angry, and the would-be fine gentleman is indignant, but the person who writes a personal narrative must tell the whole truth, and as no great man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, a seeker for adventures, like myself, must not be over nice in explaining how he contrived, whilst others had neither bed nor board, to find a good roof over his head, a clean bed and abundance of good cheer every day during the campaign.

I am, as you know, an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic, and likewise a cousin of O'Connell, (only seven times removed,) and as I did not share in the *rent* whilst he lived, I may be excused for getting a night's lodging at the expense of his memory now that he is in the grave. Whatever may be said of the Agitator by enemies or partisans at home, there is but one opinion of his worth in all Roman Catholic society abroad. He is classed by all among the great patriots that history records, as a true friend to religion and to his country, and I will add, that no better recommendation to general good will and sympathy can be found than an association with his name, combined of course with the additional advantage of being yourself a Paddy-man, and a papist.

Don Pietro and Donna Lucia were never wearied of speaking of O'Connell, and whenever other subjects failed, I came out with a variety of anecdotes of which he was the hero, and gave numerous instances of his attachment to liberty and the Christian religion, by which term alone the Roman Catholic faith is understood abroad. I was many years since on most friendly terms with the Liberator, and in relating various scenes of his public life, and exhibiting the peculiarities of his manner, I had no occasion to draw on imagination, but merely to describe events which I had in person witnessed.

Though I concealed in the first instance the object of my visit, I could not in propriety do so

when domesticated in the house of such kind friends, as it was possible they might be compromised. I therefore took an early opportunity of confiding to Don Pietro my connexion with the "Times," and as the fame of that journal had reached Valleggio, he was not displeased.

Fortunately I met in the little *café* opposite his house an officer of the Sardinian army, who had been a frequent guest at my quarters in Paris, and as he appeared to be an intimate friend, Don Pietro and Donna Lucia were satisfied that the cousin of O'Connell was worthy of their esteem. Indeed I soon found that a few dinners given in the French capital produced a harvest of advantages that I had never calculated on, at the camp; as Major Asti presented me to all his fellow officers, and as he belonged to one of the first families in Sardinia, I was welcomed on every side.

A letter of mine from Turin, in which I had spoken in favourable terms of the soldier-like appearance of the Piedmontese army, copied into the Italian papers, was received at the same time, and such evidences of good faith, added to the friendship of Major Asti, rendered "our own" a general favourite, and in a few days I was in the confidence of all. I made no scruple of avowing my conservative principles and opinions with regard to the insincerity of Charles Albert, as well as the general impolicy of the war, not omitting my contempt for the provisional government of Milan, and

as these ideas were partaken by all the officers of consideration, I speedily found I had nothing more to do than keep my tongue quiet, my ears open, and to cut the Milanese.

The Lombard *berret* which I had hitherto worn was discarded at the suggestion of my new friend, and when a white hat replaced it, I was registered as one of the elect. A small gold medal of Pio Nono that all civilians then wore, announced that I was well disposed to the Italian cause, though unfavourable to Charles Albert, and thus by a little management, and taking advantage of accidental circumstances, I became at home in the course of a few days, and obtained, what is so rarely granted to a stranger, a tacit permission to remain at head-quarters.

Nil desperandum, should be the motto of a good foreign correspondent, and by adopting it, where a less ingenious youth would have failed, without a single point in my favour, with odds of a hundred to one against me, I contrived to secure an excellent apartment, the society of a charming family, the good will of the whole camp, and access to every source where information could be procured. These things are not so easily managed as some persons think, and a contributor to another London paper who appeared later in the day, found it prudent to leave Valleggio after twenty-four hours sojourn only.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WAR (*continued*).

HAVING thus comfortably arranged all private affairs, I began to think of public duties, and accompanied by Dr. Ercole and provided with an excellent guide, I paid a visit to the camp. At that hour an engagement was taking place near Pastrengo on the bank of the Adige, where that river descending rapidly from the hills of the Tyrol changes its direction, and flows in a milder and wider stream towards the fortress of Verona, but we knew nothing of it at the time, and our day was spent in examining the outlying posts that observed the plains of Villafranca.

A chain of hills extends from the Upper Adige to a short distance south of Valleggio, beyond which looking towards Verona, the country is a perfect level, thickly planted with mulberry trees, and studded with villages of which the spires of many churches were just visible over the tops of the widely spread plantations.

Somma Campagna, so well known in this campaign

as the head-quarters of the King, stands on the right centre of the chain, and Custoza, where the final defeat occurred, occupies the strong height of the actual centre. The extreme left extends to the plateau of Rivoli, whilst the right is prolonged beyond Valleggio, till the mountain drops into the valley of the Po. From almost every part of the ridge may be seen the city of Verona, and the church towers of Mantua, but the intermediate space is so thickly planted with mulberry trees, that not a clear view can be obtained for fifty yards at any given point.

I found these plantations a great impediment to my explorations in the subsequent part of the campaign, as it was frequently useless to approach the spot where hostilities were going on, and I was compelled to take my station on one of the heights which I have described. The Piedmontese army was spread on the slopes of this long chain, but I was sorry to see, without tents or other shelter, and officers and men were alike unprovided with canvas. It was only at a later period, when their positions became fixed, that huts, made with the branches of young trees, were hastily erected. But the first month of the campaign was spent in the open air both night and day, the men being exposed to the hot sun at noon, and to the heavy rains that prevailed at that season.

Not a word of complaint was, however, heard, and I found the troops in the best spirits, intoxicated by

a first success, and believing this rough life was merely temporary, and that each day would give them Verona, Villafranca, or Mantua, as better quarters. The country people flocked in crowds to the camp, and the dealers in strong liquors, cigars, and other luxuries of a soldier's life, plied a busy trade, their best customers, however, being the Savoyards, who, brave as lions in the field, were partial to a *petit verre* the first thing in the morning, and to a glass of good or bad wine when it could be procured, during the other hours of the day.

The whole extent of the chain, as far as Somma Campagna, was furnished in the same manner with successive camps on all the headlands; one or two pieces of artillery being placed on the hills—a little in the rear strong batteries being established—sentinels were stationed on the highest points, observing the plain in the direction of Verona, and if even one *vidette* of the enemy was seen, an alarm was re-echoed from hill to hill, and if a battalion moved, the whole line was under arms.

These false alarms were constantly occurring, and nothing could be more exciting than to see so many thousands forming, as trumpet sounded or drum beat, a battle front, and rows of bayonets bristling in ascending ridges on the mountain side. It was gratifying to observe with what spirit the men took up their ground, and most amusing to find them, a few minutes after, playing like noisy schoolboys,

or sitting down again to the soup from which they had been called.

The road from Somma Campagna runs parallel to this chain of hills, until it touches that leading from Valleggio to Villafranca, and as the positions then occupied by the Piedmontese army were held in this form, but more or less numerously garnished, to the end of the campaign, I went every day over the same ground, having for eight miles on the left hand this array of troops, and not knowing at what point or other of the forest of mulberry trees the Austrians might appear.

A surprise was at all times possible, and often deemed to be probable, so that a constant alert was maintained, and I might say our men had rest neither morn, noon, nor night; but Radetzky was too prudent to waste his strength in any serious attack on the position, though he harassed our troops, and kept the officers under constant apprehension.

There was in fact no cause for alarm, but it added to the daily excitement, to think that at any moment one might be cut off, and carried to Verona by a troop of marauders, or the patrols that at all hours were in movement.

A second range of hills, having a long narrow valley between them, extended from Valleggio to the table land spreading from the Lake Garda to the upper Adige. A road is formed in the centre, by which I might have gone in full security, but excitement is at all times agreeable, and I preferred the

outer causeway, on which there was a chance of meeting an adventure, or of seeing detachments of the rival troops engaged. On the left of the centre path, the high grounds were tilled, not planted with trees, and it was charming to see the husbandman fully occupied with the labours of the field, as if war was not so near at hand. In some places the plough drawn by oxen prepared the ground for seed, whilst in others the Indian corn, which forms the food of the whole population, was already in luxurious growth.

On crossing the second range of hills the Mincio is discovered, on the left bank of which the direct road from Valleggio to Peschiera is traced, till it joins the highway from Brescia to Verona, passing through the fortress. Thus it is seen I had a choice of three routes in my excursion to the camp, and when I hired a little "sulky," having a seat only for one person, I used to spin along those excellent macadam thoroughfares, at the rate of ten and twelve miles an hour, and not a change could be made in the disposition of the force, that I was not present to observe it.

At first I was stopped at certain stations, particularly on the outer level, but my name soon came to be so generally known, and my purpose so well understood, that these forms were in a short time dispensed with, and I was free to ramble where I pleased. Sometimes I made, for the sake of exercise, excursions on foot, of seven or eight miles, as far as

Villafranca, but I found that suspicion was excited by them, as no one could understand how a person, who had a horse at command, would walk so far for mere amusement. A British passport was usually well received, and got me out of these difficulties, until I was presented with an order from head-quarters, signed and counter-signed, to pass even to the advanced post, after which I met neither let nor hindrance under any circumstances.

No prudent general allows strangers to loiter in his camp, or become acquainted with the number and disposition of his troops, and I often wondered then and since why such liberty of action was granted to me, but I have generally been favoured by circumstances, and I attribute my good luck to a rule I have made, never to conceal my object, and to let the newspaper correspondent be the only designation by which I would be known.

As I have placed the Piedmontese army in position, it is only proper I should explain how it succeeded in getting so well and so advantageously established, as I believe we last heard of it when it had just crossed the Mincio at Goito, Borghetto and Monzambano. I am also called upon to show why Radetzky allowed it to come thus far, and reduce himself to the necessity of seeking refuge within the fortresses of Mantua and Verona, or their immediate vicinity. It is true I might refer the reader to other books on those heads, as I have undertaken only to describe what I have seen with my own eyes, but

authors are not bound by the precise tenor of their discourse, and the subsequent narrative will be better understood by following the operations of both armies in the order they occurred.

Let it be first made known that the Austrian Commander-in-chief, after having declined to contest the passage of the Mincio in an efficient manner, withdrew his army, with the exception of 20,000 men, to the strong places above-named, and that these 20,000 men were stationed near Pastrengo for the purpose of protecting his communications with the Tyrol, guarding both sides of the Adige at the angle where it takes a direction towards Verona, and of fully securing the road which, following the left bank, runs by the foot of the Montebaldo to Roveredo and to Trent.

The last was a most important object, as none but mountain tracks, by which heavy artillery could not move, existed from the Adige to the highway leading from the Tyrol to Vicenza. Without this road Radetzky was completely isolated at Verona, and one of the main causes of the subsequent failure of Charles Albert arose from his ignorance of this fact, and his having neglected, in the first moment of surprise, to secure both sides of the Adige.

At a later period we shall see that he barred the route with batteries raised on the plateau of Rivoli, commanding the pass called "the Chinsa," at the foot of the great mountain; but the mischief had already been done, or rather it was aggravated by so

great an extension of his lines, which on the day before his defeat, covered at least thirty miles as the crow flies, from Rivoli to the environs of Mantua. The King was ignorant of the maxims of Baillie Nichol Jarvie, and of his father the deacon, or he would not have stretched out his hand further than he might conveniently draw it back.

Charles Albert obtained possession of both sides of the Mincio on the 9th of April, but he did not occupy the left bank in force save at Valleggio, where he placed 4,000 men for several days afterwards, his head-quarters being established at Volta, and the bulk of the army being extended from the vicinity of Peschiera to the Borghetto, on the right of the river. The King imagined that the fortresses of Peschiera and of Mantua could each be carried by a *coup de main*, and he determined to take them both in this off-hand style before he pursued Radetzky. Like an imbecile as he was, he attacked Peschiera with a few pieces of field artillery, planted on the height by which it is overlooked, and then summoned the place to surrender.

The Austrian officer in command, a veteran of forty years' experience, declined the modest request, and opening a determined fire from pieces of thirty-two against the school-boy batteries of the enemy, he compelled him to withdraw his pop-guns, and the whole of the besieging army, with the exception of one or two battalions, which were left to observe the place.

This failure occurred on the 13th of April, but nevertheless Charles Albert ventured a similar experiment at Mantua, and on the 19th he attacked and was beaten off. The garrison of the great fortress had their advanced posts extended as far as Rivalta and Graces, and the King hoped, that in driving those men back to the gates, he might in the confusion enter with them, and that the citizens, whose favourable disposition was well known, would rise and assist him.

Accordingly on the 19th, at the head of 12,000 men divided into four columns, he fell with full success on the outlying force, and drove it to the borders of the lake, under shelter of the town. There, however, he was compelled to stop, as a tremendous fire was opened from the walls, and numerous sorties were made by the garrison which annoyed his troops. Seeing that the inhabitants remained quiet, and that Mantua was not so easily taken as he imagined, the King withdrew, but he was pursued for several miles, and his rear-guard suffered considerably. These two failures, not made known at Milan, had an injurious effect on the march of the Sardinian army, as they proved, first the incapacity of the Commander-in-chief, and next that the enemy was not so easily frightened into submission, as it was imagined he might be.

In the meantime reinforcements came daily in, and the Piedmontese army towards the end of April was composed of 50,000 men, and 150 pieces of

artillery. The Tuscan, and a part of the Neapolitan contingents likewise arrived, so that the whole force might be computed at 70,000, including free corps, independently of the Romans under Durando, who, paralysed by opposing orders, lingered on the right bank of the Po.

The Sardinian army was now divided into two corps, the one commanded by General Bava, the other by General Sonnaz, whilst the Duke of Savoy, the present King, took charge of the reserve. Head-quarters were advanced to Valleggio, and the Piedmontese line extended from that point to the high road leading from Peschiera to Verona, whilst the Tuscans and Neapolitans composed the extreme right, being abandoned at Montanara and Curtatone, under the pretext of observing, or, as it was jocosely said, blockading Mantua.

Between the Tuscans and Valleggio the ground was not furnished by even one battalion, so that these auxiliaries were completely isolated and exposed, without any means of being supported whenever the Austrian ogre was prepared to devour them. It was said at the time that Charles Albert was so vain-glorious, and desirous to show that to him alone the defeat of the Austrians, and the deliverance of Italy, should be attributed, that he was jealous of all other assistance, and that whilst he sacrificed those poor Tuscan levies he intrigued to prevent the Romans coming into the field, and rather retarded than advanced the reinforcements

which Milan each day promised to send to the camp.

No doubt the Piedmontese army, if it had been well handled at the opening of the campaign, was more than sufficient to annihilate Radetzky, but after a month elapsed, matters wore another aspect, and Charles Albert stood in need of 100,000 men to operate successfully on both sides of the Adige, to cut off communication with the Tyrol, and prevent Radetzky moving from Verona to Mantua, and from Mantua to Verona, by the route of Legnago, as he did during the whole campaign, whenever he thought fit.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WAR (*continued*).

CHARLES ALBERT, having so large a force at command, was anxious to repair his failures before Peschiera and Mantua, and in the hope of gaining the left bank of the Adige, and of turning Verona, he determined on attacking General Aspre, who commanded the 20,000 Austrians above alluded to, at or near Pastrengo.

On the 27th of April the divisions of Generals D'Arvilliars and Ferrere occupied Custoza, Somma Campagna, and Sona, whilst the divisions of Generals Broglio and Frederici, that now invested Peschiera on the left bank of the Mincio, and held Castel Nuovo on the imperial road leading from Verona to Brescia, attacked and carried on the 28th and 29th the positions of Cola, Sandra, and San Gustino, places in advance of Pastrengo, between the Lake of Garda and the Adige.

These preparatory affairs having all succeeded, the grand assault was made on the 30th—the day of

my arrival at the camp—when, leaving in his rear a sufficient force to protect the lines, in case Radetzky during the fight should venture to sally from Verona against our centre, Charles Albert, at the head of 25,000 men, moved in the following order.

Before marching, however, a considerable time was lost, as the King was determined that the troops should hear mass, as it was Sunday, and so, instead of being on the ground soon after break of day, the attack did not begin till eleven o'clock.

In the opinion of many who consider war at best as justifiable homicide, the King, if determined to expose the lives of so many fellow-creatures, might have commenced at the proper hour, but the Sardinian monarch was a great casuist in matters of conscience, and though he never hesitated at "swallowing the camel," he always "strained at the gnat."

At eleven then, the blessing of Heaven being duly invoked, the troops moved from San Gustino on the right, in the direction of Piovezzano, corresponding columns being at the same time advanced from Sandra against the enemy's centre, and by the Pastrengo road to turn him on the left, the whole being observed by the King from one of the hills that overlooked the entire country.

It was the first great action in which the rival armies were engaged, for all the previous affairs were merely skirmishes, in which the Austrians manœuvred to gain time, and the King did not like

to compromise his young soldiers. Here, however, nearly 50,000 men, including both sides, were to be under fire, with a result in prospect, that if Aspre lost, Radetzky must be absolutely shut up in Verona, whereas if the King won, the north and south banks of the Adige were in his power, and the campaign commenced in the most auspicious manner.

The honour and the material interests of both armies were therefore seriously endangered, and we can understand the feelings with which the Sardinian monarch ordered the attack, and the Austrian Commander-in-chief prepared to resist it.

The enemy had accumulated all his force on the heights before Pastrengo; but, strongly posted as he was, he could not withstand the fierce onset of the brigade of "Piedmont," and he was forced to concentrate on the hill defending the town itself. Had the brigade of Cuneo been equally active, the affair would have been more rapidly developed, but so many delays were occasioned by the inequality of the ground, that the King in his impatience had to descend from his post of observation, and urge on the men.

Thus encouraged, the brigade overcame all minor difficulties, and it soon joined the other division at the foot of the steep leading to Pastrengo. In the meantime the column of the right operated with so much ardour, that the Austrians were driven in on every side, and the battle appeared to be won; but General Aspre at this moment made a magnificent

effort to turn defeat into victory, and, leaving the Piedmontese on their right to advance almost without resistance, he fell with his whole force on the left and centre divisions, which, united as I have shown, were rapidly gaining ground.

Nothing appals young troops so much as the defence of an enemy being converted suddenly into an attack, and as the whole Austrian force was now upon them, the Sardinians hesitated, and in some instances, gave way, but two steady regiments held fast, and won their comrades time to reform, whilst the three squadrons of carabineers who constituted, properly speaking, the body guard of the King, sounded the charge, and dashed in headlong among the enemy.

The fate of the day was thus changed, and the column on the right again coming into fire, the whole army sprung forward as one man, and the Austrians were thoroughly and soundly beaten.

The town of Pastrengo was abandoned and the bridge of boats, connecting the left and right banks of the Adige, replaced, so that as early as four in the afternoon, not a single Austrian, save in the immediate vicinity of Verona, was to be found at this side of the river, and the great object of the campaign was within the grasp of the Sardinian monarch.

Charles Albert had all the faults committed by Spanish generals during the War of Independence, and, like them, he knew not how to profit by victory.

Instead of seizing on the bridge of boats and establishing himself in force on the right of the rapid stream, and thus securing a base for operations against Verona, as well as cutting off Radetzky's communications with the Tyrol, he halted the troops where they stood, and began, like a gambler who arrests the tide of good luck, to count over the immediate profits of the day.

They were indeed considerable: the enemy lost over a thousand men in killed and wounded, and no less than five hundred prisoners, whilst the Piedmontese had not to regret more than three hundred in killed, wounded, and missing. The moral advantages were still more considerable, as the Piedmontese for the first time measured their strength in a ranged battle with the Austrian army, and they found themselves in all respects superior, whilst it was evident, on the opposite side, that the Germans fought like beaten men, with steadiness no doubt, but not with that vigour which confidence in one's own resources generally inspires.

Charles Albert cannot, however, in a military point of view, be excused for his inertness after this brilliant affair. The great object of the campaign, badly as it had been opened, was obtained, but he rejected the other gifts which fortune offered with a prodigal hand, and the star of his destiny, on which he so much relied, from that hour began to pale.

The Austrians, of course, profited by his apathy,

and withdrew the bridge of boats during the night, so that next morning, when operations were to be recommenced, no means of crossing the river could be found or invented, and as the town of Pastrengo was accessible to shell and shot from the right bank, the King, after making it head-quarters for one day, was glad to abandon it, and no practical advantage, beyond the moral effect produced on his army, resulted from so great a victory.

I should not omit to state that whilst the action was going on, Radetzky, with the hope of calling off the King's attention, directed a column of 3000 strong against the lines of Somma Campagna; but the Piedmontese were so well prepared to receive it, that no attack was made beyond a few discharges of artillery, and in like manner a sortie from Peschiera was repulsed, with a loss in the latter case to the Austrians of nearly a hundred men in killed and wounded.

Charles Albert the day after this brilliant affair pushed a reconnaissance as far as Pontone, where another flying bridge had been till then established, but he had the mortification to find that no enemy remained to be beaten, and that the bridge of boats had been removed to the right bank, and I have no doubt, when he looked at the rapid flood which rushed past in its descent from the mountains of the Tyrol to the plain of Verona, that he deplored his inactivity in not securing the communication at Pastrengo on the previous evening, as well as puzzled his brain

to no purpose in trying to discover in what manner the Adige was to be passed.

This indeed was a problem difficult to be resolved, and without its solution one great object of the campaign could not be obtained, as the numerous forts built on the heights overlooking Verona could not otherwise be taken, and without the possession of them, the great fortress, even if successfully carried by a *coup-de-main*, could not be held for any lengthened period.

In fact the strength of Verona consists in these detached forts as much as in its own proper battlements and outworks, and the subsequent attacks made by Charles Albert on the plain side in the direction of Santa Luccia were doubly ridiculous on that account.

But the King had a rare talent for finessing against himself, and he played the game of war apparently for the purpose of showing how cunningly he had lost, when by giving out his great cards at the proper time, he might easily have won.

I visited the advanced posts of the Piedmontese in the direction of Pastrengo the day after this decisive affair, but though I found the men in high spirits at so brilliant a result, I soon discovered that the officers were far from being pleased with the supreme direction. The gentleman who accompanied me was well known to many, and he during our ride out and home explained the positions occupied by both armies, and made me understand all the

blunders, with their results, that had been committed.

I made several acquaintances on this occasion, particularly among the officers of the brilliant corps of Lancers, and so much attention did they show me, that when my companion and I, in ignorance of the way, were taking a direction where the Austrian outposts might be found, a dozen messengers were sent to call us back, and indicate the proper road.

The condition of the Lancers was anything but satisfactory to man and horse that morning, as the one had not taken off his uniform, or the other been freed from his saddle for forty-eight hours, and it was probable that both would so remain another day, as they observed a very important post, namely, the gorge of the mountains opening on the plain of Verona, where, in case Radetzky attempted to regain his lost positions, the Austrians might be expected every moment to appear.

The horses, being young and well fed, supported this uncomfortable position better than could be expected, and I found them picketted separately to stumps of trees, or to rings firmly spiked into the ground, devouring the forage then abundantly furnished, whilst the men, with their arms conveniently piled, were equally well engaged with their camp kettles.

As to the officers, they were as merry as larks, full of fun and frolic, delighted with the triumph of the preceding day, and most anxious to have a brush

with the enemy of the same arm, their cattle being more powerful, and their lances of greater length and weight.

As some of these warriors had married, and made excellent husbands to English ladies, they were well pleased to meet one who bore Paddy Bull stamped on his face and person, and many was the question they put relative to the state of public opinion at home on the Italian question, and in particular with respect to the bold course taken by Charles Albert.

The last "Galignani" which found its way to the camp contained Lord Brougham's denunciations, and great was the sensation his language excited at head-quarters. The gallant men by whom I was surrounded, though far from approving of the conduct of the King, were furious on finding that things were called by their right names, and that though much, almost universal, sympathy was avowed for the cause of liberty and nationality in the Peninsula, our leaders of public opinion withheld their approbation of the invasion of an Austrian province without a previous declaration of war.

I had a difficult task to manage the self-love of those sensitive patriots, as not a word against the King or his motives would be tolerated—but I got out of the scrape as a pre-warned correspondent should, and I received more than one invitation for Turin, should the host and the guest escape the perils of the campaign, and meet at the *Café di Fiori*,

better known as the *Café Radetzky*, because it is frequented only by patrician society, *then* suspected of entertaining Austrian predilections.

I am glad to add that though several times under fire, all my acquaintance of that day escaped the perils of war, and many a pleasant hour have I since spent with them in their hospitable homes, and many a merry story have we clubbed together for the recreation of their domestic circles.

At that period the officers of the Sardinian army were distinguished by birth and education, the cavalry in particular being composed of only noble blood, and I must add that in no camp have I seen their superiors as soldiers and gentlemen.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WAR (*continued*).

I TOOK advantage of our vicinity to Castelnuovo, once a smart village or burgh half-way between Peschiera and Verona, to examine the scene of devastation it presented, in consequence of the cruel orders given by the Austrian Commander-in-chief, who had determined to make an example of it because it gave refuge for one day to the Free Corps of Manara which, a fortnight before the Piedmontese crossed the Mincio, formed the absurd project of cutting off there the high road communication between both fortresses.

The inhabitants of the village, overawed by the presence of three hundred armed men, were compelled to assist in forming barricades and defending the approaches, but they were unwilling agents, as the Tedeschi well knew, and Radetzky should have limited his orders to the expulsion of Manara's corps, who, in fact, decamped the moment an enemy appeared in force, and not have literally put into

execution his menace of burning to the ground any village which raised the standard of revolt or sounded the tocsin.

The Austrians will tell you that such a signal example was necessary to keep down a rising spirit of insubordination, manifesting itself in more than one hamlet of the plain surrounding Verona, and that where a threat is made and due notice given, it must be carried into execution, but if ever there was an exception to so barbarous a rule, Castelnuovo ought to have been spared, as its interests and position rendered it at least neutral, if not absolutely favourable to a German master.

I had heard much that morning of the horrors practised at this village, and I made it a point of not only speaking to the officers at the camp on the subject, but of procuring the attendance of several of the forlorn inhabitants, and either I was grievously imposed on by them, or the Austrians pushed their desire of vengeance to an extremity almost without parallel in the annals of the most barbarous civil war.

I anxiously hope, for the honour of human nature, and the good name of the otherwise distinguished officer who commanded, that I have been in fact imposed on, but all I can say is, that I visited in company with a gentleman living in the neighbourhood, and of persons, victims of the common ruin, every street and lane, and that in the whole village only the parish church and two houses, that escaped by a miracle, remained entire.

All the others, without exception, were floorless and roofless, and in each the blackened walls and half-consumed rafters left undeniable evidence of the manner by which the work of destruction had been performed.

The poor people thus reduced to abject misery, told me that, as soon as Manara's corps fled after sustaining a few discharges from the Austrian cannon planted on the height commanding the place, and seeing the first barricade levelled, the soldiers rushed into the streets, plundering the several houses, and ill-treating every one they met.

They then laid trains of combustible materials on every floor, and smeared spirits of turpentine on all the doors, save in the village church, and, after removing their booty, ignited the matches which communicated with the trains already prepared.

The barricades leading to the main road were again closed, and all persons who attempted to escape that way were driven back, so that, as the men and women I examined, calling on heaven to witness the truth of what they said, declared, several of the inhabitants were burned in the houses, or shot in attempting to surmount the opposing barriers.

One poor woman showed me the place where she broke through a garden wall, and first pushing her children down a kind of precipice that led from it, escaped at the risk of breaking her neck, and if her example had not been followed by many of her

neighbours, they must have fallen victims to the flames.

For my own part I conscientiously believe that the Burgh was fired by Austrian vengeance, for I saw with my own eyes that only two out of five hundred houses were not consumed, or in absolute ruin; but I am of opinion that the remainder of the story is untrue, as I cannot credit that barricades once levelled, were again raised for the purpose of preventing the houseless inhabitants from getting away.

No doubt many poor wretches did suffer, but I must suppose that they were caught while trying to put down the fires, or save the remnant of their property. But then, as one of my guides said, if the people were saved, what has become of them? here they are not, nor in any of the neighbouring villages, and surely if they existed, they would have retired within the Piedmontese lines and claimed the charity of the King, or of the Provisional Government!

There is sound reason in this, but still I cannot imagine that any Austrian officer could have, in cold blood, commanded and superintended such atrocities, though I can readily understand how the sentence of "every village being razed to the ground that rung the tocsin or proclaimed revolt," issued by the Commander-in-Chief, as the only means of keeping the people quiet, had been in rigid discipline acted on.

In vain we urged that the poor folk of Castelnuovo were not willingly in fault, and that they acted under terror, inspired by three hundred bayonets; but the Austrian says, "if once we listen to explanations, every one has a good excuse to offer, and we know too well what civil war becomes, if the rules laid down are not rigidly enforced."

Manara and his Free Corps fought like lions at the siege of Rome; and he himself met a soldier's death the very last day in the rampart near the Porta San Pancrazio.

The absurd part of the affair is, that Manara, though he deserved being whipped at the cart's tail for the madness of the project he attempted of interrupting Radetzky's communications a fortnight before the Piedmontese crossed the Mincio, and being shot as a traitor for having deserted the people of Castelnuovo after a few discharges from the enemy, was then looked upon as a hero at Milan, because in his rapid retreat he surprised the Austrian magazines at a short distance from Peschiera, and destroyed or carried away some hundred barrels of ammunition.

This gentleman was in heart attached to the Italian cause, he devoted his youth and a large fortune to it, and as we have seen sacrificed his life at Rome; but he and other captains of free corps did infinite harm to Charles Albert's operations, as they refused, with one exception, who has since not been too honourably spoken of, to take orders directly

from him, and by their indiscretion gave notice to the adversary of his projected movements.

Garibaldi, one of the number who attained at a later period a military reputation which he did not deserve, caused constant umbrage at head quarters, and so far did he carry his independence, that I remember meeting him at the head of four or five hundred troopers, equally capricious as himself, levying contributions at Como; and, I may say, carrying on the war on his own account, some weeks after the armistice "*Salasco*" was signed at Milan, and peace proclaimed between the Emperor and the King.

Determined to see as much as possible in this second day's excursion, we crossed the hills separating the camp from the Mincio, and in a short time we explored the left bank of that classic stream from Salionzo to Monzambano on the right, and thence once more to the Borghetto.

We found that Charles Albert had repaired the bridge of boats partially injured by the Austrians, and that free communication was maintained between both sides; and we also saw the flat-bottomed craft which had been drawn *up* the stream with great expense and labour, for the purpose of being transported overland to the Upper Adige, a vast deal of trouble which might have been spared, as they were altogether unsuited to the purpose, even if the Austrians had allowed them to be quietly laid down.

I presume Charles Albert, or the General Officer

who ordered these pontons, had never seen the Adige rushing at the rate of ten miles an hour from the hills of the Tyrol to its level bed in the plain of Verona, where it reposes for a time after its furious course, or was aware that a few of the heavy trees growing on its banks would, if cut down and thrown into the fierce rapids, have knocked to pieces the make-shifts with which he proposed to cross the river.

The Austrians take due precautions to avoid all such disasters, when large trees have to be floated a certain distance, by removing the flying bridges until the whole raft has passed; but the King, unless master of both sides of the Adige, could not have been equally provident when the occasion required, and the discovery of this fact must first have convinced him of the blunder he had committed in suspending operations on the evening of the 30th of April.

Poor Charles Albert! how bitter must have been his reflections when the campaign was over, and the Italian crown for ever torn from his brow, as he reviewed the several occasions in which he was favoured with signal and unexpected success, and was forced to admit that by his want of decision at the proper moment the glorious prize was lost.

He played for the greatest stakes in the most capricious manner, from the day he left Turin to the hour of his retreat on Milan, and did all that man could do to ruin his own cause.

I have no desire to lower the character of an unfortunate monarch, and I am well aware of the propriety of respecting the memory of the dead, but it is impossible to write the history of a war so pregnant with good or ill to the future annals of the Peninsula, without placing Charles Albert in the first line, and if that necessity be admitted, the truth must be told without exaggerating either his virtues or defects.

I have looked into many works written by officers in the service, or by friends anxious to produce all possible evidence in his favour, but though I find many who palliate or seek to justify his political conduct, I do not see one who does not condemn his military views, and the absurd manner in which he planned and executed the campaign.

Public opinion was busy with his name in the commencement and middle period of his reign, and the advisers of his latter days were the persecuted of his despotic rule; but with that chapter of his political life I have nothing to do, and I venture not beyond the limits assigned by the nature of the subject on which I am engaged.

The King resumed his head quarters of Somma Campagna, and I returned to my hospitable host and hostess of Valleggio, where I was most warmly received, and found that the cousin of O'Connell was advancing rapidly in favour. Donna Lucia presented to me her two little girls, one seven, and the other three years of age, and as I had with me

two small gold medals bearing portraits of Pio Nono, and offered both for the children's acceptance, I soon won their affection, and the mama's maternal gratitude.

The elder child was a beautiful brunette, with coal black eyes, and features formed in the most impressive mould, but the younger was a smiling cherub, the image of her gentle mother, and to her —the child, *not* the mother—was my heart given at first sight.

Donna Lucia, who rarely went beyond the limits of the village, was all curiosity to hear a full account of our adventures, and in my bad Italian I contrived to make her understand the battle of Pastrengo, and the excellent prospect that was offered to the King. I likewise narrated all the details of the catastrophe of Castelnuovo, with the general character of which she had been previously acquainted, but which again caused many a deep sigh, and many a silent tear.

My amiable hostess then went to the hospital, where she and all the ladies of the town were preparing bedding and lint for the wounded, and I, after procuring some refreshment at the inn, for I had determined not to intrude on Don Pietro's hospitality beyond the occupation of one chamber, returned to my room to indite a long epistle to the "Times," and put my small wardrobe and papers in order.

When these duties were performed, I purposed to inspect the village by lamp-light, but as I passed through the hall my attention was called to two

active maid-servants, who cut up a large basket of green leaves into little shreds. "How partial," said I mentally, "must the people of this house be to salad for supper if such a quantity is required for one night's meal," so taking up some in my hand I asked in what manner it was to be drest. The woman understood me at once, and laughing heartily at my mistake, explained that all the stuff was required by the *cavallieri* up stairs.

"Very true," said I, "a cataplasma for the *cavallieri*, the wounded officers on the second floor."

Another laugh from the maids, who now made me understand that the word used was a provincial term for *bachi*, or silk-worms, and calling their mistress to share the fun and my surprise, they brought me through several rooms on the upper story where the young silk-worms were laid out on canvass beds ranged one above the other, all employed in masticating the mulberry leaves which were chopped into morsels suited to their tender digestion.

Donna Lucia laughed heartily at my simplicity—so did Don Pietro—so did Doctor Ercole—so did the cook, the housemaids, and the serving-man with the humped back—all wondering where I could have been brought up, and be thus ignorant of a matter with which they had been occupied all their lives, and in which all their worldly wealth consisted.

CHAPTER XXIX.

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THE WAR (*continued*).

THE claimant to the Italian crown, deeply mortified no doubt at the barren results of the great victory at Pastrengo, and unable to devise means of crossing the Upper Adige, and of turning the forts overlooking Verona, conceived a new project for securing the city by a *coup-de-main*, which proved, as every one knew it must do, a complete failure, and covered this strange master of the art of war with overpowering ridicule, as well as entailed on him a most serious loss.

Charles Albert was persuaded by designing people, or rather he persuaded himself, that a large party, Anti-Austrian and thoroughly Piedmontese, existed within the walls, and that he had only to appear with his whole force before them to induce the inhabitants to rise, overpower the German garrison and open the gates to him.

Nothing could be more preposterous than this supposition, because the Veronese have many

interests in common with their masters, and even if they desired a change Radetzky took good care not to give a chance away, and his men were so placed that the least riot would have been at once suppressed.

The Field-Marshal, well acquainted with the wild combinations of the King, and aware of the great efforts making at Vienna to send him strong reinforcements, determined to give the former such a lesson as would convince him of his military inferiority, and at the same time prove to the Imperial Government that the army had regained its discipline and moral weight.

He therefore made preparations on a large and extended scale, both in Verona and the fortified villages that protect it where an enemy must attack, and then with his usual serenity he waited quietly for the 6th of May, on which day, he learned from his spies, Charles Albert would appear.

I was at Villa Franca, half-way between Verona and Mantua, on the afternoon of the 5th, and neither could Mr. Campbell, the British consul at Milan who was with me on a flying visit, or I, understand why so many troops were moving in all directions. The King was very reserved in his own immediate circle, and not a hint had been given to me of his intention to attack Verona, though nothing escaped Radetzky's spies.

My impression, I remember, was, that an attempt on Legnago, a small fortress on the Adige lower down, was in contemplation, and that the men were

taking that direction, for no one could suppose, resolute in folly as his Majesty was, that the mad project of running his head against the walls of the great city could have been entertained.

The weather was beautiful, and the Savoyards, careless of to-morrow's destiny, were as gay as larks, capering along the road and laughing at each other. The two Inglese did not escape, as the horse that drew our little vehicle was a miserable half-starved jade.

"Ah, gentlemen," they exclaimed, "such cattle are only fit for Lent, you need not send to market if you wish to make *maigre* next Friday."

How many of those poor fellows were sacrificed the following day the muster roll alone can tell, as the Savoyards are brave even to temerity, and they distinguished themselves, as they ever do, at Santa Lucia on the morrow's morn.

The plan of Charles Albert, if plan it could be called, was to attack with an overpowering force the villages of the Croce Bianca, San Massimo, and Santa Lucia, that in a kind of half moon defend the approaches on the south to Verona, and after carrying them, to show himself before the walls, induce the inhabitants to rise in his favour, or perhaps enter the gates pell mell with the flying enemy.

He likewise entertained a hope that Radetzky would, with a secure retreat so close at hand, be tempted by a soldier's pride to come forth with the greater part of the garrison and deliver a pitched

battle in the plain, but all those speculations were baseless visions, and the veteran Commander-in-chief made up his mind to defend and not attack, and to punish the King's presumption in the outskirts of the fortress.

In pursuance of orders given on the preceding forenoon, nearly thirty thousand Piedmontese, divided into three bodies, were in position at the break of day on the undulating heights in front of the villages above named—the left being ordered to attack the Croce Bianca, the centre San Massimo, the right Santa Lucia, and the reserve was to remain at a convenient distance from the centre and be prepared to support the general movement.

None of these orders were properly given or properly understood, so that in point of fact not one of the columns appeared in place at the hour assigned, and the attack, which should have been simultaneous and overpowering in the three places, was made separately and at long intervals, and unity of action was altogether lost.

The centre, headed by the King and General Bava, came first under fire, and rushed, as is supposed, at San Massimo long before the right or left had done their corresponding duty, and even then it mistook the road and got entangled in the burial-ground of Santa Lucia, the walls of which were crenelled and the vicinage strongly barricaded.

For a long time the attack was continued by one division alone, which suffered cruelly from the fire

of an enemy posted behind strong cover—but at mid-day reinforcements came in from the column of the right, and Santa Lucia was carried at the loss of nearly one thousand men.

A somewhat similar and less successful fate attended the movement on the Croce Bianca, and one regiment suffered so severely that it turned tail and converted the attack into an absolute defeat; so that of the three operations—San Massimo not having been assaulted—only that on Santa Lucia had been successful.

The King waited anxiously at that village, from whence an open view of the city was obtained, with the hope of the promised insurrection taking place within it; but finding that nothing of the kind was attempted, he ordered a general retreat, because it was possible that the column which failed at the Croce Bianca might be cut off by an oblique movement of the enemy.

The retreat was seen and followed up by the Austrians, and a still greater disaster appeared inevitable, but the Duke of Savoy, the actual king, rushed forward with his division of reserve, and, by his well-timed gallantry, saved the honour of the day. Radetzky suffered severely at Santa Lucia —not less than nine hundred men in killed and wounded—two generals and several minor officers being among the number.

The noble blood that fills the higher ranks of the imperial troops was conspicuous on this occasion,

the officers being visible wherever danger existed, giving that example to the men which never fails to produce its due effect.

Prince Schwartzenberg, the late prime minister, so well known in the annals of love, war, and diplomacy, was severely wounded in the arm on this occasion, but happily amputation was not necessary, and that arm was again speedily employed in the public service.

The Piedmontese lost at least fifteen hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing, the chief mischief being done at Santa Lucia; but that is a moderate estimate, and I have heard it asserted that two thousand suffered on that day.

I saw the fight from the distant heights of Somma Campagna, and, as our main hospital was established there, I had an opportunity of learning what the poor wounded soldiers, as they were brought in, said. They all declared that they had been betrayed into an ambush at Santa Lucia churchyard, and they blamed their superior officers for having led them into so false a position, but not a word did I hear against the King, and, to me, it was wonderful to observe the fortitude with which these brave fellows bore their undeserved disasters.

The immense number of wounded brought in on brancards exceeded all calculation, and not only the hospital was soon crowded, but the churches were occupied in the same way. As the poor fellows had all to be removed within our lines, and out of the

reach of the Austrian flying patrols, the churches in all the villages down to Valleggio were converted into hospitals, and though the Piedmontese surgeons were active and well-disposed, the quota of deaths augmented every day.

This defeat threw an evident gloom over the spirits of the whole army, and the regimental staff and men lost all confidence in the superior officers. It was evident that neither the King nor any of the generals were practically acquainted with the art of war, though each was brave in his own person, and exposed himself more than duty required on the day of battle.

I have heard various attempts to explain away the errors committed at Santa Lucia, but I never heard a satisfactory reason assigned for the attack, or the manner in which it was conducted. No one but the King or General Bava could place faith in the rumours brought in by spies from the great fortress, and Charles Albert measured Radetzky's capacity by his own, when he supposed him capable of risking a general action before Nugent's reinforcements arrived; or of allowing the villages before Verona to be quietly taken possession of and converted into strong places by the enemy, from whence his daily supplies might be cut off.

Radetzky calculated every chance, for and against him, with the utmost coolness, and so certain did he seem of the result of this attack, that, I am told, he remained quietly in a café near one of the gates,

and there received reports and gave orders. He did not man the defensive points with more strength than was necessary to repel the first onset, but he kept relieving the fatigued, and supplying fresh men till the fate of the day was decided.

He suffered no doubt a greater loss at Santa Lucia than he or any of the generals expected, but the Piedmontese bravery could not be withstood, and he was well pleased that the men were handled so inefficiently. The disasters of Pastrengo were more than compensated for on this occasion; and the *morale* of the Austrian army improved as much as ours was seriously affected.

The military ardour of Charles Albert became suddenly paralysed, and he determined to remain in his present strong and secure positions until the siege of Peschiera, which he now proposed to conduct in form, was concluded by the surrender or capture of that place.

Heavy artillery and other siege materials hitherto neglected, were sent from Turin with all possible celerity, and batteries were established on both sides of the Mincio, which bore on the body of the place and on the outlying forts of Salvi and Mindella.

A strict blockade was enforced both by the Lake of Garda and by land, and in fact Peschiera was so completely isolated—all idea of external relief being abandoned—that its fall was determined upon by the quantity of provisions in magazine, the stock of ammunition on hand, and the solidity of the case-

mates under which the garrison and the inhabitants were sheltered from the hurricane of shot and shell that, when once the Piedmontese cannon opened, was poured in.

It appeared to me, unskilled as I am in the art of war, that the brave officer who commanded would only give in when reduced to the last crust, and without cover of any kind, as I saw no probability of a breach being effected, and the Duke of Genoa, who commanded the siege, had no means of crossing the Mincio, which, with the waters of the Lake, insulated the fortifications.

The works of the besiegers went on very slowly at first, as gun after gun was dismounted by the active replies of the ramparts and the connecting forts; but as soon as Salvi and Mindella were silenced, the operation went on with more success, and we, who could plunge into the town with good glasses from all the surrounding heights, saw that roof after roof was broken down by the weight of heavy shot, and that in a short time the interior of the fortress would be reduced to the condition of Castel Nuovo.

The Croat Major who defended the place bore up against all these misfortunes with the most determined energy, and setting at nought the tears and sighs of the inhabitants, who implored him not to protract an useless resistance, declared, that as long as he had an ounce of food and a grain of powder he would not give in.

He kept his word as we shall see in the result, and, in the hour he surrendered, his last biscuit and last cartouche were expended.

All other operations being now suspended, my every-day recreation was confined to a ride from Valleggio, and an inspection of the progress of the siege from one of the many hills that overlooked it at either side of the Mincio, south of the Piedmontese batteries, and, consequently, out of the line of fire.

Charles Albert, attended by all his staff, was a constant visitor to the hill nearest the fort, and within range, and though the Austrian gunners seldom aimed at any of the eminences where people not in uniform stood, I soon perceived that as soon as a King and his brilliant cortège appeared, more than one round shot was sent in that direction.

Fortunately the guns were badly pointed, and the balls invariably passed over our heads, for I had the stupidity to mix with the officers of the staff, and, consequently, shared the same danger, till one morning, the fire being brisker than usual, I began to think that I was a confounded donkey to give such a chance away, and that a bullet intended for Charles Albert might by mere accident break my head.

I therefore removed to a short distance either on the right or left, and there, out of harm's way, I saw as much as his Majesty or any of the suite. Several

equally prudent non-combatants followed my example, every one calculating as I did, that gunners will not send round shot after single men, though the King and his brilliant staff was a target not to be resisted.

I never saw a man so cool under fire as Charles Albert; literally, he was as unconcerned in the midst of danger as he was on parade, and appeared to be unconscious that any of the deadly missives which fell all round could have done him the least injury.

He gave orders during the heat of the action with the most exact precision, and on one occasion, whilst inspecting with a telescope a movement of the enemy, being covered with dirt and clay thrown up by a round shot which fell almost at his horse's feet, he never removed the glass, but, using one hand to brush off the dust, continued to look at the advancing column, and then, calling one of his staff, sent him with instructions to the second in command.

When he wished to pay a stranger a great compliment he invited the unwilling guest to accompany him to a battle, and never can I forget the dismay and terror which a certain diplomatist, whose name I withhold, exhibited on receiving permission to join his Majesty at one of the many hot affairs that took place near Goito. His face became as pale as chalk, his teeth chattered, and his knees refused to cling to the saddle; and still he could not decline

the honour, though he went through the positive perils of the day more dead than alive.

I missed our well-known friend from the camp a few days after this scene, and he took care to be out of the way when a battle was in the wind during the rest of the campaign.

CHAPTER XXX.

VALLEGGIO.

In the mean time "Our Own Correspondent" had established most satisfactory relations with Don Pietro and his household, and had become the oracle of the café, the right-hand of the Podestà, the cherished of the rector of the parish, the intimate of every family, high and low, and the constant companion of an old priest, who, retired from active life, was delighted to waste his tediousness on so willing a listener.

Every person I have named was useful in one shape or another, but none rendered me more service, unwittingly however, than Padre Antonio, as he knew the country well, and saved me from being deluded by the loud talk and swaggering pretensions of the liberal leaders.

It is true the Padre was suspected of entertaining Austrian predilections, but what was that to me? or rather I was pleased to have the confidence of a man who knew the strong and weak points of the question,

and was not led away by the popular delusions which then prevailed.

Besides these indigenous plants, I cultivated a large stock of Piedmontese exotics, as the town was always crowded with military, and a general officer made it his permanent head-quarters, with whose three aide-de-camps I was high in favour. I have a knack of making myself at home in every society, and I forgot half my years, though none of their experience, in company with these frolicsome youths.

The General was full of good nature, and allowed them to wander where they pleased, and many was the mad-cap excursion we made where good wine and village belles were to be found for them—not for me, for water is my drink; and nothing less than a prima donna can touch my heart, or captivate my fancy.

The great charm of the life I led was the social intercourse which prevailed at the house of Don Pietro. There every evening, after the sun went down, chairs and benches were brought before the great door, and whilst the King, and the Dukes of Savoy, or Genoa, were in the neighbourhood, it was the grand *réunion* of all the diplomatic corps, and officers of the staff. Refreshments were obtained from the neighbouring café—all but ices, to the great annoyance of the party, as the Austrians still held the mountains of the Tyrol, and the usual supply of that article, so essential to Italian comfort, was cut off.

Donna Lucia did the honours of these soirées with native-born grace, being kind and attentive to all, without showing the least partiality to any one in particular. She loved her husband tenderly, as she was idolized by him, and so far as my experience goes, I know no better defence against the intrusion of irregular desires, than the mutual attachment of a young couple, the admiration which beauty inspires at one side, and the constant occupation required by the nursery cares for two *bambini*, in one of whom the mamma finds the father's eyes, and most attractive features in the other.

It was the first opportunity I had of observing the every-day life of an Italian family, and if there be truth, innocence, and virtue on earth, they were to be found in the house of Don Pietro. He was kind, but not *too* kind to his pretty wife—a great secret, let me tell you, in domestic management—occupying his mornings with farming operations, but passing every evening at home; she, on her side, devoted the day to household cares, and it was only in our after-dinner *réunions* that we had the pleasure of seeing her.

The Italian women have a great reputation for gallantry, and probably in large cities they deserve it. I should like to hear what Asmodeus has to say of Paris, London, and Vienna, but if I am to take the village of Valleggio as a specimen of Italian provincial morals, more especially the circle which moved round our gentle hostess, I must say

that, in "my professional experience," I never lived in a place which afforded less material for scandalous chit-chat.

We had Sardinian officers of every age and rank, wearing the most graceful uniforms, and encouraging those silk-like mustachios on which ladies doat, but Donna Lucia manifested the same friendly indifference to all, and if she had a favourite, I think it was an old Italian gentleman representing a southern court, who had "sixty" written on his grey hairs.

Next to him, I think, I was preferred, not on account of my own merits, but for the sake of the cousin with the great "O." The diplomatist was a perfect gentleman, a distinguished poet, and a violent patriot, speaking Italian with the purest accent, and of course he was foremost in the race, but "Our Own" ran a good second, for he had a tongue tipped with true Milesian, and whenever at a loss, called up the shade of "Dan" to stand by its countryman.

I often asked Donna Lucia why she preferred the society of the care-worn diplomatist to that of the brilliant young noblemen who thronged about her, but her answer invariably was, "What are these young men to me; have I not my own Pietro? and Mr. —— is so full of poetry and imagination, and he draws such delightful pictures of the future state of Italy, when the Austrians are finally expelled, that I am never tired of listening to him."

"Happy man," said I.

"There you are ungrateful, caro Signore," added the sweet dame, "for I also love to hear you speak, particularly when you tell me stories about O'Connell, and detail the sufferings once endured by Catholic Ireland."

Donna Lucia could not sing—fortunately for my heart—for if she had had the least pretensions to a prima donna, I should have fallen desperately in love; but as I have no other scale for female excellence than soprano or contralto, I escaped from falling a victim to what must have been an unrequited passion.

The Duke of Savoy was, of course, the great lion of the camp, and he too bowed before the shrine of the Valleggio Madonna; but though a prince of the blood is something in a country town, and though his royal highness was ever a special favourite with the fair sex, he fared no better than the rest, and I don't think we were favoured with many of his visits after he heard from the other young men that one and all had abandoned the siege as hopeless.

I could not help inquiring to what direction the Duke turned for consolation, and in a few days after I saw him seated in the court-yard of another mansion, holding a quantity of silk on his outstretched hands, while the village beauty and coquette, blushing scarlet all the time, was reeling it off.

Like a bad boy as I was, I supposed that the

conquest of the young prince was made by the surrender of the fortress—but no such thing, my dear madam, the young lady being charmed with the attentions of so great a man, but much too good, and too prudent, to be caught by glare.

His royal highness, thus twice defeated, adopted another plan of campaign, and as I am about telling you a little story, by putting two and two together, you may satisfy your curiosity, for I personally am determined not to do it.

The three aides-de-camp of the General quartered in our village, having obtained forty-eight hours' leave of absence, proposed to me one fine afternoon to ride across to the town of Dezenzano, on the Lake of Garda, to punish an indefinite quantity of trout and eels for being so fat and in such fine condition.

"*Ish, my deers*," said "Our Own."

And in half an hour we were scampering like madmen along the banks of the Mincio, till we gained the high road that skirted the broad expanse of water.

The Austrian videttes at the fort of Salvi gave notice of our approach, and if the officer commanding had liked, he might have sent a round shot at us, but he was a good-natured Croat, and we passed in safety.

We met at Dezenzano several friends, so that, first securing the great drawing-room having a balcony over the lake, and beds for the whole lot, at the Hotel de la Poste, we ordered the best dinner that

could be had, and a moderate or immoderate supply of champagne.

Passing to my chamber through a kind of public room that led to several apartments I saw under the hands of her coiffeur, the rest of a rich toilette being finished, the most resplendent specimen of female beauty on a large scale, that Nature ever made—equalled it might be, but certainly not surpassed. The lady's person was majestic, her waist "well taken," as the French phrase, literally translated, says, whilst her bust was a study for a sculptor, and her otherwise full proportions revealed a Juno, that might have served as a model for Danneker's Ariadne, or Thorwaldsen's Venus.

Her hair, black as jet, was so luxuriant, that as she sat it swept the floor, and when the happy rascal who arranged it, divided it into equal proportions on her fair brow, a pair of eyes were seen, so darkly expressive, so luxuriously sentimental, that a stoic could not withstand their fire.

The nose was finely chiselled, and the mouth superb; I think I could discern the slightest possible indication of a soft down on the upper lip, but not being on my oath I do not swear it, and, to complete the face, the chin was perhaps too fully rounded, though a voluptuary could not deny that it was perfectly to his taste.

The goddess opened her orbs of day, as I and a friend not in uniform went through the room, but though we both took off our hats and bowed,

evidently amazed before the supremacy of her charms, she did not condescend to bend her head.

Want of polite forms is rarely to be complained of in the Peninsula, particularly in the highest classes of society, so that my friend and I were much surprised at the exhibition of so much hauteur, but we passed on, and the proud beauty finished her toilette without being again disturbed.

The dinner hour being called, our party sat down in high spirits to a feast worthy of the best days of the old *rocher de Cancalle*. We had eels with every dressing that had been invented, trout the very recollection of which makes the mouth water, with all the best dishes of an exquisite French kitchen, and a dessert which could not be surpassed.

The champagne (though ice could not be had) was excellent, and we made it fly like men who knew how to profit by such occasions; but just as the dessert was introduced, we heard three taps at the drawing-room door, and in two ladies walked, one being our Juno, or Venus, and the other, as it appeared, a Venetian Countess then staying in the hotel.

Up rose our party, and down deeply curtseyed the unknown belles, responded to of course by us by the most reverential bows. Then the Venetian, taking the *parole*, explained that the only road to the balcony led through the room we occupied, and with a thousand excuses on her part and that of her friend, entreated permission to pass on.

The Venetian only spoke, and Juno did not say one word, but she looked with "ox-like" and divine eyes from one to another of the party, and as you may suppose the fair visitors were treated with the greatest distinction.

We prevailed on each to take one glass of champagne, and then providing a small table and chairs on the terrace, we supplied them with the best part of our dessert, and induced the dear creatures to venture on a *leetle* more champagne.

All this was done with the most profound respect and deference to our too welcome visitors, till at length their timidity wore off; and as our officers were known in the hotel, and thus of course to them, we formed but one society, and became as gay and cordial as if we had been acquainted for a century.

The Venetian Countess was evidently a woman of fashion, though I would not swear she possessed a superfluity of domestic virtues, but as an acquaintance on a terrace overlooking the Garda, I never met one more agreeable, and natural high spirits aided by the champagne, with the security inspired by the presence of so many, not *one* man, made her the life of the society.

She spoke French as a Parisienne, and as the Piedmontese officers preferred conversing in it to Italian, the ideas of all flowed with equal volubility. She knew all the great world at Turin, and of course understood the various social matters alluded to by our friends; and she knew Paris, as well as the city

of the Lagunes, and was consequently at home with me.

How her tongue did run, and her wit sparkle! every word had point, every anecdote was well timed, and the half-hours flew like minutes.

All this time her companion never said more than a monosyllable, and seemed totally at a loss to comprehend the nature of our conversation; and, worse than all, appeared quite ignorant of the existence of many personages alluded to at Turin, though she owned she was a native of that capital.

But if her tongue was silent, her eyes spoke, and she turned their dazzling lustre from one to another of our youths, till each thought he had made the important conquest. I watched her extraordinary conduct with increasing astonishment, until in the end I made up my mind that she was not many degrees removed from a born natural, and that her eyes, by which I was at first thunderstruck, positively were void of all expression.

The Countess treated her as a great overgrown doll, and I saw the satirical wretch smile with ill-disguised delight, as she observed that one by one the men abandoned the simpleton beauty, and flocked round her.

Juno, who had, as the French say, "a great talent for silence," appeared unconscious of her failure, and she continued to roll her lack-lustre orbs from one of the party to another, no doubt "like Paddy, who said little but thought *hapes*."

The day being about to close, and the balcony being no longer tenable, we proposed to adjourn to the village café, and the ladies having given their consent, we prepared to start, but an unforeseen circumstance occurred which spoiled the little arrangement.

A message was delivered to "the ox-eyed Juno," which make her start, and exhibit something like emotion, and after having said a word to the Countess, both the ladies withdrew, the one expressing her deep regret, and the other to the last rolling her eyes from one young man to the other.

The Venetian lady's husband arrived next day from Milan, and removed *la belle* and *charmante* countess to Brescia. What became of the silent beauty, or who she was, though I perfectly well know, I do not mean to say.

Put "two and two together," as I hinted at Valleggio, and ask no questions.

I protest, sir, you are a perfect savage; you excite our curiosity, and then refuse to clear up our doubts.

Dear madam, do not be angry. Take the first omnibus that goes from Turin to Moncalieri; look at a very pretty cottage built near the postern-gate of a certain garden; inquire who lives in that pretty house, and who owns the mansion near it. Not one word more.

CHAPTER XXXI.

VALLEGGIO (*continued*).

We saw very rarely the Duke of Genoa, the King's second son, at this period, as he devoted his whole attention to the siege of Peschiera, and was otherwise a remarkable contrast to the gay and dashing prince who now so happily fills the throne, but the Duke of Savoy set all etiquette aside, save on parade, or at state receptions, and was as constant an *habitué* of the village café as any of his staff.

I was very near getting into a sad scrape before I knew the person of his Royal Highness, as he was merry and familiar with all, and avoided everything like ceremonious display, but the Duke had the kindness to excuse me, and, if I may venture to say so, we became good friends.

I was one day telling, at the door of Don Pietro, to several young men, rather a broad story of love and war, and as I was acquainted with nearly all the audience, I was not over particular in the words I used, as the tale was what the Spaniard calls

"salero," and required strong emphasis to make it understood.

Among the young men was one who laughed immoderately, and relished the joke apparently with all his heart, but in the midst of a roaring cheer, and whilst I was riding hard to the death, a general officer passed near, and I was astonished to see him draw up, and in a most formal manner give the military salute.

"Our Own," said I to myself, "what are you about?"—and stepping back a pace, inquired from one of the school boys, who the personage thus deferentially bowed to, was.

"What, don't you know the Duke of Savoy?" was the quick reply, accompanied by a giggle, which was communicated to the whole group.

I was terribly confused, for my dear mother had paid our village schoolmaster "two-pence a quarter extra for teaching me manners," and, blushing like a great baby, I made a profound bow and stammered out an excuse.

"Come, come, sir," said the Duke, "I must not lose the end of the story; there is no prince of the blood here, I insist on knowing the *dénouement*."

The *dénouement* was changed, and I popped up to my own room, but an *aide-de-camp* said that the Duke would have been better pleased if no interruption had taken place, though he approved of the reserve I exhibited when his quality was discovered.

On more than one occasion I was honoured with the notice of his Highness, and I remember particularly in the retreat on Milan, that he, having heard I predicted the defeat of Custoza a fortnight before it occurred, came up to me at Codogna, saying, "*N'est pas Monsieur H——? nous sommes mal menés.*"

Now as the "*mal menés*" was the act of his own father, and experience says, "Put no faith in princes," I made a low bow and said nothing, but it was clear to him and to me, if the Duke had the troops in hand that day, that it was not too late to repair all disasters, and that Radetzky might have paid dearly for coming so far from the fortresses.

I cannot say much for the elegance of our style of living at Valleggio. The only persons who fared well were the representatives of the Provisional Government at Milan, and such of the staff of diplomacy as they selected as partners in the mess.

These gentlemen brought down an excellent cook from Milan, and were abundantly supplied from Brescia with all that was good and choice; but of course they acted in their usual overbearing and inconsiderate manner, and though they dispossessed Don Pietro's family of the dining-room, and used without reserve their fire and candles, they never once invited their hosts to dinner, and not once arranged with the servant for incidental expenses.

Don Pietro and his gentle partner bore this slight, and these inconveniences in a truly Christian

spirit, and I, though now an intimate friend, never heard a complaint.

There were at least thirty strange horses in the master's stable, and every bed in his house was occupied save three, which he, his brother, and I held fast; the smell from the stable-yard killed one half his silkworms; his poultry were all stolen; but yet not an unkind word was uttered. Every one he declared must suffer in the good cause, and though some hundred pounds sterling fell to his share, if Italy became free the money was not sacrificed.

To avoid giving trouble at home I managed to get breakfast at the café, and dinner at one or other of the restaurants or *trattorias*, and being convinced that Major Dalgetty was right in his doctrine of laying in even extra quantities of provender, when they could be procured, I made arrangements accordingly.

Café-au-lait was the morning beverage for all, but most commonly milk ran short, and the bad coffee alone was intolerable; I therefore called the head waiter aside, and, putting a five-franc piece into his willing hand, intimated that the cash was his on condition that he reserved for me the quantity of *lait* required. Our friends never could understand how, when no milk was to be had by them, I was always well provided, but I hinted that I procured it daily from Dezenzano, and with that excuse they were content.

The next thing was to preserve the materials for a good breakfast from the quantity of flies that followed the forage carts, and were as great a plague as they are now, and ever have been, in Egypt. Arguing that the *mosche* prefer sugar to hot *café*, I placed a magic ring of sweet powder at the verge of the table, and I found that though I increased the number of the troublesome insects, they all settled in the proper place and left me and my breakfast quiet.

Don't mock at these trifles, honest man, or else you do not know what comfort is, or how unfit for the labour of ten hours' writing, twenty minutes of being fly-tormented made me.

The dinner was a still more serious affair, as it was absolutely necessary that no time should be lost, and something fit for a Christian's stomach be procured. I therefore came to a satisfactory understanding with Angela the cook, a splendid girl who had to make use of her basting ladle every five minutes to keep off the rude assaults of her numerous admirers, and with her younger sister Liberata who waited at table, and the moment I appeared the cry from one was "*subito per il Signore Inglese*," responded to with "*piu presto che subito*," from the other.

"More quickly than quick" is that which suits my hasty nature, and it was particularly agreeable at that period when few were the moments I had to spare.

"The deuce take that Irishman," said my hungry friends, "we Italians cannot get served, whilst he, a stranger, manages to lose no time, and to have the best of everything."

They did not know that Angela was a great coquette, and that a present of some paltry finery from Brescia won her heart, and that Liberata could not resist a bunch of "blue ribands," which, like Johnny, I bought at the next fair.

Be assured, dear madam, that no man can struggle through the difficulties of an active life without a constant reliance on your sex, and those who sneer at my proceedings do not understand what campaigning is.

If Charles Albert had taken the same precautions to provide quarters and food for his gallant troops, as I did for myself, or if the Provisional Government of Milan had sent beef and mutton instead of varnished boots to the Mincio side, the war would have been successful.

I never wanted a bed, a breakfast, a dinner, during the whole campaign, and as I bore up against more fatigue than would have killed any ordinary man, how, in the name of common sense, could I have got through my work unless health was maintained by creature comforts?

If the Italian kitchen be bad even in every large city from Milan down to Naples, you may imagine how execrable it was at our village restaurant. I found, however, that Angela was perfect in the

management of a *coteletta di vitello à la Milanese*, and that was a constant and ever-grateful *plat*.

First take your cutlet, and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then, having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew.

The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid like "young child," as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry hard bread, or a well larded woodcock served at the *Trois Frères* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain.

I have since that period travelled much in Italy, but even in the most wretched inn this dish is well cooked—not so nicely to be sure as Angela did it for her *caro Inglese*, but quite well enough to please a hungry man.

We had daily several hundred persons demanding dinners from my fair friends, but not half the number were ever supplied. Angela barred the kitchen door and made one of her adorers keep guard with the poker and drive off the hungry customers, but an exception was made in my favour, and the *subito* and *presto* were regularly heard.

Sweet goddess of fried chops and melted butter, who could imagine that a man who loved half the prima donnas in Europe, should have descended to the kitchen and sighed to you? who could believe that exactly the same arts, and same flattering words that won—like Mr. Dickens's hero—so many *demmed* fine Duchesses, should have been expended on an unctuous cook?

But you will not believe me, dear madam, that human nature is still the same—above stairs and below, in the drawing-room as in the dairy—and that the mistress and the maid are won in the same manner. To be sure my reward was merely a Milanese cutlet, but the means are the same, though the end proposed may be very different.

At this period our society at Don Pietro's received a great addition, by the arrival of a young *maestro*, who had brought out the previous winter a very successful Opera, at the Teatro Re, at Milan, and was one of the finest pianists I ever heard. Under his touch Donna Lucia's piano spoke divine music, and as he had a true passion for his art, he was before it one half the day and nearly all the evening.

The young man's father was well known some years ago, in London, as a professor of the same instrument, and after realizing a sufficient independence, had retired to his native village of Valleggio, preferring the *dolce far niente* to be found there, to the active and profitable life he led in our great world.

The forefathers of this artist had been time out of mind organists in the parish church of the little town, and he was leaving to his son, the young *maestro*, the mantle which his father had bestowed on him. What delicious music had we not every Sunday at High Mass and Vespers, and how did the heart swell with ecstatic and religious fervour, under the excitement produced by their magic art.

Both father and son had a grand collection of the great masters, and the old man generally made his selection from the most classic and learned scores; but the young man generally trusted to his own inspiration, and he improvised pieces to be forgotten the next hour which should have rendered him immortal.

Having heard all the great artists in my time, I became a friend of the youthful master, and whenever I selected any particular piece from his repertory, he used to favour the congregation with it. Mozart and Beethoven, not to name more revered and ancient authorities, were generally chosen by me, though my young friend pleaded hard for Rossini, Bellini, or his *beau idéal*, Verdi.

In vain I remonstrated with him for the bad taste evinced in playing, after the last gospel was read, one of the allegros or bravuras, so inappropriate to the place; he could not see with my mental vision, or hear with my ears, and he could not understand why fine music was not good on all occasions.

When Charles Albert heard mass in the public church, and not in his own private chapel, then the old musician and the young *maestro* vied with each other to win the monarch's heart. The organ, though old fashioned, was superb,—its tones still fresh and mellow,—and when it burst forth in all its grandeur at the "Laudamus" or "Magnificat," the effect was truly sublime.

The *tableau* presented by the King and the two Princes who usually accompanied him recalled the time of the Crusaders, and armour only was wanted to realise it. The King, who knelt the whole time, held his body so erect that it never deviated a line from fixed rigidity.

The sons, one step *en arrière*, imitated the frozen posture of the sire; the younger without an effort, whilst the elder could not help betraying his uneasiness, especially as near to him prayed, in white mantillas, a remnant of Spanish-Venetian rule—all the pretty maidens of our village.

The church was filled with military on these occasions, and the principal periods of the mass were responded to by the drummers' roll, or the soldiers "present arms," and when with those martial sounds pealed forth the organ, father and son playing at the same time, my youthful imagination, which has survived my fifty years, was in ecstacy.

I assure you, my dear lady, that your common sense "Established Church" worship has no common sense at all in it; you must go to a Roman Catholic

mass house for religious excitement, and what between the strains of Palestrina, the swell of the choir, and the outbursts of the organ, you have a chance of going to heaven, and if you do not, it is neither your fault nor mine.

I had many a long conversation with the *maestro* on the true sources from whence musical inspiration is derived. He contended that to imitate Verdi in the present day was all that a young artist had to do to win his road to fame and fortune, whilst I held that as long as a man followed any particular style not natural to himself, he must certainly fail.

I said that music was in the air, in running waters, the rustling of leaves, the sighing of the wind, the tender languor of the breeze, not to speak of the delicious warblings of the feathered tribe; but he asserted that all I laid down was sheer nonsense, and that it was ignorance, not instructed art, that spoke of nature and simple inspiration.

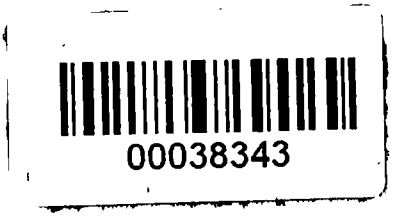
How often did I, standing with him on the bridge of the Borghetto, appeal to his ears for the use that might be made of the conflict of musical sounds that came from the torrent of the Mincio, rushing over the rocks which in that direction barred its progress, from the hum of so many water wheels employed in the neighbouring mills, the lowing of the distant cattle, the whistle of the rustic labourer, and the evening song of the bird that darted from tree to tree.

"Go to your piano," I said, "and realise these melodious combinations if you can."

"I will go home," he answered, "and study the Ernani; Verdi is 'my nature;' amuse yourself with your pastoral propensities if you choose."

END OF VOL. I.

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